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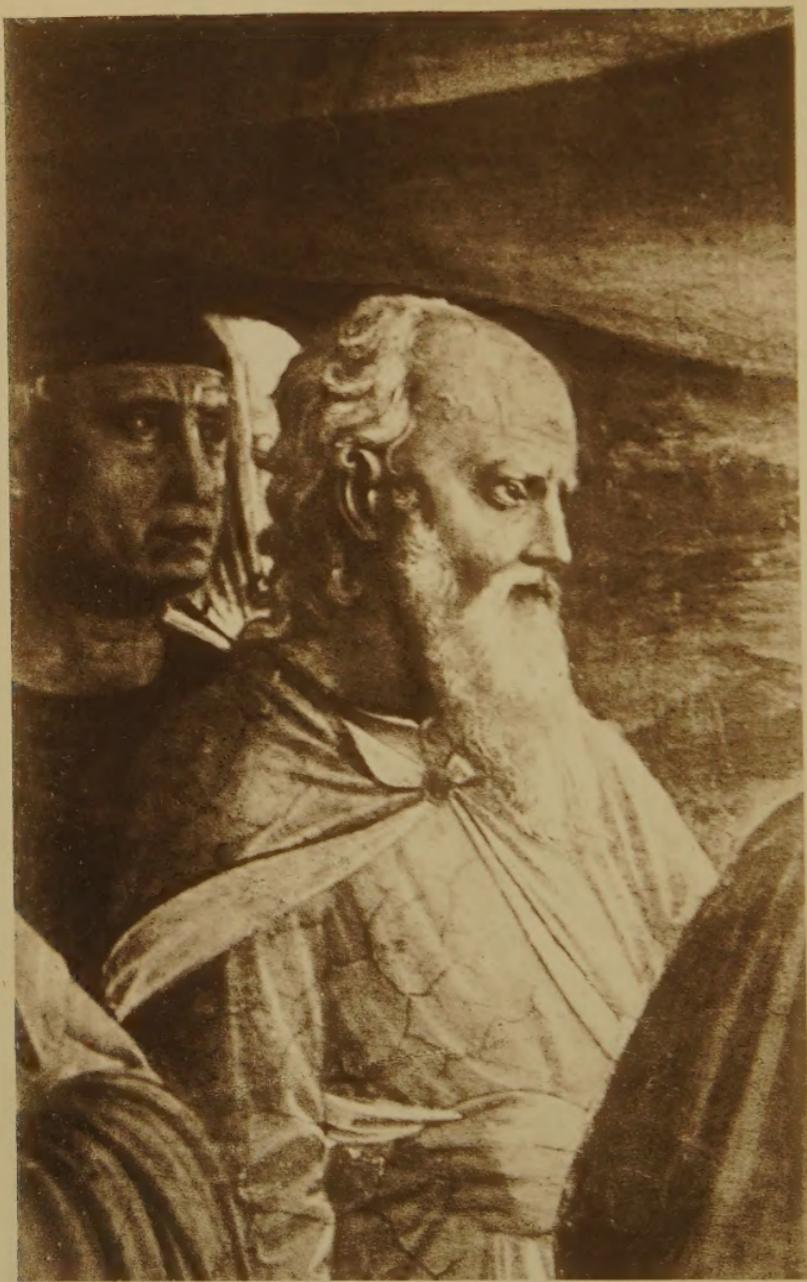
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THE MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART

CONTAINING AN EXAMINATION OF THE WORKS
OF FRA ANGELICO, MICHEL ANGELO
LEONARDO DA VINCI, RAPHAEL
SANTI, AND CORREGGIO

By

FRANK PRESTON STEARNS

Author of "The Real and Ideal in Literature," "The
Life of Tintoretto," etc.

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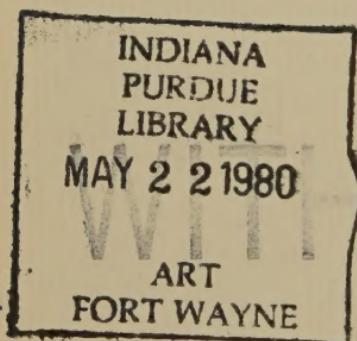
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Were not the eye itself a sun,
No sun for it would ever shine.
By nothing godlike could the heart be won,
Were not the heart of man divine.

Goethe.

INSCRIBED TO
MRS. WILLIAM C. SHAW
OF BALTIMORE



PREFACE.

MY best excuse for publishing this book is that I have always wished to write it; though it has only been after many years of study and experience that I have felt in a measure equal to the task. Whatever an author writes with ease and pleasure, and from a pure love for his subject, others will be likely to enjoy reading; but the strenuous efforts of personal ambition are like sterile seed sown on barren ground.

You will often hear cultured men and women say, "I respect Michel Angelo, but I do not understand him." Neither did the world understand Shakespeare until actors like Garrick, and critics like Johnson and Lessing, made an effort to explain what was in him. There are good biographies of Michel Angelo, but I have not discovered anywhere a thorough analysis of his works. My attempt to give this may not be wholly successful; but the desire to do it formed the nucleus of the present volume, and it opens a path in the right direction.

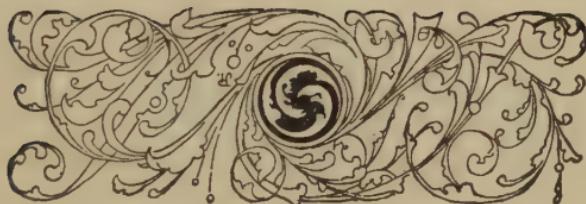
Much the same is true of Leonardo da Vinci. The accounts of him in the art histories do justice to the magnitude of his genius without fully explaining its quality, or devoting sufficient space to a description of his works. The best statement of him as an artist was made by Goethe; but it has never been translated, and I have purposely avoided it.

There is an admirable analysis of Raphael's works in Grimm's biography of him, and a more thorough, if more prosaic one in Crowe and Cavalcaselle's two heavy volumes: but Crowe and Cavalcaselle's book is unsuited for the picture galleries, and inconvenient as a book of reference from the lack of a practical index, while the English translation of Grimm has no index at all. If a history of art were published in ten volumes there ought to be an alphabetical index to paintings and statues in every one of them. Beside this advantage the reader will find much that is new and original in the account that is given here.

To unite Correggio with the three great Florentines was a matter of course. He belongs with them by spiritual relationship, rather than with the Venetians; and his genius is not unworthy of such distinction.

Whatever is specifically great has a value apart from the class or order to which it belongs. Even the sight of an Illinois prairie is intellectually widening, and still more so is the quality of greatness which we call grandeur. People who do not care for poetry like to see Irving in *Hamlet* or *Faust*; and others who know nothing of art, are interested

in a painting by Raphael, because they have heard that it is the best of its kind. Also by uniting several great artists in a single group, each is made to appear more illustrious, and his strong qualities are more clearly defined by comparison with the others.





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THE MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART.

MEDIÆVAL ITALY.

WHOMO are the modern Italians?

From the earliest dawn of tradition the valley of the Po was occupied by various Gallic tribes, who lived in a communal manner without any very definite or substantial form of government. They made little resistance to the supremacy of the Romans, and were organized into the province of Cisalpine Gaul between the first and second Punic wars. The southern extremity of the peninsula, together with the larger part of Sicily, had been colonized by Greeks, and remains largely Hellenic to the present day. Between the two were the Latin race with their near kindred, the Samnites and the Lucanians, and north of Latium were the Etruscans, one of the most gifted, mysterious, and enigmatic of all the tribes of men. Scientific research and speculative reasoning have equally failed to discover who

they were, and where they came from. Like the Hungarians, they possessed the finest qualities of the Aryan family, but their language has proved a more severe puzzle than the cuneiform inscriptions or Egyptian hieroglyphics. They may possibly have been a colony from the original Iberian race before the Gauls descended from Spain and changed the manners and language of its inhabitants. Their careful entombment of the dead, and taste for ornamental pottery, suggest to us a finer mental endowment than belonged to the other Italian tribes of their time.

The tradition that the last three kings of Rome were of Etruscan origin may indicate a temporary conquest of that city, and shows plainly enough that there must have been a large Etruscan element in its population. It may have served the same purpose that carbon does when united with iron in the manufacture of steel. Whether the Romans finally conquered the Etruscans or not, the latter became absorbed in the Roman state, losing their own language and, to a certain extent, their individuality. Many of them may still exist in the mountain cities of Tuscany, where change is almost unknown, and generations of men are born and pass away like the rising and setting of the sun. During the dark ages, however, the Romans entirely disappeared, and all connecting links with the ancient world were broken asunder.

The importation of slave labor is known to have had a very injurious effect on the population of Italy. These slaves were chiefly Spaniards, Gauls,

and Asiatic Greeks. They came from all countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but the Gallic and Grecian element preponderated among them. The conflict between free and slave labor, or rather the oppression of the free laborers by the slave system, resulted in the succession of civil wars which finally extinguished Roman liberty. Tiberius Gracchus, returning from the siege of Numantia, was saddened by seeing the fertile fields of Italy cultivated by slaves, while the descendants of free Italian farmers were driven to seek a scanty subsistence on the sides of the mountains. Mommsen says of a later period : “ Italy was filled partly with gangs of slaves and partly with awful silence.” In this way the country became denuded of its original inhabitants. During the Roman Empire the population of Italy steadily decreased. Every proconsul who went out to take charge of a province and every merchant who established a trading-house in a foreign city carried with him a number of young men, who were not likely to return unless they accumulated sufficient wealth to live in a patrician manner. This accounts for the rapid civilization of Gaul and Britain. England was more civilized in the fourth century than in the tenth ; and in the seventh century Ireland contained the only civilization that still remained in western Europe. When the Goths (or Swedes) invaded Germany, the Romans left Britain in a body, fearing that all chance of return would be cut off for them ; but it is not likely that they proceeded farther than the southern part of France.

What happened while the Goths were in Italy will

never be known, but they remained there long enough to change the structure of the language after the German fashion. Machiavelli said of it: "The fearful events of those times were portrayed on the faces of men; when they not only changed their customs and government but their religion and their language; the thought of either of these being enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart." The Goths were magnificent raw material, and we feel it a shame that the kingdom of Theodoric should not have endured like that of the Franks, and a powerful nation been established in Italy sufficient to resist all foreign aggression; but this would have retarded civilization, and was not written in the book of fate. After their defeat by Narses, only a small band escaped through the Brenner pass, and what became of them afterwards remains a mystery. They came and went, leaving nothing behind them but disintegration.

The slave population of Italy no doubt profited by this, for they had everything to gain from civil disturbances and nothing to lose except their lives—and human life was of small value in the sixth century. The frequency of manumission lessened the rigor of servitude in ancient times, as the serfdom of the middle ages was mitigated by the intercession of the clergy.

The invasion of the Lombards had a more substantial effect and really laid the foundation of modern Italy. Instead of spreading themselves over the whole country, which proved to be the ruin of the Goths, they took possession of the valley of

the Po, appropriating two thirds of the lands and leaving the rest to its former inhabitants. This must have caused quite an exodus. Cisalpine Gaul had not suffered to the same extent as central Italy from slavery and the exportation of free men, partly on account of its distance from Rome and partly from the difference of race. We know what happened in England at the time of the Saxon invasion. The Britons fled in all directions ; some crossed over into Brittany, others went into Wales and Cornwall, and others went to Ireland. The north of England is largely Celtic at the present time. It is more than probable that the same thing happened in Lombardy. It was soon after this that we hear of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, cities built not like Rome and Perugia on the hill-tops, but in the valleys.

We may safely conclude, therefore, that the modern Italian is chiefly Gallic at the north and Grecian in the south, with a slight mixture of German in Lombardy and Etruscan in the central portion. National customs and use of the same language have given a certain uniformity to them all, but it is nearly as easy to distinguish a Milanese from a Neapolitan as an Englishman from a Scotchman. There is a tendency among emancipated slaves to flock to large cities, for they feel safer where there are many of them together, and we accordingly find in Rome and Naples a large nondescript population, villainous and servile, which does not appear to belong to any particular race.

It would have been better if Boethius, instead of writing the *Consolations of Philosophy*, had given us

an accurate description of what happened during his lifetime; for it is just these periods of history we would most like to know about,—the transition periods are the ones of which we have the least information. Look at the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, for instance. What a wretched failure that is, so far as throwing light on early English history is concerned. The explanation would seem to be that in epochs of change human nature suffers too much from outside pressure for men to realize consciously who and what they are. When a forest of pines is cut down a growth of oaks will often appear in its place. Did the reverse of this happen in Italy? When the great Roman oak was felled, did a more tender and fragile plant spring up in its place? Certain it is that the Italians of the fifteenth century were the very antipodes of Scipio's Romans. No other country has had two such diverse civilizations; both nearly incommensurable. In fact, no other country has produced more than one; and South America has not yet favored the world with any.

What were the characteristics of the ancient Romans? Everybody knows them; they have passed into a proverb. First, personal courage. In this they were only equalled by the Spartans, and have never been excelled. Catiline and "his haggard followers" fell in their places where they stood. Even the basest and most corrupt Romans were not lacking in martial valor.

Secondly, patriotic devotion. In their best days, after the second Punic war, the whole Latin community was like a drilled and disciplined army, in

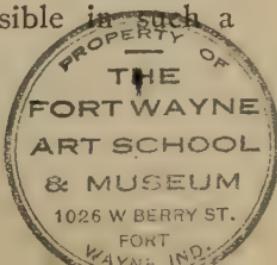
which each person was consecrated religiously to a certain object, and that object was the welfare of the state. They had no existence as separate individuals, but were satisfied to merge their identity in the common good.

Thirdly, self-control; in which they have never been equalled, as a people. It was only through this that their government was possible,—as the British Parliament is ruled by a respect for parliamentary custom. From this were also derived their firmness, constancy, and sobriety.

Fourthly, respect for women, not only in youth, but in old age. Cæsar delivered an oration at the funeral of his Aunt Julia, and made it an occasion of national importance. So Tacitus was of opinion that Tiberius restrained himself, out of respect for his mother, from those atrocious acts which he committed after her death.

Fifthly, they were the most orderly, systematic, and methodical of people; and from this trait was finally derived that most inestimable of blessings, the civil law. They were not originally cruel, brutal, or sensual, though they became so in the decadence of the state. We do not hear in the annals of the Republic of cruel punishments, or of the torture of witnesses, except in the case of Jugurtha and one or two others. They were not so humane as the Greeks, but not half so ferocious as the Christians of mediæval Europe. Among modern nations the Prussians most nearly resemble them, both in character and history.

Art, however, is wellnigh impossible in such a



people, so long as they retain their conventional form and phalanx-like organization. For art requires, above all things, individual taste and original, independent, individual effort. The true artist must separate himself from his neighbors, his family, and even his friends. He must remain warm-hearted and sympathetic, but cannot expect others to sympathize with him. His life must be isolated and exceptional, "If you ask me what of Roman art," said Jarves. "I answer, nothing." This is not quite correct. They possessed neither painting, sculpture, nor music, but they had an architecture and literature of their own. Roman literature, though sufficiently original, was in a measure the reflection of Greek literature; but the Roman arch, with its manifold adaptations, was their original invention, and nothing could express better, symbolically, the organization of the Roman state than the phrase, "a weaving of arches."

Horace was the most characteristic of the Roman poets. He was born of one of the oldest Roman families, and in the organic construction of his odes, wrought so exquisitely and with unrivalled skill; in their pithy sense, devoted patriotism, and accurate observation we find a still more sublimated symbol of the higher Roman life. Lucretius, however, if not an Etruscan by descent, was at least one in spirit, and it seems as if his tender feeling and pure pathos were a prediction of Dante's verse and Giotto's painting. Virgil also came from Cisalpine Gaul and was prophetic of a still later period. When we stand before one of Raphael's Madonnas, we say, "What

can be more beautiful?" and when we read Virgil's description of night in the third book of the *Aeneid*, we recognize the same style and manner. There is an historic significance in Dante's saying: "It was from Virgil that I learned the good style which does me honor."

Roman life is everywhere simple and consistent, but Italian mediæval life is complex and contradictory. Nothing is more difficult to understand. Everywhere we meet with the noblest virtues side by side with the most terrible depravity. Refined tastes, elevated thought, heroic self-devotion are accompanied by fierce hatreds, wanton immorality, and the most reckless crimes. These even appear sometimes in the same person. Truly Lucretia Borgia lived a wild kind of life in Rome, before she retired among the Apennines to become an exemplary wife and mother, but apparently without repentance for her former transgressions. The inspired monk of Florence, predicting that the Day of Judgment is at hand, exhorts his fellow-citizens to repentance, but does not scruple to further the execution of his political opponents. Cardinal Vincola makes use of his life-long reputation for veracity to obtain the papacy by wholesale promises and unprincipled deceptions. Bribery, murder, and even fratricide were too common to attract attention. Everywhere there was intense passion, mental and physical activity, animation, enterprise, great designs, and wonderful achievements.

Their unstable politics and doubtful patriotism were equally unlike the Romans. Civil war was

incessant for centuries. Not only was the whole country divided into Guelfs and Ghibellines, but the different states and cities were constantly at war with each other, and in every city there were two factions, who carried on violent and sanguinary struggles for centuries. The leaders of the defeated party were banished to prevent their organizing for a fresh campaign. There were the same factions among the nobles, who poisoned and stabbed each other without remorse. He was a distinguished man who died a natural death. Men were assassinated in the market-place and the homicides escaped justice. It will help our understanding of Italian politics to remember that the Guelfs were the national party, whose head was the Pope, and the Ghibellines those who were disaffected. Dante was at first a Guelf and afterwards became a Ghibelline from his disgust at the atrocities of Pope Boniface, whom he has represented on the summit of Purgatory being scourged by a giant—that is, by King Philip the Fair of France.

It is not easy to determine how much of this should be attributed to the natural genius of the people, and how much was caused by their lack of a central government. Machiavelli attributes the disorders of his time to the temporal power of the pope, which was indeed a fertile source of intrigue and dissension. In Germany, after the death of Conrardin, there was the same lack of political centralization, but it resulted in quite a different manner. There was continual warfare, but of an honest sort. The barons and their henchmen tilted continually

and ran each other through, by the right of private feud ; but it was not like Italy. At the same time the peasants were severely oppressed by the nobles, while the lower class of Italians appear to have been better off during the fifteenth century than at any period before or since.

The pope could not very well be a pope and a king also. It was not for the interest of the Papacy that any single power in Italy should surpass all others. Still less was it for his interest and that of civilization that any foreign power should become dominant in the country. The German emperor, however, had a legal right to that authority ; and though the Italians disputed this on the ground that the emperor was not an hereditary, but an elective sovereign, the Germans were not likely to trouble themselves about so small a point. Frederic Barbarossa invaded Lombardy to prevent the Milanese from tyrannizing over the smaller cities of which they had already destroyed one or two. This, at least, was his ostensible object. In 1451 Frederick the Third came there again and attempted to establish a court of arbitration between the cities, and issued a decree to have all the banished citizens recalled. This is said to have dissatisfied everybody, and filled the land with confusion ; in the midst of which the good Frederick died, either poisoned or worn out with care and vexation. Such politics have always been characteristic of the Celtic races.

It is not safe to measure civilization by any single rule. If we should judge of it by the safety of human life and respect for property, Russia and

China would probably stand in advance of the United States of America. The first and most important test, however, is the test of superior work. Any shoemaker who can satisfy his customers with a thoroughly made article is more civilized than some Wall Street stock gambler who exercises his rare ingenuity in cheating his neighbors. While a man is doing good work, he must be good himself. It steadies his life, quickens his observation, improves his judgment, and balances his mind. His son, with the advantage of an inherited tendency, will improve on the work of his father. On the contrary, he who does negligent, clumsy, and fraudulent work, injures his own nature equally with the material which he has in hand. It is thus that nations rise and fall. Goethe preached the gospel of good work in the eighteenth century, but all Italy celebrated it in the fourteenth and fifteenth. From the time of Dante to that of Raphael, we can trace through successive generations a continual improvement, until it reached that unrivalled excellence which is now looked upon almost as the result of a supernatural gift. This was not only the case in sculpture, painting, and architecture, but in mason-work, ironwork, the manufacture of cloth, and most of the smaller arts of civilized life.

After Raphael there was an equally steady decline, interrupted only by a brief and brilliant reaction in the seventeenth century. When Matthew Arnold regretted that there were nearly eight millions of people in Italy who could neither read nor write, Cardinal Antonelli replied: "Yes, but I think

you will find that they are generally correct in matters of good taste." This may be true in a certain way. The Italian peasants have excellent manners. They are more polite than the French peasantry, and more so than many English and American aristocrats. They have a good deal of class pride, and dress in a picturesque costume. Their fondness for bright colors is well enough suited for their mode of life. However, it is not probable that many of them could appreciate a new public building or an ancient picture.

As soon as we rise above the peasantry, faulty taste meets the eye everywhere. The skilful marble workers, so indispensable to modern sculptors, cannot be trusted to copy a bust of Cicero or Trajan. They invariably make it look pretty, and so spoil it. The women of the middle classes, many of whom are very beautiful, do not know how to dress as elegantly or as effectively as their French sisters; and the injury which has been done to great works of art during the last hundred years by incapable restorers tells a tale which implicates the highest government officials. The celebration of Michel Angelo's four hundredth birthday at Florence was not unjustly criticised as an ineffectual effort to regain national prestige.

It was not always so. On the flanks of the Alps and Apennines, along the borders of the Rhine, and scattered through France, Spain, and Germany are substantial relics of the past—the castles of the middle ages, which tell a different story. These and the Gothic cathedrals are the monuments of an

architectural civilization; something of which we can form to-day but a slight conception. Modern palaces and churches are not to be compared with them, either for grandeur, stateliness, or that human element without which no work of art can penetrate us. They were the result of the material and spiritual needs of their time, and these no longer exist. Like the pyramids and Greek temples, they seem to belong to the ground they stand on. How they were built, with what means, by what co-operation, and what power was evoked to obtain this, is yet only partially known. Successive generations worked upon them, and yet their construction was developed according to an harmonious plan. The castles were more substantial than Roman, the cathedrals more elegant than Grecian architecture. One would say those old builders had an eye for form. The Duomo of Florence is a finer work than St. Peter's at Rome, though the latter has a more elegant dome. St. Paul's, in London, is only a smaller edition of St. Peter's, without its brightness and lively ornamentation. Even the small parish churches which have survived from that time possess a grace and dignity which it is impossible to imitate.

One morning in Florence, fatigued with looking at pictures and churches, I went by railway to Pistoja, in order to escape from so many fresh and forcible impressions; but mental impressions were there before me. Pistoja is more like a walled village than a city; bankrupt now, with the grass growing in its streets, and the doors of its cathedral boarded up, apparently to prevent donkeys and goats from

taking shelter there. A few half-nude children were playing about the door-steps, and an ox-cart was rumbling through the principal thoroughfare, guided by a man who looked like the Italian brigand of picture-books. The place was lonely and desolate enough; but I noticed the proportion of the cathedral to its surrounding houses, and that the dome of it rose above them much as Mount Wachusett rises above its foot-hills. In front there was a grassy esplanade of about half an acre, separated from the street by two or three low terraces, which was edged by a narrow curbing of stone. There was something in the arrangement of the terraces and the proportion of their courses of time-worn marble, so pleasant and attractive that I have never been able to forget it. Pistoja was never an important place and is now bankrupt, but it has an architectural dignity, and a tone of old-time elegance which still survives in its poverty and decay.

So it is in Verona. We turn from the monuments of the Scaligers to admire the flexible iron fence, which surrounds them like a shirt of mail; and from that to the graceful ironwork balconies of the houses; and from that to the delicate columns of the porch of San Zenone; and are surprised that we have never heard of them before. We are struck with the purity of the façade of the church at San Miniato, and wonder why that of Santa Croce, which has lately been rebuilt in the same style, could not have been made equally beautiful. In Italy alone, the art of man has fairly surpassed the best efforts of nature.

Such refined taste could only be born of intellectual purity. It is the essence of disinterestedness. Let us consider the case of a lady, who is arranging her toilet for an evening party. It is necessary that she should appear to advantage, yet she cannot indulge the slightest desire to appear conspicuous; for as soon as she does, she fails of the right effect. She must subordinate her love of color, fine dress, and jewelry to the relation which these will have to her general appearance. If she takes too much pains, the effect will be over-studied; if she is careless, she will appear negligent. To disregard appearances entirely, is as bad as wearing a gaudy costume. She must strive to be simple, elegant, attractive, without intending to do so. She should be self-respectful without pride, and conscious of herself, without being self-conscious; and the final charm is not to be aware that she is well-dressed, but only that she has done the best she can.

Goethe has given in *Wilhelm Meister* a description of well-bred manners (and no one knew them better than he) which comes to the same point. We will quote it here, because *Wilhelm Meister* is a book which every one stands in awe of, but comparatively few have read.

“A well-bred carriage is difficult to imitate, for in strictness it is negative, and it implies a long-continued previous training. You are not required to exhibit in your manner anything that specially betokens dignity, for by this means you are like to run into formality and haughtiness; you are rather to avoid whatever is undignified and vulgar. You are

never to forget yourself ; you are to keep a constant watch upon yourself and others ; to forgive nothing that is faulty in your own conduct, in that of others neither to forgive too little nor too much. Nothing must appear to disturb you, nothing to agitate : you must never appear to be in haste, must ever keep yourself composed, retaining still an outward calmness, whatever storms may rage within. The noble character at certain moments may resign himself to his emotions ; the well-bred never. The latter is like a man dressed out in fair and spotless clothes ; he will not lean on anything ; every person will beware of rubbing against him."

What is this except "to be and not to be" at the same time ?

An architect obtains the commission for a public building. The ground and internal arrangements are prescribed to him ; but the material, height, proportions of doors and windows, moulding, cornice, and ornamentation he chooses according to his own judgment. In doing this he must not only consider what their relation will be to the structure as a whole, and, what very few architects now consider, the relation of that to the surrounding buildings ; but at every moment he is obliged to decide how each minor point will appear of itself. The difference of an inch in the width of a moulding, or of half as much in the mullion of a window, will give an effect of heaviness ; the effort to obtain classical simplicity has frequently resulted in a dry, economic look. He must avoid the unconscious imitation of other noted buildings and restrain himself cautiously

in the use of architectural forms for which he has an especial liking. Too free use of ornaments will give the effect of ostentation.

Through this labyrinth of possible errors there is no safe clue for him except one, and that is, *purity of feeling*; and how few buildings of the present time have escaped from one or more of them. It is the same with the coloring of a picture and the attitude of a statue. If we compare the Perseus of Canova with the one by Benvenuto Cellini, the arrogant, theatrical attitude of the former (as well as its other faults) is brought into relief by the modest, dignified bearing of the latter. Now what his statue appears to be, Cellini must have been himself. If there had been no modest manliness in him—and we do not forget the opening passage of his memoirs—there would not have been the same qualities in his work.

Whence came this pure feeling for beauty, which distinguished a whole nation for so long a period? It is always to be found in scattered individuals and sometimes even in whole families, but then rarely for more than a single generation. Was it, as Buckle and the Positivists believe, a mental resultant from the fine scenery of their native country,—the reflection of their purple mountains, resplendent sunsets, and deep azure seas? These may have had some share in it, as the fresh, dewy landscape of Holland may have given its depth and vigor to Dutch coloring, but this could only have been a small portion of the whole. The sea, and mountains, and stone pines, and gray olives are still there, and the sun shines up-

on them but not on Giottos and Cellinis any longer. Quite as much to the point also is the fact that Italian scenery was the one subject which the great Italian masters never attempted to reproduce. The Venetians finally succeeded in painting excellent landscapes for background; but this is a rare instance where an exception succeeds in proving the rule; for in Venice there were no landscapes. Who could have perpetuated an Italian sunset so well as Titian; and next to Titian, Tintoretto? They both dwelt in the western quarter of the city where they could look every evening on the dazzling golden and crimson reflected upon the waters of the lagoon; but either it never occurred to them as a possible subject, or they did not consider it worthy of their art. Yet we find Aretino admiring the sunset from his palace window and writing to Titian that it is like his own beautiful coloring.

Nothing in history is more mysterious than the manner in which national vitality enters into a people, rises to a height, and then dies out again, like some great conflagration, leaving the ashes of civilization behind it. The Germans have a poetical way of accounting for this, namely, that the world-spirit takes up his abode first in one country and then in another, appearing at one time in art and again in politics or religion. This serves to express the character of it, and may be nearer the truth than is generally supposed; but it is not a scientific explanation.

Something has never yet come out of nothing. A great movement in humanity must have an active

cause at its origin, even if that cause be recondite or invisible to us. A meteor revolving in space comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere and is ignited. Oxygen and hydrogen, both invisible as air, come together and form visible liquid. England is weak under Saxon rule; the Normans come in with their iron discipline and great designs, and the two together form a mighty kingdom. It is the correlation and conservation of historical forces.

Let it be noticed, however, that two elements are always required for the production of a third. No simple substance ever passes through a series of changes in and of itself. The meteor does not become luminous until it strikes against the air. The Normans have disappeared from Normandy and Sicily, and Norway itself became a dependency of Denmark. It was only when grafted on the sturdy Saxon tree that they survived and extended their branches. It is evident, also, that only such elements can combine favorably which, like oxygen and hydrogen, have a predestined affinity for each other.

Now, it has long since been noticed that the origin of all art has a close relation with religious observances. It is equally well known that the first poems were hymns, the first architecture was a temple, the earliest statues were idols, and for the first century and a half Italian art was devoted almost exclusively to the representation of Madonnas and saints. For five hundred years before Dante, mankind had been filled with such intense, fervid, religious feeling as only the Puritans since then have

given a comparatively short-lived example of. It was an epoch of deep-rooted faith; such faith as carries men over stupendous obstacles, makes hardship a luxury, and death the happiest consummation. Never before or since has the Christian church possessed such power over the minds of all classes. The exhortations of priests, the stories of saints and martyrs, fermented in men's heads until they were ready for any desperate and incredible action. When the people of a whole continent become agitated in this manner, great and surprising developments are to be expected.

The Saracens must have been as much astonished by the crusades as Louis XVI. was by the attack on the Bastile. What could have stirred up those iron-clad Franks to descend upon them in a succession of avalanches. No doubt many of the crusaders went from love of adventure, and many from expectation of spoil; but, on the whole, it was the most heroic, disinterested movement in humanity that the world has seen. St. Louis of France and Frederic Barbarossa were the typical characters of it: two such just sovereigns, prudent statesmen, and stainless men, if we are to believe their contemporaries, that time has failed to match them since. They both went on two expeditions to the Holy Land (neglecting the interests of their subjects for the cross), and lost their lives there. But the sepulchre of Christ was empty, and the crusaders returned dissatisfied. The attempt to realize spirituality by fighting the infidels had not succeeded; but the same impulse now turned itself inward to produce from

the depths of man's consciousness Italian art and the Gothic cathedrals, while the bird-like songs of the troubadours and minnesingers gave notice that the spring-time of modern Europe was near at hand.

The fable of Proserpine living half of the year underground with Pluto, and the other half above in the light of day, has its parallel also in the development of thought. Ideas may lie concealed in the human mind, but the longer this happens, the more certain it is that they will come to the surface when circumstances are favorable, and appear in a tangible shape. Art has therefore been correctly defined as *thought* expressed in *form*. It was the deep religious enthusiasm of the early Christians that kept Italian taste pure and made Italian painting what we now marvel at. The arts of painting and sculpture languish in our own time, because there is no deep-rooted feeling in the community with regard to them. The Florentines carried Cimabue's immature *Madonna* in procession through the city; but *Madonnas* and *Last Judgments* are no longer possible, for they have not the same meaning for us as formerly. The world-spirit has gone in another direction.

Religious impulse then provided the motive power, but how shall we account for the technical skill? Emotion dies out after a time and has to be replaced by that steady perseverance, which alone will keep eye and hand to the right mark, day after day and year after year. "Influence," Washington said, "is not government"; and, though people may

be ever so full of noble sentiments, these can never take the place of thorough and systematic training. It is my belief that they obtained this through the severe military discipline of the feudal period. Hand-to-hand fighting requires a certain skill, of which the modern soldier only knows by hearsay. To stand in line and be shot at for a number of hours will put a man's courage to the proof, even more perhaps than the life or death concentration of a few moments' fencing, but it does not develop the same quickness of eye and steadiness of hand. In the tournaments of the middle ages, corporeal strength was of less value than skill in poising the lance and good horsemanship. The lack of government protection compelled each individual to rely more entirely on himself; and this was as true of the city burgher as for the knights and retainers of the nobility. Whatever vocation a man might have, he was obliged to be accomplished also in the use of warlike weapons, while the more timid sort took refuge in the monasteries or the priesthood. Such a mode of life must have been invigorating, physically and mentally. The nearest approach to it now is to be found in the training of our college athletes and the self-denial of the hospital surgeon. There is no reason why we should return to it, but it is well to recognize the peculiar value that it had.

We find the same background of military discipline behind Greek sculpture. Too little attention has been paid to the period of Hellenic history between the first Olympiad and the Persian wars. The fact that we know so little of it proves that it must have

been an era of unusual peace and prosperity. There may have been a good deal of small fighting, but no very serious wars, except the two Messenian wars, or else Thucydides would have mentioned them. We can judge of it fairly by its results. We know what the Spartan military discipline was, and that the Athenians were well-prepared for the battle of Marathon. No doubt Sophocles and Æschylus were better poets for having been good soldiers. The military training of Italy lasted long after the decline in religion had commenced. It is only in this way that one can account for the prodigious achievements of Raphael, Tintoretto, and Paul of Verona. Michel Angelo took part in the siege of Florence, and Cellini, who was a terrible fighter, pointed the cannon in the defence of the Castle of St. Angelo against the army of Bourbon and Orange.

However it may have happened, it is, at all events, certain that, next to the Greeks, the mediæval Italians were the most gifted and versatile race that has yet appeared. Prince Eugene said that a man should have an Italian head, a German heart, and French legs. Napoleon, Mirabeau, Montecuculi, and many other great generals and statesmen of a later date were of Italian descent. It will be noticed that the first three navigators of the western world were all Italians, not because they were better sailors than the English or Spanish, but more daring and enterprising navigators.

It was remarkable how the mediæval Italians combined the most diverse and opposite qualities;

like steel that is tempered both for hardness and flexibility. They were not more courageous than crafty, nor more bold than cautious, and while they gave sufficient proof of their honest intentions they were also capable of the darkest dissimulation. Their gaiety of spirit was fully matched by their keen sense of the tragic element in life; nor were they more quick-witted than profoundly contemplative. Their fierce outbursts of passion were varied by instances of heroic self-control. No people were ever more industrious or capable of more perfect repose. They were not more tenacious in the pursuit of their ends than ingenious in the methods by which they obtained them. The force of Michel Angelo is not more remarkable than the delicacy of his feeling, and the stern severity of Dante is relieved by the feminine tenderness of his pity. A people of bold and lively contrasts, but skilfully and harmoniously blended.

When I read Shakspeare and notice how different he is from other English writers, especially from Bacon and Milton, who come next to him in genius;—when I consider his quickness of wit and versatility, the brilliancy of his fancy and the inexhaustible fund of his humor, the depth of his pathos and his womanly sympathy, the vivid colors in which he paints the affection of Romeo and the rage of Cleopatra, the ease with which he changes costumes and adapts himself to the manners of different ages and countries,—I sometimes think that either his mother or his grandmother must have been an Italian. The play of *Othello* could not be much

more Italian than it is, if it had been written by Lorenzo dei Medici.

There are more beautiful buildings, treasures of art, interesting monuments, and fine scenery withal in Italy than in the other countries of Europe taken together. There is nothing like the purple haze of the Mediterranean, or the tender blue of the Italian sky.





FRA ANGELICO.

THE separation of society during the middle ages into two classes, religious and secular, finally resulted in the separation of morality from religion, for morals, which are in fact the best customs of mankind, can hardly be said to exist among monks and nuns who do not live human lives; nor are ethics likely to be better regarded when a pretence of repentance and an easy absolution from sin opened a wide door to future transgressions. Thus the sale of indulgences, or spiritual permission to commit crime, became the natural consequence of a system which in the beginning was essential to the preservation and extension of Christianity. The monastic orders might be compared to an army, which returns from a long-continued war to become a burden on the society which it has protected and preserved.

In Goethe's universal *Fable* (*Das Märchen*), which is properly a study in the philosophy of history, the Prince, who represents man in his political and organizing capacity, appears in a sickly condition because he is separated from the Beautiful Lady (spirituality), who is also unhappy from the fact that whatever living creature touches her falls dead.

The only clew that is given us to the meaning of this allegory, is that the fable originates in a conversation among a number of exiles who have fled from France to Germany in 1793. Now it is capable of demonstration and generally believed in Germany that the moral decline of the Latin races, which was finally checked by the French Revolution, is directly traceable to the separation of religion from morality. The pious devotion of the monastic orders where it was still genuine had become like the talent in Christ's parable, which the unthrifty servant concealed in a napkin ; and their useless self-denial had resulted in a kind of living death. Napoleon, who represented nothing so much as the reforming spirit of his time, everywhere restricted the monasteries, and did not cease even at St. Helena to rail against the monks as unproductive suckers on the national tree.

The servant's talent, however, was a talent of gold, and much better than depreciated paper ; nor can we help admiring this development of spirit in isolated holiness when it reaches a high degree of perfection. During the first half of the fifteenth century there lived two monks in Florence, one of whom represented the monastic order in its sincerity and the other in its depravity : and both are memorable in the history of painting. One was Fra Angelico da Fiesole and the other Fra Filippo Lippi. How the latter came to be a monk would be an interesting study if we could learn the truth of it. He could not have made such a choice in life from timidity, as often was the case in earlier times ; more likely it

was from indolence, and a disinclination to struggle against poverty. Browning, in the entertaining poem of "Lippo Lippi," has given his own explanation of this, and drawn besides an admirable portrait of the man. The less religious Filippo was, so much the better did he serve his art. In that at least he was perfectly sincere.

It was just the reverse with *Fra Angelico*. If he were now living in America he would be a minister of the gospel and celebrated for good works and the purity of his life. The name with which public opinion in Italy christened him was not inappropriate. If he had shown the least consciousness of superior morality, the keen-witted Florentines would have detected it, and withheld the honor of such a title. His talent was prodigious, but religion with him was always first, and art second. A more serious temperament is what chiefly distinguishes him in my mind from Raphael, who if he had lived fifty years earlier might not indeed have become a monk, but certainly would not have been the Raphael that we know. *Fra Angelico* looked out upon the world from the window of his cell, and his memory retained faithfully what he saw going on in it. He also made great advances in his art, and if he had fortunately lived subsequent to the revolution which Leonardo affected, and also escaped the attractions of the cloister, so that he might have studied anatomy and practised drawing from nude figures, there is no knowing what he might have accomplished. He possessed genius of a high order.

Fra Angelico is best known by the angels which

he painted on small panels ; and thousands of copies have been made of them, though the pure spirituality in their little round faces cannot be imitated or reproduced. The expression he has given them is peculiarly his own, and no other master has infringed on his patent. Nor are they without a fine kind of grace in drawing and attitude ;—their feet being slightly drawn in as if preparing for flight. Most of them are playing on some musical instrument, very daintily drawn and colored ; and their wings seem to be imitated from those of a night-hawk, whereas angels are commonly provided with wings like a gull's. It is true that the expression of their faces does not vary much, and their round open eyes suggest the unreflective tranquillity of the cloister. Their features are pretty rather than beautiful. Agassiz calls an angel an anatomical absurdity, and so is a sphinx, but both have contributed to the enlightenment of mankind.

I think these single figures of angels must have been Angelico's earliest work, and their miniature-like character proved an impediment to his progress in art ; but one which he subsequently overcame. From single figures he proceeded to groups and choirs of them, increasing continually in size and dignity of character. How much quiet enjoyment and even religious blessedness he may have found in their occupation ; of which the final consummation is his *Coronation of the Virgin* in the Academy at Florence. For this celestial ceremonial the heavenly host is arranged in two half-moons, and between them the Saviour, in attitude and drapery worthy of

a later period, is withdrawing his hand from the crown which he has just placed on the head of the Madonna, a perfect type of feminine reverence and humility. Angels with long slender trumpets, such as Michel Angelo afterwards introduced in his *Last Judgment*, are sounding a peal of exultation. The saints are grouped nearer the spectator, and though their arrangement is formal there are excellent portraits among them, and they have an expression of elevated happiness not unlike the faces in Tintoretto's *Paradise*. They reflect the brightness and healthful sanity of Fra Angelico's mind.

If you would realize what the Christian church was to mediæval Italy, do not go to St. Peter's and the Vatican, but to the Duomo at Florence with its quiet gray walls and illuminated windows,—and to the monastery of San Marco. There you will find the true spirit of it devoid of all external parade and sacerdotal pretension. I thought I might like to be a monk myself the first time I went through that long corridor of cells, six feet by eight, they look to be ; each one with a small, round arched window, like a dovecote, and beside it a painting by Fra Angelico, of the same shape though somewhat larger. His figures, indeed, are little better than posts ; for he not only was unwilling to study anatomy, but even to think what the body of a man might be like ; and as for women, it is remarkable that he ever painted one of them. His faces, however, are fine. To the unconscious purity of his angels he has added strength and character. They are portraits from real life, sufficiently idealized to adapt them to the dra-

matic action of the picture. What higher praise can be said of them. They have no weakness or sentimentiality ; although painted with a loving tenderness that is like the care of the mother for her child. The softness as well as the sculpture-like force of fresco is well adapted to them.

The whole series is interesting, and the true lover of religious painting ought to go to San Marco alone, and not allow himself to be caught with a party of tourists, who, feeling that they are upon holy ground, will hasten to escape from it again. The only artists with whom I can compare Fra Angelico for pure piety are Leonardo and Albert Dürer. Why is it that no such religious pictures have been painted since the sixteenth century ? Perhaps his *Transfiguration* is the finest of them. Christ is represented with outstretched arms to signify his approaching crucifixion, with only the heads of Moses and Elias on either side of him ; Moses with the brushes above his ears to indicate horns or, as will be explained hereafter, rays of light. The Saviour has a dark beard, and a face, though exalted for the moment, expressive of earnestness and resolution rather than of a more tender feeling. How did it happen that this gentle monk should have conceived so vigorous a type of Christ, when Leonardo imagined one much more like Fra Angelico ? It is creditable to them to suppose that each had an ideal as different as possible from his own nature.

His great *Crucifixion* in the chapter hall of San Marco, is not so successful. By enlarging his figures above the size of life he exaggerated the defects of

his drawing without any compensating advantages. The result is ugly and almost repulsive. Fra Angelico did not understand that painting for a distance is an art in itself. If you approach near this picture, the faces seem heavy and labored; farther off you lose too much of their expression.

His single figure of *St. Mark* in the corridor of the Uffizi is much pleasanter, and receives no slight admiration from those who pass by, but it shows plainly that a large painting requires a different treatment from what a small one does.

Fra Angelico's best pictures are in Rome. It is a man of hard and sterile nature, who goes to the eternal city without being enlarged and invigorated by it. Even Pinturicchio did his best painting there. Fra Angelico's works in the Vatican are commonly overlooked amid the general splendor of the Raphael *Stanze*; but if they shine less brilliantly than others, it is with a purer flame. In the Chapel of Nicholas V., he painted, among other things, the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen*, in two scenes, and in the centre of the ceiling the *Four Evangelists*. An examination of them should by no means be omitted.

In the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen* he has introduced but six figures, so delineated that their characters stand out in bold relief. The first of these is Stephen himself; a young man of gentle, refined, and modest nature,—perhaps a portrait of the artist.

The second is the high-priest, who appears only in the first scene and much in the shadow, but is painted in a dignified and even majestic manner.

The third is Stephen's foremost persecutor; square-browed, with dark, matted hair, a sullen, determined face. He hates Stephen as a follower of that troublesome reformer who has lately been crucified.

The fourth is evidently a religious bigot; a man of powerful physique and large brain, a frowning brow, and close-shut mouth, with long flowing beard and hair parted in the middle.

The fifth person is St. Paul, or Saul as he was called before his conversion; and the sixth is a spectator with clean-shaven face, expressive of fine feeling and superior intelligence,—such a face as one likes and remembers.

The first scene is under the walls of Jerusalem, and is not more than half successful. Angelico has not yet conceived his subject clearly. Stephen's attitude and expression are almost comical, as he is being seized in an awkward manner by the foremost persecutor. This is redeemed largely by the figure of the high-priest, and the fine presence of Saul who has seized a stone and is hastening forward with a movement lifelike and energetic, unusual in a painting of that time. The high-priest and the two others are somewhat in the background.

The second scene is by the Lake of Galilee; and the landscape, in design, at least, has breadth and character. A thin grove of cedars on the hillside beyond the lake has a very pleasant effect. Stephen is on his knees with a look of sincere piety and resignation. That in itself is a triumph of art. Where is there another example of it? The exulta-

tion of self-sacrifice sustains him and prevents his suffering from appearing too realistic. The foremost persecutor has just thrown a stone which is falling from his head. The religious bigot, admirable in action and attitude, has raised his arm to throw another. Behind these two stands Paul, the noblest St. Paul in religious art; nor does the Vatican contain his superior. He still holds the stone in his hand, but his face shows that a revolution has taken place within him. The heroism of Stephen is having its effect; and his dilated veins and flashing eye are evidence of the struggle with which he controls his indignation. The spectator before mentioned stands near him, tearful and compassionate.

Here we have a dramatic work of the finest quality painted fifty years previous to Michel Angelo's frescos. It is as classic and elaborated as a scene in a tragedy of Sophocles. Each one of the five characters is a highly individualized type and plays his part to perfection. Below the waists the drawing is not good; above there is little fault that can be found with it. It is not too much to say perhaps that the expression of Paul, as he regards Stephen with flashing eye, has never been excelled.

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The *Four Evangelists* on the ceiling are not less original and vigorous types. They could be compared favorably with the *Evangelists* of Dürer, who was himself a sort of Angelico that fortunately escaped a monastery. They would appear to better advantage without the gilded plates over their heads, and the dingy gilt stars all about them. If the stars

had been arranged after the fashion of the constellations the effect might have been a pleasant one, for the Evangelists are supposed to be floating on clouds in the sky.

St. John is the favorite of these, a patriarchal figure with broad forehead and mouth, but an eye spiritually illumined. His attitude, holding out a pen in his right hand, has been imitated by Correggio and many others; and here Angelico has at last managed both attitude and drapery with marked success. There is a lack of flexibility in the drapery, but its folds are free and unconventional. The veins on the back of his right hand are also truthfully painted.

The Evangelist on the right hand of St. John, whom I presume to be St. Matthew, is not less admirable, and his face is even more attractive. It is an old Roman face of the legally intellectual type.

When I came to this chamber from the *Camera del Heliodoro*, I felt myself in a fresher, purer, and more strengthening atmosphere. There is neither affectation nor playfulness about Fra Angelico. He is always genuine and thoroughly in earnest. The *Martyrdom of Stephen* unites all the finest elements of dramatic composition, and will serve as a test to determine the quality of other dramatic paintings as a perfect diamond is used to test the value of precious stones.



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

WHILE sailing through the Gulf Stream, the door of a ship's cabin came floating by. Its hinges had rusted off, and it had come up from the bottom of the sea, perhaps after a hundred years. Who could tell where that ship lies, or what men were on board of her, or what women mourned for them in distant lands. If the ocean could be drained what a spectacle the vessels that have been lost in it would present; what treasures would be reclaimed! Time is like an ocean on which we float for a while and then disappear in it. What tragedies, comedies, as well as biographies of unknown heroes have been lost in it! Whole epochs of history of which almost nothing remains to us have been swallowed up by it.

The Alexandrian Library has not been the only intellectual loss that mankind has suffered. For instance, what other biography of an Englishman of letters can be compared with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*? Moore's *Life of Byron* and Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* are trustworthy records, but they do not bring Byron and Macaulay before our eyes as Boswell pictures Johnson to us. Dr. Johnson was

not one of the brightest lights in literature, hardly a man of genius, but he was fortunate in having a friend who knew him through and through. After his death Boswell made him more famous than he was during life, and so it has continued ever since. Few people read Dr. Johnson's writings now, but everybody is supposed to read Boswell's biography. How much more valuable then would a similar life of Shakspeare, or Dante, or Cervantes be to us. By such considerations we can realize the loss we have suffered.

Among all the Italians, none offer a finer subject for biography than Leonardo da Vinci; but such a book has not yet been written nor is it ever likely to be. He remains to us almost as much of an enigma as the strange heads he used to draw. He had no family, and though he must have made friends in plenty, few of them are known to us. The Tuscans had a happy faculty of preserving traditions about their favorite artists; but Leonardo left Florence at the beginning of his career. He lived seventeen years in Milan where his profession was not so much venerated, and afterwards went to Paris to disappear there altogether from our view. His life must have been rich in varied experiences, and an account of it would be most interesting,

We prize the memoirs of Cellini, even if certain passages are somewhat vainglorious; and we wish there were more such books. His life was not unlike Leonardo's, but more Bohemian. Leonardo associated with noblemen and Cellini with burghers. Michel Angelo was the only one of the great artists



of whom there is sufficient material to make a biography. This is owing partly to the extent and variety of his undertakings, and partly because he was continually vibrating between Florence and Rome. His family also survived almost to our own time, and preserved many letters and other documents relating to him. His participation in the siege of Florence is an invaluable fact for a biographer. Vasari wrote more about Michel Angelo than about any three other artists,—because he was better informed with regard to him. Condivi's biography also is exceptional.

From the height of Bellosuardo, looking down the valley, the spur of the mountain can be seen far away, beyond which lies the castle and hamlet of Vinci. The notion that illegitimate children are brighter than others is not substantiated by the facts of history, for Leonardo appears to have been the only genius of the first rank who was born outside the marriage tie. His mother was a servant girl, and in this case the end would seem to justify the means, for a more magnificent specimen of humanity was never known on earth. There is no doubt that he might have been equally great as an artist, a poet, or a man of affairs. Never had such versatility been combined with so much strength. He was a compendium of all graces and forces. The expression of his face, as we note it in his own portrait, is rather severe, but of his manly beauty there can be no question. In physical strength he surpassed both Tintoret and Michel Angelo; though his figure was not so elegant as Tintoret's, for he

had the shoulders of a Hercules. He could bend bars of iron with his hand, and yet his touch was so soft, that no other artist has painted with such fineness and delicacy. As a boy, he soon outstripped his instructors. He read arithmetic and geometry as if they were stories for children, and whatever others attempted to teach him he seemed to have learned in some mysterious manner already ; he soon became proficient in all the arts from music to architecture as well as in practical engineering and all the sciences that were known in his time. He was also an admirable writer.

What is meant by a man's nature, as distinguished from his character, is always revealed in an artist's own works. A *genre* painter will have a nature of the same kind, but an historical painter requires breadth of vision and a comprehensive intellect. He should be as ardent as an orator and as sympathetic as a woman. The most difficult thing in art is to find a man who unites greatness of design with delicacy of feeling.

At the foundation of Leonardo's nature there was that profound religious faith which the engravings of his *Last Supper* have celebrated all over the world. We might know it otherwise from his Madonnas, though they do not perhaps express it to the same extent. This is indeed the fountain of all virtue, and where it is also united with a strong will, you may be sure of a man who will cut out for himself an independent path in life. If Leonardo had lived three centuries earlier, he would have been a crusader and a celebrated fighter. Of his sincerity and purity

of feeling, his own portrait bears witness again; but this is only a consequence of what has already been stated; for even if the religious devotion of Madame de Maintenon or of James II. were wholly sincere it could never have been other than of a superficial kind. He had nothing of the austerity of Michel Angelo, but could suit himself in an amiable manner to persons of every rank without compromising his own dignity. The story that he died in the arms of the king of France is not incredible, for Francis was an old-fashioned sovereign who could recognize in Leonardo the true brotherhood of royalty.

Yet he was not without some peculiarities. His dilatory method of working is not to be accounted for so much from laziness or from being distracted by a variety of interests, as from a whimsical turn of mind in which he indulged himself too much, and which led him into curious experiments from which small good was derived. It is strange that he could not have realized that the time he spent on music and engineering, though far from being wasted, would have been employed to better advantage on works of art, which would last for centuries, instead of for a day or a few years. The tedious manner in which he elaborated his paintings has always been a cause of wonder; and so has his comparatively early death at sixty-seven; for with such a constitution he ought to have lived to be a hundred and twenty.

It is a proof of the respect in which the arts were held in Italy at that time, that Leonardo's father

should have educated him as a painter; for a boy of such ability would hardly be permitted to adopt that profession at the present day if he had a father to look after his interests. Ser Piero da Vinci placed his son in charge of an artist with a most appropriate name, Andrea del Verrocchio, or Andrew of the True Eye, who was both painter and sculptor and worker in terra-cotta; the last being an art which requires a great deal of skill for a comparatively small result. Here the same course of events followed as before, and Verrocchio soon found that Leonardo learned faster than he was able to teach him. The history of Italian art is full of poetic legends, and Vasari says that Verrocchio was so much disgusted at the superiority of an angel which Leonardo painted in his *Baptism of Christ*, that he relinquished painting altogether and confined himself thereafter to sculpture and terra-cotta. A portion of this tale must be true, for Verrocchio's *Baptism of Christ* is still to be seen in the Academy at Florence, with the angel of young Da Vinci in it, easily recognizable by the grace and freedom of its drawing. No quarrel ensued, however, that we hear of, and the alliance between the two men ultimately bore more valuable fruit.

This happened about 1470, and in or about 1484 Verrocchio was invited to Venice to model the equestrian statue of their deceased commander, General Coleoni. This is the only one of Verrocchio's works which has made him famous, though it has not the noble simplicity of the statue of Marcus Aurelius, whose seat on the horse is beyond

all praise. Verrocchio has, however, conquered difficulties in the treatment of its details, which the unknown Greek sculptor of Aurelius never thought of. The horse of Coleoni is represented as pacing, and the general himself is rising in his stirrups. This and the Cromwellian sternness of his face give an expression of motion and force such as Michel Angelo never gave but once. It has the highest distinction of style and character.

How did it happen that Verrocchio, whom Leonardo could excel in painting at the age of forty, could create such a masterpiece at fifty-two? The conclusion is irresistible, that master and pupil had changed places; Leonardo had become the instructor, and Andrea the learner.

There are other evidences of this. The treatment of the horse's mane and tail, and of the horns of the saddle, partakes of a peculiar ingenuity which is not quite natural, and yet we cannot help liking it. The same may be noticed in many of Leonardo's drawings, especially in the sketch of the old warrior with the winged helmet. There never was such a tail as this of Coleoni's horse. It has been arranged with as much care as a lady's coiffeur; one whisk would spoil the whole of it. Besides this, there is a stiffness observable in Leonardo's figures, as if the persons he represented had a good deal of backbone. This is conspicuous in the statue of Coleoni, and more appropriate there than in some of his Madonnas. A professor in the school of design at Venice warned an American lady who was learning to model there not to look too much at the statue of Coleoni for

fear her own work would become affected by its rigidity. Before Verrocchio had finished the statue, for he was five or six years at work on it, Leonardo went to Milan. It is more than probable that he visited Venice during that time, and gave Andrea the benefit of his judgment. It is possible, also, that Andrea went to Milan to visit Leonardo. The statue shows Leonardo's influence as plainly as the Roman Raphael was influenced by Michel Angelo. It has his force, his ingenuity, and his intense vitality. It seems as if the bronzed general was going to ride through the wall opposite, and that you could hear the clanking of his armor. It is a wonderful statue.

There was a chord of mystery vibrating through Leonardo's life from beginning to end. None of the contemporary writers mention meeting him, or are able to account for his mode of living. He came and went in a mysterious manner. Vasari speaks of his travelling with a retinue of servants. If this be true, how did he obtain the funds for such extravagance? It could not have been from the sale of paintings; or if he obtained it so, the mystery is what has become of them? Of pictures that he finished before his thirtieth year, less than half a dozen are known to exist.

The earliest of Leonardo's paintings now extant is a fresco in the little old church of Sant' Onofrio in Rome, and it is worth a short pilgrimage to look at. It represents a Madonna and infant Jesus, before whom the donor of the picture stands respectfully, against a background of mosaic. We

do not find in it the power and majesty of Da Vinci's later works, but it shows that correct use of observation and truthfulness to nature which is the right foundation of all artistic power. The donor is a half-length figure of a square-built elderly man, drawn in profile, and holding his cap before him with both hands, as if he were slightly embarrassed. The faces are evidently portraits, though that of the Madonna may be slightly idealized. She has the same long nose and romanesque eyebrows as the Saint Anna, now in the Louvre. (This long nose became a kind of mannerism with his pupil Luini.) Her hair is in the fashion of thirty years ago; two wrinkled plaits coming down over her temples and in front of the ears. I do not understand the drawing of her right arm and hand, but it may be because the colors have faded. The infant Jesus is full of life and energy, and is bestowing a blessing on his visitor in the papal fashion. His attitude is original and interesting, and the folds of the Virgin's gown on which he rests are remarkable for their breadth and pliant softness. The portrait of the worthy burgher describes the man to us without a touch of flattery.

This is the first painting in Italian art which does not suffer from some kind of self-restraint.

In the Uffizi at Florence there is a brown study by Leonardo of the *Adoration of the Magi*, similar in character to the fresco of Sant' Onofrio, and more interesting than Raphael's design of the same subject in the Vatican.

A genius of the first rank is almost inevitably a

reformer. Any man who is earnestly desirous of seeing things done in the right way will become a reformer in his own circle; for there is always plenty of correction and improvement to be made. It is said that Leonardo anticipated Bacon in his statement of the inductive method of reasoning, though he did not carry it to completeness. It is enough that he understood it, and with its help he produced a revolution in art like that which the inductive method finally effected in science. The times were favorable for this, but it required the right man to point out the way. Otherwise Italian painting might have degenerated into a servile imitation of the Greek.

Leonardo did not go to the Greek but to Nature, who, if applied to in the right spirit, gives both wisdom and strength. Of all Italian artists of that time he was the least affected by Hellenic art. It required a man who could bend iron bars to turn the course of Italian painting from that which it had followed for two centuries. It was like changing the bed of a river. Leonardo had a nature of such unswerving veracity, that he could not paint until he felt sure of the ground he stood on. He determined to commence at the very beginning, and lay a foundation of his own. He studied anatomy; made a thorough investigation of light and shade; and discovered aërial perspective. This must have occupied a large portion of his time, which was saved for Raphael, Titian, and all others since then. It had lately been discovered that the earth was round. Neither should we represent men as flat,

any longer, thought Leonardo. So he wrote down: "The true artist is he who can give to an object roundness and fulness."

His treatise on painting bears some resemblance to Bacon's *Novum Organum*, especially in its general structure. It is clearly and forcibly written, and so concise that the first two pages will give a beginner occupation sufficient for a year. On the second page he says: "By equality is meant that you do not blend the robust and firm muscles of man with feminine softness." How many pupils in our drawing-schools, of one or two years' standing, would be able to make this distinction; or to indicate the difference between various kinds of cloth?

The book is a compendium of original observations. It is remarkable not only how much he saw, but how much he remembered. "Consider," he says, "attentively the measure of joints, in which Nature is apt to vary a great deal, and imitate her example by doing the same." He introduced the new element into drawing,—namely, *action*. Previously Italian painting, for the most part, like Greek sculpture, had concerned itself with persons either in repose or in a condition closely allied to it. If any form of activity was introduced, as in the *Stoning of Stephen*, they were drawn in an awkward and constrained manner. Leonardo made a series of studies of the human body, in almost every variety of action, with explanations proving how the movement of one member would affect the position of all the others. He thus formed a set of rules by which artists could instruct themselves, to see more correctly when

drawing from living models, and how to avoid mistakes in drawing without them. The original charts with which he illustrated each theorem are a small treasury of art in themselves. To exemplify the complex equipoise of bodies, he made a drawing of Hercules lifting Anteus into the air, who is expiring with a most unhappy expression. They are in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, with twelve volumes more of writings and studies. So in this direction, at least, Leonardo was not lacking in application.

He proves his breadth of mind by admonishing artists not to despise the opinions of those who, though not being painters themselves, are interested in the fine arts (such as are now called critics). "For," he says, "we know that, although a man be not a painter, he may have just notions of the forms of men—whether a man has a hump on his back, a thick leg, or a large hand; whether he be lame, or have any other defect. Now, if we know that men are able to judge of the works of Nature, should we not think them more able to detect our errors?"

Some of his concluding remarks are very amusing. He says that women are to be represented in modest and reserved attitude, "their arms drawing near each other, or folded about the body"; but "children are to be represented with quick and contorted motions, when they are sitting; but when standing, with fearful and timid motions." Such precepts are better suited to religious pictures than they would be to our illustrated periodicals. The following represents a side of Leonardo's character which we shall have occasion to notice again:

“ If you wish, therefore, to make a chimera, or imaginary animal, appear natural (let us suppose a serpent), take the head of a mastiff, the eyes of a cat, the ears of a porcupine, the mouth of a hare, the brows of a lion, the temples of an old cock, and the neck of a sea-tortoise.”

I knew a landscape painter who did not believe in making sketches except when the spirit inclined him to do so, which was usually at ten in the morning, or at four in the afternoon. Leonardo had a different theory :

“ When you are well instructed in perspective, and know perfectly how to draw the anatomy and forms of different bodies or objects, it should be your delight to observe and consider in your walks the different actions of men ; when they are talking or quarrelling ; when they laugh, and when they fight. Attend to their positions, and to those of the spectators ; whether they are attempting to separate those who fight, or merely lookers-on. Be quick in sketching these with slight strokes in your pocket-book, which should always be about you, and made of stained paper, as you ought not to rub out. . . . For that reason take care never to be without a little book, for the purpose of sketching those various motions, and also groups of people standing by. This will teach you how to compose history.”

He considers it a favorable sign in a young painter, that his judgment should be better than his work, for then he will be more likely to improve through continual self-criticism ; and concludes with an exhortation to study nature continually :

“Whoever flatters himself that he can retain in his memory all the effects of Nature is deceived, for our memory is not so capacious: therefore consult Nature for everything.”

The only two of Leonardo’s pictures which have preserved their original coloring, are the *Head of Medusa*, in the Tribuna at Florence, and his own portrait, in the room devoted to the portraits of artists. It is a pleasant natural coloring, inclining to yellow rather than to red, and very deep and rich in the shadows.

The authenticity of the *Head of Medusa* has been doubted, but on what ground I do not know. It is a question like the authenticity of Shakespeare, for if Leonardo did not paint it, who could have? Titian’s, Veronese’s, and Raphael’s *Madonnas* almost yield to it in technical perfection. The story of his youthful trick of the *rotella*, on which he painted a composite monster more terrific than this, proves his inclination for such subjects. Vasari attributes it to him, but adds that he left it unfinished. This may refer to the background, which it is somewhat difficult to make out, and perhaps to Leonardo’s extravagant idea of perfection. As to the head itself, it could not be more perfectly finished if nature had made it.

It is certainly a fearful subject; the severed head with livid face, and the snarled wreath of snakes for hair. It must have required strong nerves to work on such a subject day after day. Few men could do it. If the sight of such a monster were possible, we should not look at it twice whether we were

turned to stone by it or not ; but art, like distance, lends enchantment, and such art as Leonardo's makes even a Medusa attractive. The face seems familiar to us. We fancy that like Heine's devil, we have met her somewhere in society : at Mount Desert, perhaps, or other fashionable resort. That she did not quite freeze our blood was owing to the fine summer weather. The picture holds its own against all others in the Tribuna.

Leonardo's portrait looks like a man of forty, though he was probably younger when it was painted. His long yellow hair and full beard give him an appearance of age beyond his years. His hair is very light for an Italian, and this with his powerful physique suggests that he may have been descended from the Goths or Lombards. What nationality his mother belonged to is not known. His artist's cap is graceful and becoming, but we wish he would take it off and permit us to see the shape of his head. His features are all strong and finely cut. He has not the scrutinizing look of Titian, or the tender sensibility of Tintoretto, nor Cellini's fearless independence ; but is calm, dignified, majestic. He looks like a king among the painters about him.

As a portrait it has not the atmosphere of some of Titian's, but for all that it surpasses them in vitality, as it does all other paintings except the *Mona Lisa*. The subject, too, is of importance ; for what ideal is superior to one of the greatest of men. The microscopic fineness with which it is painted would seem like a waste of time, but perhaps it was

only in this manner that he could give such vitality. It was not till twenty years later that Titian and Raphael discovered the advantage of a more vigorous handling on the accessories of a picture. The eyes of this portrait are like intelligent diamonds. Only an eye such as Leonardo's could have painted them. With Michel Angelo's *Fates* and Raphael's *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, it constitutes an invaluable trio.

Leonardo spent the best portion of his life at the Milan court,—from thirty to forty-five. That his time there was not better expended was owing largely to the character of the Duke. Ludovico was more amiable and indulgent than Julius II., but not nearly so intelligent. He preferred his brother's glory to his own, but he knew not how to make good use of the treasure which fortune had placed in his way. How did it happen that he permitted Leonardo to paint his *Last Supper* on the refectory wall of a monastery, when it might have hung on canvas in his own dining-hall, and have remained in a well preserved condition till the present day? He appreciated Leonardo's music, his poetry, and his fine conversation. Leonardo was a rare ornament at his court, a privileged guest, whom everybody honored and delighted in; but what he gained in temporary pleasure he lost in posthumous fame.

If Michel Angelo was eighteen months at work on the heroic statue of Julius II., four years would not be too much to allow Leonardo for the statue of Francesco Sforza. There can be little doubt

that it was the finest equestrian statue, at least, of modern times. Francesco was a great soldier, who fought his way to a throne in an equally courageous and irresponsible manner. Next to Carmagnola he was the greatest of the Italian *condottieri*, and a much better subject for art than Coleoni, whom he defeated and captured ; but only to release him on the following day, upon learning that his father-in-law, the Duke Visconti, was dead and that the popular party had seized the government. This gave Francesco a fair title to the dukedom, which Coleoni assisted him in reclaiming ; and peace was established between Venice and Lombardy. The parallel between the relations of these two captains and the artists who modelled their statues is surprising enough. When the French captured Milan in 1498 they made a target of the statue of Sforza : a piece of wanton vandalism unequalled since the fall of Rome.*

THE LAST SUPPER.

The *Last Supper* was painted in the priory of Santa Maria della Grazie, which is itself of importance in the history of architecture. A few steps from the street brings us within those precincts, twice sanctified by religion and art. There is little enough left of it. The faces are mostly blank, and only the outlines and attitudes tell us of its former magnificence.

* Vasari thinks that the statue was never cast in bronze, and that it was the model that the French soldiers destroyed : but how could it happen that the model was left in the open air, or any place where it might serve as a target ? The matter rests in obscurity.

cence. The greatness of its design is still apparent. The shape of those heads is much in itself, and the tenderly inclining figure of Christ is more affecting than words. It is a ruin as noble as the Parthenon, as pathetic as Melrose Abbey. Beyond this the original painting cannot help us. We are obliged to resort to Leonardo's sketches and to Raphael Morghen's engraving.

Vasari writes of Leonardo with enthusiasm, but evidently was not well informed with regard to the *Last Supper*. His story of the prior who complained to Ludovico that the work remained too long unfinished, is not likely to have been an invention, but his statement that Leonardo never painted the head of Christ in the picture is a long way from the mark. That he was reluctant to represent the divine person in human form is significant and credible, from the fact that in his earliest rude sketch of the subject he has represented Christ with his head bowed sorrowfully over the table, while St. John, next to him, seems wholly unnerved at the revelation, and the other apostles express their surprise and indignation in a variety of ways. Judas, also, is left out of this design apparently, for there are only twelve persons seated at the table, and the second space on the right of John is vacant. This tends to corroborate the anecdote of the Prior and Duke Ludovico, as well as the reasons alleged by Leonardo for not completing his work. The two apostles at the extreme right in this preliminary study are more carefully finished than the others, and both very fine. One is an elderly man with intellectual forehead and wavy

patriarchal hair, like a Protestant clergyman of superior quality ; the other is a spiritual-minded youth such as Raphael was fond of drawing, but of a more vigorous type than Raphael's.

Leonardo seems to have felt the same aversion that Protestants do now to the representation of incarnated deity. He might portray Christ as a boy, or even as a religious teacher, but not in the hour of divine martyrdom. How far apart this places him from Michel Angelo, who painted Jehovah again and again. Leonardo is reported to have informed the Duke that he could not hope to find on earth a model that would answer for the Saviour of mankind, nor yet had he attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity incarnate. We do not look at a head of Christ by Dürer or Perugino with the same feeling that we regard one painted in our own time. People do not like such subjects any longer. Holman Hunt's fine picture, *The Shadow of the Cross*, in which Jesus is represented at a carpenter's bench, created no interest in London except as an illustration of technical skill,—that is, simply as a work of art. The final excellence of mediæval painting is that the technical skill was always subordinated in it to the expression of an idea. That is the reason why it goes to our hearts.

Leonardo's study of Christ which Braun has made familiar to us, is similar to, but not the same as the one he finally adopted in the *Last Supper*, and it is a

lofty conception of a man who has been worn to a shadow with commiseration for the sins and sufferings of mankind. It is too fragile and feminine a type for the manly heads that would have surrounded it. It represents the Christ who said, "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also"; not the Christ of the tribute money, nor of the sermon on the mount. We require to have all three comprehended in the ideal Saviour. The Christ in Morghen's engraving is handsomer and something more majestic, yet without expressing dissatisfaction there would seem to be more humility in him than would be required for one sent with authority and on a divine mission.

In the Albertina collection at Vienna, there is a small head of Christ by Leonardo, most delicately and gracefully drawn, which may have been one of his experiments for the *Last Supper*. Its features are more classic and its expression less pathetic than in the drawing of the Brera gallery, but it would not seem to be the design that he finally adopted. In this sketch the hair is exquisitely arranged in points so as to give the suggestion of a crown of thorns.

In its original condition it must have been the greatest picture ever painted. The Sistine *Madonna* may be compared with it, or Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*; and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as a whole, is supposed to be without a rival; but I think we could have better spared Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment* than Leonardo's *Last Supper*. In what painting, or convocation of living persons, could you find such an assemblage of noble heads? Notice

also the classic simplicity of its details ; the oblong, cross-legged table with its cloth tied into knots at the corners ; a custom which still prevails in Italy. Vasari refers to the skilful manner in which the texture of the cloth was represented, as if it were a proverbial saying. From the texture of the table-cloth to the sublimated beauty of Christ there was only perfection on perfection. Its dramatic action is without a fault, and altogether we feel that here the best qualities of Raphael and of all great artists have been united.

It is the fourth act of a tragedy. Christ and his disciples have met to eat together for the last time. He is aware of this, and though they are ignorant of it their minds are already full of apprehension. They have become endeared to one another by mutual sympathy of the highest kind, by co-operation and spiritual association, but they have never felt this so much as now when danger is imminent. Christ makes the fatal disclosure, and in a moment all is excitement. Though he feels apprehensive of his own fate, this is overmatched by his grief at the perfidy of Judas. It is a feeling not easily to be described,—that painful sinking in the breast, when we realize that our confidence has been fatally misplaced. Leonardo knew it, and how to represent it. St. John is the only one of the disciples whose face repeats the expression of Christ. With him, however, it is chiefly solicitude for the fate of his master. The similarity and the difference between the two are remarkable, and it is no wonder that Leonardo found difficulty with this portion of his

picture. Peter is a splendid contrast to John. True man of action, and in appearance not unlike Leonardo himself, he has risen to his feet with the idea of taking energetic measures. The traitor is to be expelled at once. It does not occur to either John or Peter that any one will accuse them of perfidy; but the other apostles are not so self-forgetful. They are full of indignation, but they also wish to prove their own innocence. Judas, whose guilt is indicated by the darkness of his face, sits shut up within himself. In no other painting is such grandeur of design united with intellectual power and spiritual loveliness. The head of the *Apollo Belvedere* has been called superhuman. What then shall we say of a head like Leonardo's St. Peter.

The popularity of a picture has a deeper significance than that of a book. We may be entertained by a mediocre novel, but we do not return to it again and again, as we do to Shakspeare and Thackeray. When we hang a picture on our walls we want one that we shall never become tired of. It is for this reason that Leonardo's *Last Supper*, Correggio's *Magdalen*, the Sistine *Madonna*, and *Madonna della Sedia* have become the household gods of modern civilization.

MONA LISA.

Where could M. Taine, the literary critic, have acquired the notion that the *Mona Lisa* was the portrait at once of a nun and a courtesan? Truly,

it was a French imagination, like that of the special correspondents to our newspapers, particularly in time of war. She was an honest Florentine lady named Lisa Giacondo, and her husband was Leonardo's most devoted friend. It was only for friendship that he would have undertaken to paint her, for he could have obtained orders without number if he had been willing to work for money. Even Louis XII. could not obtain a portrait from him. Tintoretto painted an excellent portrait of a King of France in three days, but Leonardo was four years working on the *Mona Lisa*; off and on, according to his fashion. This seems to have been an idiosyncrasy of the man's nature for which there was no remedy. We may suppose that he spent so much time on it in order to give it vitality.

Faded as it now is to a dull olive brown, this portrait is more lifelike than any other painting in the Louvre, or perhaps anywhere else. The other paintings in the great hall are like pictures compared to it, and the people who look at it become vitalized by its presence. Opposite to it is Paul of Verona's greatest work, but there is not the life in it that there is in *Mona Lisa*. What must it have been when the coloring was in good condition. Vasari writes with enthusiasm of the freshness and transparency of her complexion, and the exquisite manner in which the hair and even the eyelashes were painted. To judge from this in color and *chiaroscuro* it may have been not unlike a Correggio. However, it has long since ceased to be considered a portrait, and has become an ideal. She is the smiling woman of the Louvre;

but what is the meaning of her smile? That, no one has fathomed yet. Is she smiling over a secret which is never to be revealed? Whether it be so or not, the kernel of the composition is involved in a mystery.

We have observed before that there was a mysterious side to Leonardo's character, and here we find it expressed without reservation in his work. So much the greater the man and his painting. It is from this sense of mystery that the purest religious feeling is evolved. The religions of all races have originated in mystery, and no philosophy is of much value that is not founded on it.

The Brahmans believe, or formerly did, that the earth rests on a tortoise; but what does the tortoise rest on? That they do not dare to contemplate. All the discoveries of science have not solved the enigma that is conveyed in this legend. The earth it is true is held in position by gravity; but how did gravity originate? Beyond the solar system are the stars; but what is beyond the stars? Space can have no limit. All the greatest minds have shared largely in this element. Homer was no less a mystery than Shakspeare. Goethe's writings are full of it. Napoleon never explained himself, and was an enigma to his nearest friends. Aristotle expressed it when he said that the ultimate reality was self-activity. I think Leonardo owned a larger share of mystery than Michel Angelo. It gives an exceptional charm to his work and makes his drawings perpetually interesting.

THE MADONNA AND ST. ANNA.

The devotion of the Florentines to art was like patriotism. They felt that the advancement of painting and sculpture was part of the fortune of their city. When Leonardo returned to Florence in or about the year 1500, he found Filippino Lippi had been commissioned to paint a *Holy Family* for the Church of the Annunciation. He expressed a desire to do some such work himself; and when Filippino heard of this, he immediately withdrew in Leonardo's favor, and obtained as much commendation by doing so as he might have had for his finished picture. All Florence urged Leonardo to undertake it, and waited with great expectation for nearly a year, when he indeed produced a cartoon that filled the measure of their admiration. More than this they could not persuade him to do; and the picture which hangs in the Louvre was afterward completed by his pupils, and whether he painted any portion of it would be difficult to determine. The coloring is hard, and the drawing somewhat rigid so that it looks rather like the copy of a bronze statue than a study from real life. Its technical inferiority to the *Mona Lisa* is very decided.

Two studies in red chalk of the heads of St. Anna and the Holy Virgin still indicate what this cartoon must have been. Grandeur in Italian painting dates from the *Last Supper* at Milan, but comparatively few Florentine citizens had seen that. In Florence, therefore, it was this group which created the revolution in painting. Here again Leonardo broke through all conventional restraint. He was led to

introduce a *genre* incident in his historical subject, and thereby improved its poetic quality. It was like the introduction of *reason* by Abelard in the University of Paris. The subject becomes more sacred by being made more natural. He represented the infant Jesus playing with a lamb, while his mother bends over him, smiling with infinite tenderness. The dignified grandmother rises behind her, sharing gravely in her daughter's joy. The Madonna is seated crosswise, and the freedom of attitude (which does not remind you of Michel Angelo) gives additional strength to the composition.

There is a lack of simplicity, an overwrought appearance in the finished painting, which the two red studies of the heads of St. Anna and the Madonna do not suffer from. These may indeed be called perfect, if perfection be possible. St. Anna would seem to have been taken from the same model as the Madonna in the Church of St. Onofrio thirty years earlier, though her features are more regular. She is the ideal grandmother: prudent, circumspect, kindly, and contented, though all the joys of life are passed for her. How much grace there is, mingled with the dignified pose of her head. Her large drooping eyelids are the mask of a rare intelligence.

The drawing of the Madonna is not only more beautiful than the finished picture, but it makes her appear nearly ten years younger. Her features too are more refined. She is smiling, as only a young mother can smile; and her eyes have that appearance of fulness which is caused by strong affection. Her head-dress is inimitable, and her face is thrown

into relief by the shadow of her veil which floats off with exquisite grace. She is the very expression of maternal love; but it is love without weakness. Her lips meet as lightly as rose petals; but their drawing indicates character, and all her features suggest firmness.

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

In regard to the competition between Leonardo and Michel Angelo there are several points to be considered. Michel Angelo was thirty years old at the time but had not yet proved his superiority as a painter. Leonardo was more than fifty and had lately finished a painting at Milan over which all Italy was in a glow of admiration. He was also an excellent colorist, while Michel Angelo's coloring ever remained dry and hard. Then the subject he selected was more dignified and more likely to arouse popular enthusiasm. It is doubtful, however, even at this time if Leonardo was considered Michel Angelo's superior, and Soderini and his council clearly made a mistake in deciding against the latter; for if they had given the work to Michel Angelo they would have obtained their painting for the city hall; whereas Leonardo, according to his usual custom, experimented on the surface of the wall with some kind of a liquid which caused the paint to sink into the plaster, and after finishing a portion of it he became dissatisfied with his work and abandoned it altogether. In consequence of this failure he never succeeded in obtaining another important commission in Italy.

The cartoon by itself was of inestimable value: but there came a realistic age in Italy, like the present one in America, when ideal work was no longer appreciated. Its disappearance I believe has never been accounted for; but it was still in existence when Rubens came on his pious pilgrimage to the Sistine Chapel a hundred years later. Rubens' sketch is the most spirited reproduction we now have of it, and therefore perhaps the best; though the drawing in the Dresden collection attributed to Raphael probably comes nearer to the literal truth. Rubens' florid personality appears in his work; even where with profound respect he copied the drawing of Michel Angelo,—thus producing a highly flavored and not very pleasant mixture of the two styles. In his study of the battle scene we do not notice the style of Leonardo so much as the vigor of his design.

War is the acme of human concentration; and Leonardo has alone succeeded in giving the effect of this. Four horsemen have rushed together and are struggling in a confused group of arms and legs and bodies. One of them has seized the standard with both hands, while another is struggling desperately to tear the staff away from him. Two more have lifted their scimetars for a decisive blow. Between the legs of the horses a soldier is lying apparently wounded, and another is stretched across his body threatening his life with upraised arm, quite unconscious of his own peril; while a third, leaning on his elbow, lifts a heavy shield to protect himself from the impending hoofs. The faces of the combatants are distorted with such rage as excludes all sense of

fear or humanity. The horses also partake of the fury of their riders. Two of them have locked their forelegs together, and are tearing at each other with their teeth ; but the expression of their eyes is the one bright glimpse of intelligence in the whole scene. Leonardo's liking for grotesque forms appears on the armor of the standard-bearer, whose helmet is wrought into the likeness of a huge corrugated conch-shell, with similar ornaments for his shoulders, and the skull and horns of a ram to decorate his breast-plate. His face is in keeping with the rest. The action of the horses is most vigorous, and nowhere overdrawn. The picture is as perfect as the *Venus of Milo* or Titian's *Death of Peter Martyr*.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

We now come to the last of Leonardo's paintings, and in some respects the most characteristic of them. In the room adjoining the great hall of the Louvre, to which all the choicest small pictures are consigned, his *John the Evangelist* reigns supreme among Titians and Raphaels. Of all his designs it is the most mysterious, and unites with this a caprice which we have noticed in his own character. It is also his finest study in light and shade. The figure is nude, but mostly in such deep shadow that only the face, right shoulder, and arm, are distinctly visible. These are illuminated as if by a spiritual radiance. We may suppose that the coloring originally was what the *Mona Lisa* is described to have been, but, faded as it now is, we can yet say fairly that no other

painting gives the texture of flesh as this does. Its softness is exceptional.

The features of the Evangelist, though large and impressive, are so delicately moulded that his face might easily be mistaken at first sight for that of a woman. He is smiling in a religious rhapsody ; but there is also something weird and elfin-like in his expression. We take him to be a person from another world ; yet there is no mistaking the heavenly indication of his forefinger. It is an expression of immortality,—as if to say, “Only there above does life begin.” If all other paintings by Leonardo were destroyed and this hand only remained, we should know still that he was an artist without superior. The most beautiful feet are to be found on Tintoretto’s *Ariadne*, but even the *Mona Lisa* has not such a hand as this. After you have compared it with the hands in *La Belle Jardinière*, or those of Correggio’s *Antiope*, or those in Paul’s *Wedding Feast at Cana*, or with any others in the whole gallery, you will begin to appreciate the art of Leonardo. The eyes are not less remarkable. You can look into them as you would look into clear water, and at the same time they seem to be looking into yours. Their expression is ingenuous and yet inscrutable.

In one of the last paragraphs in his treatise on painting, Leonardo says of the young painter who is severely critical of himself: “He will produce few works, but they will be such as to fix the admiration of every beholder.” This is not generally true, but it is certainly true of the master himself.

It is pleasant to have one's opinion confirmed across the gulf of time by a good authority. I have always believed that Leonardo's drawings were the finest ever made, and I find that Vasari says the same of them. What Michel Angelo desired to express by outline, Leonardo affected by skilful shading; and he is now considered the true artist who is best able to do this. In *St. John the Evangelist* there are no outlines at all, yet the sense of form that it gives is complete in itself. Leonardo thus became the precursor of Correggio, Murillo, and Rembrandt. Neither was he wanting in correctness of delineation. He is more true to life than Raphael, and drew with a finer grace. We have the testimony of his contemporaries that his cartoon of the *Battle of the Standard* could not be excelled for vigorous and truthful outlines. Some of his studies, like his sketch for the *Last Supper*, were hastily and roughly made; but the greater number of them were finished with extreme care and delicacy. The two heads of *St. Anna and the Virgin*, already described, are among the finest of them.

Of *Mona Lisa Giacondo* he made drawings from various points of view, as if to discover what was the best position in which to paint her portrait. There is a profile study of her, exquisitely finished, in the passage-way which leads from the Pitti Palace to the Uffizi, and few people pass through there without taking notice of it. It has a calm, sphinx-like repose that is very impressive.

There is a small study of a youthful head about two inches square, with luxuriant hair, and a face

handsomer and more intelligent than any Apollo. Another with a wreath of leaves about the brow, less carefully finished, would seem to have been suggested by the Apollo Belvedere.

He drew the head of a warrior, a homely, hardened, stoical, and storm-beaten face, like one of Wallenstein's troopers, wearing a helmet of ingenious conformation ornamented with griffins' wings; which carries out the idea of truculency expressed in his visage. This was probably one of his studies for the *Battle of the Standard*.

He also drew gentle, pious, and amiable faces: one of a lady with drooping curls, and an air of comfortable resignation; and another with head inclined, and almost too modest to raise her gentle eyelids, but with such beautiful hair, wavy, rippling, twining about her ears, and falling upon her neck in playful luxuriance.

The noblest of them is the head of a woman, whose face is nearly in profile. It is not a beautiful face though her features are regular; but something better. It is a face which shows firmness and solidity of character, and is at the same time, kind, womanly, and pre-eminently religious. We do not know whether this is an ideal, or a study from life. If there was such a woman, and Leonardo had painted her portrait, it would have been equal to the best. However, it is the artist more often than his subject who gives tone and character to the portrait.

There are also some strange and curious heads; especially one of an old man with little if any hair, and a look of tremendous energy in his face. Leo-

nardo says somewhere that the imagination of the painter ought to see faces in the holes of fences, and one would suppose that quite a number of Leonardo's studies had originated in that manner.

Most mysterious is the drawing of a mantle, or some large piece of cloth, thrown over—what? After looking at it for some time we recognize a pair of boots behind the cloth. Whether there is also a man in the boots we cannot tell; and so it remains. All later artists might have taken lessons from this piece of drapery.

Continual improvements are being made in photography, but a camera will never paint a portrait, nor represent a building correctly. Certain pictures, like Tintoretto's *Three Graces* and Raphael's *Madonna of the Fish*, it imitates in a more satisfactory manner, but drawings on a flat surface can be photographed with perfect accuracy. It may be counted one of the advantages of our time that Braun of Dornach has supplied us with copies of Leonardo's drawings which cannot be distinguished from the originals, except by the paper on which they are printed; and these treasures, intrinsically more valuable than the finest engravings, have come within the reach of persons who are not able to cross the Atlantic and have never entered the Pitti Palace.

Those who look at Leonardo's own portrait and are susceptible to delicate impressions, may notice the appearance of extreme sensitiveness in his face. In spite of his grand physique, this man looks as if the touch of a feather would cause him pain. We remember the story, also, of Michel Angelo who

felt a stone bridge shaking under his horse's feet; and not long afterward its arches fell into the Tiber. He could feel through the hoofs of his horse what others would scarcely have noticed with their own feet. It was only with the help of such sensitive nerves that these great artists could create their illusions on canvas and in marble. They united the strength of gladiators with the tenderness of a young child.

What Leonardo surpassed all other artists in since time began, was *vitality*. No one else has come so near the imitation of life itself; and this may account for the length of time which he worked over his pictures.

We wonder what became of Leonardo's mother, and if she had her share also in the prosperity and honor of her marvellous child.



THE WORKS OF MICHEL ANGELO.

AMONG the Aryan races there have been six men who are rightly supposed to tower above all others—Homer, Cæsar, Michel Angelo, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Napoleon. There is one for the Greek, and one for the Roman, one for modern Italy, and one for England, France, and Germany. Beethoven might perhaps be added as a seventh; but the indeterminate character of musical sounds has hardly an equal value with the definite statements of language, the clearness of artistic forms, or the important results of practical action. Beethoven, besides, would seem to have been lacking in dignity of character, and no one, however wonderful his genius may be, can attain the highest place in the opinions of men without that requisite. These six, then, stand before all others, and are equalled only by one another, each in his own way. Dante may approach Homer, Frederick Napoleon, and Tintoret Michel Angelo; but it does not require a critical estimate of their abilities to decide between them.

The fact that Michel Angelo was nursed by the wife of a stone-cutter would indicate that the Buonarotti family belonged to the landed gentry of Tus-

cany, approaching the nobility in social position ; for then, as now, it was only among aristocratic families that wet nurses were obtained for children ; and it has often been surmised that he acquired in this way his predilection for sculpture rather than painting. He also drank in an excellent constitution, which, joined with his thickset frame and constant exercise with hammer and chisel, made him one of the strongest men of that vigorous age. Mental force, if rightly applied, will always increase corporeal power ; and it was thus that Cæsar, Michel Angelo, and Napoleon were able to extend the limits of physical endurance. The terrible energy with which the old sculptor attacked his marble bore witness to the cumulative temperance and industry of his youth. His sturdy figure, though not graceful, was symmetrical, and gave an impression of character, even at a distance.

If we place a head of Napoleon beside portraits of Wellington, Washington, Blucher, Moreau, and other great leaders of his time, even a boy will perceive at once that he is superior to all of them ; so the head of Michel Angelo surpasses in distinction all the other great artists of Italy, and we recognize him as an exceptional man, even by the contour of his head. Like his features, it was strong and massive, and yet refined as the head of an Apollo. The Italians still delight to carve it on gems and cameos. His eyes were remarkably large, dark, and lustrous ; but full of tenderness and commiseration. They tell us of long suffering, unrequited affection, and patient endurance.



He possessed all those qualities which are called virtues, and, in addition, was reserved, taciturn, and even haughty. All great artists have to be sincere ; for sincerity is the essence of art : but Michel Angelo gave forth his sincerity like an old Hebrew prophet, without regard to the temporary mischief it might occasion either to himself or others. His correcting the drawing of his excellent master, Ghirlandajo, was neither considerate nor in good manners ; but it was done in the interest of truth, and there was something wholesome in this, which inclined his contemporaries to approve of it. He was fortunate to live in an age when intellectual veracity was more respected than it is in Italy at present.

He was much more like Dante than Shakspeare : not so inexorable as Dante, but the tragical side of life made so deep and abiding an impression on him as to overcloud the joyous and comic side. Of merriment and jests he knew nothing ; he never jested himself, nor more than to smile slightly at the jests of others. He had no pleasures outside of his work ; nor was he ever acquainted with love, courtship, and marriage. The only friend who was really dear to him appears to have been the Countess Colonna. Perhaps the fervid exhortations of Savonarola may have been impressed too powerfully on his youthful imagination ; and he must have been saddened by the premature death of Lorenzo dei Medici, who had been more than a counsellor and guide to him. The loss of Lorenzo, who was presumably poisoned, produced a confusion in Italian politics like the assassination of Garfield in America,

which they never wholly recovered from. Michel Angelo's patriotism was deeply affected by the misfortunes of his country ; and even greater was his commiseration for the sufferings of humanity, which are common to all ages, and for which there seems to be no avail.

We miss in his works a representation of the bright side of life ; and yet their effect upon us is neither gloomy nor depressing. We find rest in the strength of his mighty creations, and we follow him with such confidence as we would an experienced and untiring Alpine guide. The power of his drawing invigorates us, and his elevated conceptions lift us to a higher plane, where we feel exhilarated as if by mountain air. We return to them with satisfaction after we have had enough of the summer glory of Correggio and the brilliant pageantry of Paul of Verona.

How was it then that this man came to surpass all others ?

The question is almost presumptuous. I blamed a certain school-teacher for not having instructed one of his lady pupils how to spell her own language, and she said : " It was not his fault, I was made so." Lord Coleridge thought he owed his position in life largely to the habit of reading a few lines of Greek every day, and this no doubt gave his mind an excellent tone ; but Goethe, after making some modest personal explanation, added : " Why should I not speak of myself as I am. I did not make myself what I am." All the deepest minds have perceived that behind character and beyond intellect there was

a self-sustaining, inscrutable something which determined their destiny in life.* It is like the invisible germ in the egg which decides color, form, and other attributes of the bird that is to be. It cannot be described any more than it is possible to define love or beauty. We can, however, approach it respectfully by taking observations of human nature from different points, as in a geometrical survey; and in this way we also realize more clearly the character of the individual.

In the first place then, such a man must be wholly free from weakness. He must be without a flaw either mentally or physically. The driving-wheel of a locomotive is equal and of equal strength at every point of its rim; but men are not made like that. We find out very early that there are soft places in us which will not bear any strain, and that there are many things which we must avoid attempting in consequence. A young scholar can perhaps talk very fluently on the subject of his studies, but when he rises to make a speech he finds the total personality of his audience a pressure upon him which he has not the force to resist. Hawthorne possessed a fine genius, but he never was able to understand politics, although he was too liberal not to desire to do so. The accomplishment of a really great work requires the exertion of every faculty in turn; and if a man has a weak place anywhere it will continually come to the surface, and his efficiency is always

* This fact is certainly not *explained* by the word *soul*, which, as commonly used, merely indicates faith in a spiritual existence.

impaired at that point. If we compare Cæsar with other great Romans it will be noticed that he was the only complete one, who never was obliged to depend on the advice or assistance of others. He could make his own speeches, draught his own laws, and manage the finances of his army. Leonardo da Vinci might have been the rival of Michel Angelo but for his capricious nature and desultory methods of working.

Next we come to single-mindedness; which is really the quintessence of sincerity. In a large school there will perhaps be ten boys who are good scholars. Among these, three may be spurred by a spirit of emulation; three more from an ambition to succeed in whatever they do; three learn their lessons because they are praised for it; while only one studies from pure love of knowledge and self-improvement. In the end this last will surpass all the rest; for after a time the others will become tired of praise and success, but he will always continue to learn and to improve so long as he remains true to himself. His work will always be a pleasure to him, and for that reason also he will succeed the better in it. This is the true artist spirit, and when we apply the principle to such work as requires mental ingenuity or skill of hand, instead of mere mechanical study, the disproportion between it and all other forms of activity is increased tenfold. While the ambitious artist stops to congratulate himself on what he has done, the single-minded artist goes onward and leaves the other behind. But one boy in two hundred of this sort is a large aver-

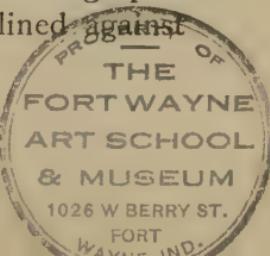
age, and human nature is so misunderstood that he will usually be considered the most ambitious of them all.

It is possible, however, for single-minded persons to be also very narrow, and thus their lives become sterile in spite of their purity. There can be no great accomplishment without greatness of design ; and how is this attained except by a long-continued process of mental selection between such things as are important and elevated and those which are small, trivial, and mean ; a constant winnowing of wheat from the chaff ; a perpetual sublimation and classification of ideas.

“ Noble souls alone can know
How the giants live and grow.”

Greatness of design in Cæsar and Napoleon may be readily mistaken for personal ambition, but this could not possibly happen with regard to Michel Angelo's drawing. He had the grand manner such as Homer and Shakspeare had ; but, unlike Homer and Shakspeare, he never descended from it. It is visible in his earliest and in his latest work. It becomes strikingly evident by comparison with even such artists as Titian and Raphael ; but in and of itself it is plain enough to those who are accustomed to converting ideas into form.

The Rocky Mountains have been described as giants in repose, and one starlight night as we were walking in the valley of Manitou and looking up at the great sweeping range of hills outlined ^{against} ~~against~~ ^{OF} the sky.



the sky, it suddenly occurred to us that these majestic curves with their sharply rounded angles resembled the drawing in Michel Angelo's frescos. A mountain is the simplest and most natural type of grandeur.

What can the last element in our alembic be except heroism? How shall we define it unless as man rising superior to his physical conditions? It is only with the help of this that we can surmount the most difficult obstacles and achieve results of the highest kind. It despises death; it is superior to stoicism, courage, fortitude, and determination. A man who would discover a new continent, lead a social revolution, or translate the Vedas, carries his life in his hands. The danger of the hero-artist or poet is not so apparent as that of the soldier or statesman, but it is none the less real. When Michel Angelo undertook to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel he knew not how it might end, for such a work had never been attempted before. It is said that for a long time afterward he could not read a book or letter except by holding it above his head.

The heroism of performance is superior to the heroism of endurance. By constantly rising above physical conditions the hero ascends one summit after another until those who behold him become dizzy with apprehension. He thus elevates himself at last above humanity; becomes sublime; and if his mission is to stem the tide of religious bigotry he may perhaps be worshipped as a god.

Genius is a composite attribute, and differs widely with different men. The genius of Michel Angelo

was composed of strength, single-mindedness, greatness of design, and heroism, with the addition of that unfathomable inclination which led him into the walks of sculpture and painting.

There are no evidences remaining of what he accomplished with Ghirlandajo. It would be characteristic of Michel Angelo's nature to destroy whatever he produced of an immature quality. He drew from the first with great confidence, and in such broad, forcible lines as attracted general attention and excited the envy of his fellow-students. He derived nothing from Ghirlandajo's style, nor does the influence of his master appear anywhere in his subsequent works. On the contrary, he wished to be as different from him as possible. He soon became tired of easel painting, and deserted it for an art which could offer some resistance to the youthful vigor of his nature.

He was a pitiless critic for the mistakes of other artists, giving his opinion of them apparently without considering whether they wished to hear it. In this way he brought on the collision with Torrigiano, who told Cellini that he struck Michel Angelo's nose with his fist, but others say, what is more likely, with his mallet. Torrigiano made liberal offers to Cellini to go to the English court with him, but the latter declined them, nor could he endure any further acquaintance with a man who had treated the divine Buonarotti in such a manner. I believe no Frenchman, Englishman, or German has been so venerated by his countrymen as Michel Angelo was even while he still lived.

In the Tribuna at Florence there is a *Madonna and Child* by Michel Angelo which has every appearance of being a youthful work. It is close by Leonardo's wonderful *Medusa*. Vasari praises it in his general enthusiasm for his favorite hero, but breadth of design and anatomical correctness are its only virtues. Its coloring is dull and lifeless; its drawing without grace. There is no tenderness in the face of the Virgin, nor spirituality in that of the Saviour. You would suppose it was painted before Michel Angelo had awakened to sensibility. Yet as compared with the masterpieces about it, it has a style of its own which commands attention. Like Hans Andersen's *Ugly Duckling*, it gives promise of a remarkable future. It has little value as a picture, but great importance as a psychological study, and an examination of it should be by no means omitted.

Michel Angelo resembles Carlyle in several respects, but especially because they both began without any decided style of their own and then suddenly developed such an unusual and idiomatic manner that there are many people who cannot find pleasure in them on account of it. *The Three Fates*, which also hangs near Leonardo's *Medusa*, is the best example of his youthful excellence, and there is a wide gap between it and the *Madonna* just mentioned, which can best be explained by two pieces of sculpture—the head of the old Faun in the Uffizi, and the bas-relief of Centaurs in the Casa Buonarotti. With a better chiaroscuro (which it hardly seems to need) it would be a perfect picture. The three figures are drawn with rare purity, and

grouped in a most natural manner without any appearance of effort.

“Spin, spin, Clotho, spin,
Atropos, twist, and Lachesis, sever.”

They are three wonderful, weird old women, and Lachesis is a prediction of Goethe in everything except masculine stability of feature. Her eyes, like Goethe's also, are full of prophetic light. It will be seen hereafter that Michel Angelo predicted still another of the world's consummate geniuses. *The Fates* are so different from his other paintings that some connoisseurs have declared emphatically that he could never have created them; without, however, being able to fix their authorship on any other great master. They divide the honor of the Tribuna with the *Madonna of the Goldfinch* and the *Head of Medusa*; and this shows plainly that no less a man than Michel Angelo had a hand in them. The coloring of the picture is also exceptional, being much like autumn leaves; not bright-colored like those in America, but such as there are in Europe. This color is appropriate, and its seriousness shames the nude women of Titian, miscalled Venuses, on the opposite wall.

There are some experiences which are written in the book of life with indelible ink. To drive from Naples to Pompeii; to watch the changing colors of the Jungfrau in the evening sun, as its snows change from rose-pink to the ashes of violet, and its glaciers flame and flash with an ethereal fire; or on an April

morning to take your first walk through the city of Florence: he who has enjoyed all these may well feel compensated for numerous troubles.

There is a satisfaction in Rome which belongs to no other city, but externally it is not so beautiful as Florence or Venice. The Piazza del Popolo is fine and so are the Spanish steps, and the Palace of the Quirinal; the Corso, though too narrow, is a street of palaces such as is not to be seen elsewhere; but the buildings at the Capitol are not impressive, and St. Peter's is too huge, monstrous, and, excepting the dome, Asiatic. The real grandeur of Rome lies in its historic associations; but in Florence we come face to face with art and architecture, and measure them as we would the work of yesterday. There is no bridge in Rome like the Ponte Santa Trinita—for that matter, there is no other such bridge; nor is there a palace so grandly designed as the Strazzi; and the Duomo, now its façade has been finished, is a fair rival of Cologne and Rouen cathedrals.

The central portion of Florence is like a mosaic of magnificent pattern. Even the streets have a mosaic pavement, and there is a narrow band of mosaic between the mouldings which surround the windows of the cathedral. One of those windows is a study for a day. The soft brown, box-like church of Orsanmichele, with the statue of Donatello's *St. George* looking fiercely down from its wall; the modest little Baptistry and its famous gates of bronze; the Duomo itself rising high up into the luminous sky; Giotto's matchless Campanile; the Palazzo Vecchio, with its frowning cornice; the

graceful arches of the Loggia di Lanzi ; the equestrian statue of *Cosmo the Great*, the colossal *Neptune*, Cellini's *Perseus*, and John of Bologna's *Rape of the Sabines*,—such are the principal figures in it. Travellers are apt to overlook the double row of statues of famous Florentines in the arcade leading from the Arno to the Uffizi, but they are better works of art than many in the Vatican. In what other city is there such a cluster of magnificent buildings and statues? Formerly also, close by the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, stood the colossal *David* of Michel Angelo, the wonder of the world.

THE DAVID AND THE PIETA.

Vasari does not trouble us with many dates in the lives of his illustrious artists, but it is well to remember that Michel Angelo was in his nineteenth year when Lorenzo the Magnificent died and America was discovered ; that four years later he visited Rome for the first time, and was there again in 1501, when his friends in Florence advised him * that the Gonfalone had given notice that a huge block of marble, which had lain in the workshop at Santa Maria del Fiore ever since the death of Lorenzo, was to be made use of for the glory of the city. After the expulsion of the Medici, and the religious frenzy and delirium of Savonarola, the people of Florence very sensibly chose for their chief magis-

* Condivi denies that he went to Florence for this purpose, but nothing could be more certain than that Michel Angelo would be informed of such an opportunity.

trate Piero Soderini, who was a worthy successor of Lorenzo, and might be called the last of the Florentine statesmen. He was not only a judicious patron of art, but a wise administrator, and being supported by Pope Julius, restored for a time peace and prosperity to the distracted little republic.

The block of marble was nearly eighteen feet in length, but had been so much injured by the attempts of Simone da Fiesole to carve something out of it, that doubts were entertained if it could now be used for anything better than a Doric column. It is an illustration of the manner in which great events sometimes come to pass, that it was neither from a desire of Soderini, nor the inspiration of Michel Angelo, that the *David* was chiselled out of it. On the contrary, Michel Angelo concluded that it would serve better for the slender figure of a youth than for one more fully developed. So he made a small model of wax, and proved to the seignory by measurements how the thing could be done. Such is the practical character of true genius. Thus the commission was awarded to him, though the youngest of the competitors.

Mannerism may be accomplished amid any amount of noise and confusion, but great thoughts require the sanctity of silence. It is highly amusing to think of the sort of fortification with which young Buonarotti surrounded his precious block of marble in order to keep out inquisitive people. Even Soderini judiciously abstained from interfering with him ; and in a little more than two years this stupendous work—the most difficult of Michel Angelo's

life—was completed. The small model of wax was his only guide; and it is not known certainly that he used the sculptor's points. His eye was infallible, and it seemed impossible for him to make a mistake. Conveying the statue to its destination was found to be a difficult matter, and the manner in which it was done was considered very ingenious even in those ingenious times.

About twenty years ago the *David* was removed from its position in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, and placed within the building for its better preservation, while a bronze copy was made of it and set on the hill of San Miniato, where it may be seen at almost any distance from the road to Rome and down the valley of the Arno. This copy proves the superiority of marble over bronze as an art material; as one may perceive, also, from the copy of the *Apollo Belvedere* in the gardens of the Tuilleries. A work like John of Bologna's *Mercury* could not, of course, be executed in marble.

Vasari says of the *David*: "We may truly affirm that this statue surpasses all others whether ancient or modern, Greek or Latin"; and if it were not for the *Demosthenes* of the Vatican and the *Venus of Milo* we might consider this a true bill. It certainly surpasses all other colossal statues, even the *Castor and Pollux* on Monte Cavallo, which I think have not been estimated at their proper value. Its immense size makes the youthfulness of *David* all the more conspicuous. The form is not slender nor fragile, but gives a truthful appearance of tenderness and immaturity. We know that his joints are sup-

ple and his limbs flexible. Michel Angelo was more realistic than the Greeks, but he atoned for the lack of ideality in form by a superior ideality of expression. The figure is absolutely faultless and the face wears the stamp of heroism. I think its size prevents a general appreciation of the beauty of his head. His luxuriant hair falls over his temples like a wreath. The features are strong and finely cut, without being sharp or too mature. His eyes are slightly dilated; looking intently. The sling hangs over his left shoulder. He is watching Goliath and concentrating himself for the supreme moment of action. His life or death will depend on a single cast of the die. For purity of conception wrought out with an ideal accuracy of detail, the *David* takes its place beside the finest Greek sculpture. Michel Angelo's *Night*, or his *Moses* may have a more profound significance for us, but they also have peculiarities which interfere with an unreserved admiration. Its weight was full nine tons.

There are four or five other statues which belong to this virginal period in Michel Angelo's art.

Before leaving Rome he had sculptured a *Pieta*, which is to be seen in the first chapel on the right on entering St. Peter's Church. It does not receive deserving attention, because visitors, on entering, are in too much haste to see what is at the farther end of the church, and when they return too much fatigued in body and mind to do more than drop into a carriage and drive away again.

St. Peter's would make an excellent repository for all the statues of Michel Angelo. They would fill

up its emptiness as nothing else could, and give it in addition great dignity of character. The *David* would appear to fine advantage under the dome, where there is a beautiful soft light for it, and would be vastly more appropriate than that huge twisted bronze *baldachino*, which reminds one of nothing so much as a Hindoo juggernaut. The real grandeur of St. Peter's consists in its dome (to be seen to best advantage from the road which leads up to the great stone pine, sometimes called Wordsworth's pine), and the outside of the transept (which may be seen by driving round it), the chaste and magnificent work of Bramante, worthy of the burden which it supports. Only these two portions of the church are religious and artistic, and they are obscured from the general public by the worldly and uninteresting façade.

The *Pieta* has something of the plain and unconscious sincerity of Albert Dürer. In the broad dramatic range of Michel Angelo's works this is the most devotional, and it is one of the few subjects which he has taken from the New Testament. It represents the fulness of Christianity. The calm resignation in Christ's face covers like a veil the pain and agony which he has undergone. The expression of the Virgin is most affecting ; for it is not only in her face, but in her whole attitude, and even in the posture of her hands that we perceive the sorrow which only a mother can feel, and the infinite longing that can never be gratified on earth. Yet it is not a hopeless grief like that of the *Niobe* in the Florentine Gallery, whose face is swollen and made

heavy with affliction. There is a moral exaltation in the mother of Christ which shows that here we have the true reconciliation between spirit and matter. Her grief is excessive, but it is still subordinate to her faith in God. Thus we discover already Michel Angelo's advance over Greek and Roman art. After Niobe's suffering had worn itself out she was finally comforted by a piece of bread. The mother of Christ will never descend to sackcloth and ashes, but neither will her sorrows cease so long as she lives. The tenderness and sympathy with which Michel Angelo has represented this explains the expression which we have already noticed in his portrait. It was not his own troubles that oppressed him, for he had few of those, but sympathy for the sufferings of others. Let us not forget, also, that the four greatest artists were also the most religious ; and next comes Dürer, who certainly ranks very close to them.

I am not aware that any fault has ever been discovered in the *Pieta*, nor can I imagine how any should be. The body of Christ gave Michel Angelo an opportunity to prove his remarkable knowledge of anatomy ; equal, a German critic thinks, to that of nine modern doctors. It has nowhere, however, the exhibitory character which it acquired in some of his later productions. Vasari praises greatly the manner in which the limbs are joined to the trunk, and asserts that no corpse could more completely resemble the dead than does this marble. Those who agree with Ruskin's statement, that Michel Angelo sculptured and painted dead bodies instead of living ones, would do well to compare this body

of Christ with the figures in his *Last Judgment*, and with the statue of *Moses*.

The *Madonna and Child* in the Cathedral at Bruges is closely allied and of similar workmanship to the *Pieta*. The Madonna in both instances appears to be the very same person, and her head-dress is nearly identical. There is the same long nose, delicate mouth, slightly curved brow, and especially the long-tapering fingers—of Raphael's Dresden *Madonna*. The eyes, however, are different, and the expressions are as different as the artists themselves. It is possible that there may be some relation between the statue and the painting, though the difference in time, full sixteen years, between the execution of the two works would seem to preclude the possibility of their being taken from the same model; if we are to suppose that Michel Angelo made use of a model on this occasion. There are still to be seen in the streets of Rome majestic-looking peasant women, who walk with erect heads and as firm a step as the women of ancient Rome are supposed to have done.

The Bruges group is not religious, as Holbein's and other Madonnas are religious. It is rather the typical mother and child. The Madonna holds her boy affectionately by the hand while she thinks of other matters. Her face is beautiful and interesting, but without sentiment. She has a grave, almost austere expression; but her head-dress is a marvel of beauty, more Hellenic than the Greeks; and how so much tenderness of feature and limb as are in the child Jesus could be wrought out of marble will always be a mystery. The dimpled softness of his

face is beyond comparison, and I believe we could have another *Moses* and another *David* before another such boy is sculptured. Intellectually he gives the impression of completeness, but of a nature more human than divine. He is the child of genius.

The competition with Leonardo followed soon after the statue of David had been placed in position. This was a grand idea of Soderini's, but the subject, as already stated, was not chosen to Michel Angelo's advantage. Both of those celebrated cartoons ought to have been painted on the walls of the grand council chamber, for they certainly both deserved it. The solid men of Florence were much to blame for neglecting such a glorious opportunity,—a chance in a thousand years. Lorenzo dei Medici would have supplied the expense from his own purse; but Soderini had not such a good account at the bankers. Michel Angelo selected the bathing-scene, no doubt because it gave him a chance to bring his knowledge of anatomy into play; but groups of half-dressed men are not an altogether pleasant spectacle. So far as art is concerned, people should either have their clothes properly on or properly off. Otherwise the drawing could not be surpassed for truthfulness, purity, strength, and all varied forms of action. The figures of the soldiers are robust and muscular, as they should be, but not too much so, as has often been complained of in Michel Angelo's later work. The ambitious young artists who are reported to have made such devoted study of these two cartoons,

with the exception of Benvenuto Cellini, do not appear to have profited much from them.

I do not know what those writers who prate about the austere virtues of Michel Angelo, and his preference for Platonic love, would say to his painting of *Leda and the Swan*. Fortunately for them the original painting is in a badly disfigured condition, and equally difficult of access; but there is an admirable copy in the Dresden gallery. Grimm considers the figure of Leda the most gigantic in drawing of any that Michel Angelo created. This did not occur to me when I looked at it, but I believe it is the most beautiful of his female figures; much superior to Giorgione's *Venus* in the same room—which George Eliot considered equal in purity to Raphael's *Madonna*. However the Leda may appear to the conscience of the nineteenth century, there is no question in my mind but that to Michel Angelo the subject was pure and holy. A certain young lady once purchased a photograph of Correggio's *Io*, had it framed, and it hung in her room for years without the import of the picture being discovered by her. Now the purity of Michel Angelo, as I feel it through his works, seems to me a fair match for the innocence of that girl, who was something over twenty.

The election of Julius II. to the Papacy was an antidote against the poison of the Borgias. He was a sort of sixteenth-century Bismarck; a man of indomitable will, and, though capable of dissimulation, a perfectly sound and healthy character. He was

more than a match for Cæsar Borgia, whom he played with as a cat does with a mouse. Cæsar must have discovered this ere long, but found himself unable to escape. Julius foresaw the danger that menaced Italy from the consolidation of France and Spain, and wished to provide against it; but life was too short for him. Machiavelli says: "Julius II., who was of a fiery and violent disposition, succeeded in all his enterprises; doubtless, because a prince of such a character was best adapted to the circumstances under which the church was then governed by this pontiff. Witness the first invasion of the territory of Bologna, in the life of John Bentivoglio, which gave great umbrage to the Venetians and the kings of France and Spain; but none of them dared to interfere. He displayed in all his enterprises the same character, and his successes have, in that respect, fully justified him; but perhaps he did not live long enough to experience the inconstancy of fortune."

This was Machiavelli's retrospect in later years, but during the reign of Julius he wrote to Francesco Vittore that the Pope was a "violent and diabolical person." One strange result of the invasion of Bologna was that even before the death of Julius the Bentivogli obtained possession of the bronze statue which Michel Angelo had modelled of him, and having melted it down sent the metal to Alphonso of Ferrara, who had it made into a small cannon which he called the Julia. There was not much religion in Julius, but he was a patriotic man; wholly different from Popes Leo and Clement who succeeded him.

As a patron of art Julius II. can only be compared with Pericles. The finest and grandest of all works of art were executed under his directions. Men of action, if they are enlightened and possessed of sensibility, have an excellent influence on poets and artists. Their energy stimulates, and their knowledge of the world brings the artist out of his retirement and enlarges his view of life. Julius was a man of grand ideas, and Michel Angelo could not long escape his notice. He is supposed to have been more influenced by him than by any of his contemporaries. Certain it is that the paintings of the Sistine Chapel are of a more experienced character than those pictures and statues which we have been considering.

Rome is a funereal city. It is in itself the monument of two civilizations, and is now commencing again upon a third. Its three hundred and more churches are full to repletion of the monuments of popes, cardinals, and bishops; and the Appian Way is lined with tombs of the more heroic race who preceded them. The pyramid of Cestius, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella are substantial memorials of the vanity and emptiness of human life. Drive out on the Appian Way, and descend into the tomb of the Scipios; examine by the glimmering light of your guide's candle those plain slabs of marble carved only with the letters of that type whose plainness has made it the most useful to mankind. Is the Coliseum itself or the baths of Caracalla a more impressive sight than this? There is no attempt at ornament; nor is there need

of any. The finest sculpture could add nothing to the fame of that noblest of Roman families. Nor would any marble be more enduring than the recollection of their virtues. Even Hadrian's name is more widely known than the Castle of St. Angelo, which contains his dust no longer.

Such was pagan Rome. How different is the outward presentation of Christian Rome,—of that church which began in meekness of spirit and contempt for worldly splendor. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the coasts of the Mediterranean were ransacked for precious marbles with which to adorn the sepulchres of Italian prelates, and every device of architecture and sculpture resorted to in order to make them attractive to the public eye. We soon become satiated, however, with this meaningless magnificence, and find only too surely that no names are connected with it that we care for, or have ever heard of; unless they be notorious, like the cardinal whom Guido has placed in the image of Satan under the feet of the Archangel.

Protestant Christianity teaches us to live for one another; and this translated into practical politics means that we are to live for the good of the community, and for ourselves as part of the community. This and "every man to his trade," are the two cardinal doctrines of Plato's *Republic*. They are the principles by whose help the Greeks overcame the Persians, and the Romans the Carthaginians. They were the principles of Washington and Webster and Adams. Antagonistic to them is the theory that every man has a right to do as he pleases so long as

he does not interfere with the rights of other people. The former is the principle of national growth, and the latter of national decline ; and it was this individualism which was dominant in Italy in the year 1500. Julius II. was an exception to his time. He was sincere, sound at heart, and, in his way, disinterested. He wished for a monument to himself because other popes had them ; and he would attend to it in his lifetime, because he knew after he was dead no one would care for him, any more than for a dead ox.

In Michel Angelo he first met with a man of ideas grander than his own, and of a performance that even exceeded expectation. Amid the thousand and one cases of partial fulfilment, what a satisfaction to discover such an exceptional personage. Between them they designed a monument almost beyond imagination. It was to have contained three tiers of statues,—more than twenty in number, and many of them of heroic size. Such a work would have required at least fifteen years for its completion, and as the Pope's hair was already white, there seemed little chance that it would be finished in his lifetime ; but neither of them thought of this.

The first year was consumed by Michel Angelo at Carrara, in order to make sure that the blocks of marble were of the right size and without flaw in any part of them. They were transported to Civita Vecchia by sea, and thence to the open space between the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo ; which has ever since been considered consecrated ground, because Michel Angelo had his studio there.

VICTORY AND THE CAPTIVES.

In the second and third year he designed and partially finished four statues for the mausoleum; a *Victory* with a *Captive* lying at her feet, and two other single figures of *Captives*. Exactly when he completed them is not known, but neither Pope Julius nor his family ever had the benefit of their renown. The statue of *Victory* is now in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; while one of the *Captives*, mis-called the *Slave* of Michel Angelo, is in the Louvre Gallery, where it divides attention with the *Venus of Milo*. The other *Captive* is, or was till recently, in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. These four statues have all the same general character, as no doubt the artist intended they should. The calm, dignified elation of the *Victory* is grandly contrasted with the hopeless despair expressed in the attitudes and faces of the *Captives*; and for this reason, if no other, it is a pity that they should have been separated. They are exceptional among Michel Angelo's mature statues for the absence of all muscularity, and the softness of the limbs,—much more so than in the *Pieta* and his *David*. This is in harmony with the tender feeling in their faces, and suggests that they could hardly be intended for actual prisoners captured in battle. They seem rather like spirits of captivity; ideal creations, representative of Julius Second's success in war. There is a depth of pathos in the *Captive* of the Louvre which endows it with a typical character.

This group of statues closes Michel Angelo's first

or virginal period, which lasted into his thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year. Without being in any sense imitative of the Greek, they are more Hellenic than those which came after them. In purity of feeling they are equalled by their perfect execution. They are surpassed only by a few of the best antique statues. To the lover of simple beauty they are more attractive than the grander and more mysterious creations of Michel Angelo's later years.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Thus we perceive already that the materials for the Pope's monument have been scattered to the winds. How did it happen that Julius should have postponed the completion of it after 1507? The explanation that has been given, and which Mr. Tyrwhitt accepted, that it was the result of an intrigue in Raphael's favor, and Bramante's suggestion that it was a bad omen to prepare a tomb in one's lifetime, is not sufficient to account for it. The man who had outwitted Cæsar Borgia was not the sort of a person to be scared by such an idle notion; rather a dangerous man to attempt to lead by the nose. As a lawyer, also, Julius must have known many examples to the contrary. It is more likely that during the interruption of the work by Michel Angelo's *hegira* to Florence the Pope lost his interest in it, and his thoughts became occupied with other projects. It may even have occurred to him that decorating the house of God would be an undertaking more worthy of Michel Angelo's skill, and more

creditable to himself than building a mausoleum to his own fame.

There is nothing surprising in the quarrel between these two great men. Michel Angelo also had an indomitable will, and, among other divine qualities, was no respecter of persons. It was only through his perfect independence of conventionality that his drawing could acquire such freedom. When he and Julius were together there were two popes in the room. Michel Angelo, of course, was unconscious of this, but Julius must sometimes have been severely tried by it. The abstracted ways of an artist and thinker, also interfered with his successful performance of court etiquette. Michel Angelo refers himself to this absent-mindedness of artists, in a conversation which took place at the house of Vittoria Colonna long afterward.

Vasari gives two different accounts of this unpleasantness, and does not seem to know which to believe himself, but we have no hesitation. The story of Michel Angelo's driving Julius out of the Sistine Chapel with a plank, raised aloft in fury, is not in harmony with what we otherwise know of him. There was anger in him, no doubt, but it was of the sullen, Achillean sort. Moreover, the expression of his face is one of absolute self-control. Tintoretto would have been much more likely to treat a pope in that furious manner. The other account is more dignified and quite credible.

Michel Angelo, having paid for a cargo of marble from Carrara with his own funds, called on the Pope to obtain a liquidation, but was refused admittance

to his Holiness. This occurred three times in succession, when at last Michel Angelo discovered that the guards had received orders not to admit him any more. Such unjust treatment, as he deemed it, produced a strong revulsion of feeling, and he left Rome for Florence that evening. Couriers were sent after him, but with no effect. Neither could Soderini persuade him to return to the Pope's service.

There are two possible explanations for the Pope's action. In the first place, he was on the eve of his expedition to Bologna: the other that Michel Angelo had offended him at a previous interview, and the Pope employed this method of correcting his behavior. The latter view was the more probable one, and gives this affair the character of a quarrel between lovers. The message which Michel Angelo returned to Julius, that he might seek for some one who would serve him better, carries out this view of it to perfection. What strikes one rather curiously is that Michel Angelo should have applied to the Pope to have his accounts audited, instead of to the Treasurer of the Vatican; also that he should have been able to leave Rome, though so well known to everybody, without special permission.

Everybody was afraid of Julius; even Machiavelli was. Michel Angelo's friends in Florence were anxious as to what might happen to him if he placed himself again in the power of the Pope. Soderini therefore, commissioned him in the sacred character of an envoy from the Florentine state, and Julius, being now at Bologna, and having succeeded in his

enterprise, Michel Angelo went thither to meet him, and a reconciliation was effected, it is said, not without some electrical explosion, such as takes place when there is a sudden change in the elements. The immediate result of it was a bronze statue of the Pope, six cubits in height, which occupied Michel Angelo all of the following year. As already remarked, this statue was destroyed by the Bentivogli soon after it was placed in position, and the Pope's query as to whether Michel Angelo had represented him as blessing or cursing is the only hint we now have of its character.

What shall we say on entering the Sistine Chapel except, "The inexpressible is here accomplished!" On his return to Rome, Michel Angelo wished to continue the work on the mausoleum, especially as he had already begun on the figure of Moses, which was only finished thirty years later, as well as two or three other statues which were never finished at all. Pope Julius, however, would hear nothing of it, and insisted on his painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. We may thank the Pope for this; for the drudgery of sculpture is so great that four or five pictures of equal merit may be painted while one statue is being carved; and though we have altogether more than two hundred works from Michel Angelo's hand (if the *Last Judgment* be divided into groups), there can hardly be said to be too many of them.

We moderns do not appreciate sculpture because we are not in the habit of seeing naked figures. Al-

though I have myself made a long and devoted study of Greek sculpture, I still sometimes find it easier to appreciate the beauty of a statue from a large photograph than by looking at the original. We early acquire the habit of looking at objects pictorially. Pictures are more sympathetic, and admit of greater variety of action than statues. Where there is a picture gallery and a museum of sculpture side by side, as at Munich, you will find that there are always three times as many visitors in the former as in the latter. The collection of statues in the Vatican is the finest in the world, and yet, even in Lent, I have never met more than ten or a dozen people strolling among them. It may be said that one statue ought to be equal to four pictures, because we can observe it on every side; and this agrees also with the labor and expense. But no statue has ever yet been made to look so much like a living person as one of Titian's or Velasquez' full-length portraits.

The Sistine Chapel is like a very tall box, without any architectural beauty, or even elegance. The ceiling must be more than fifty feet from the floor, and only a painter of such great force and breadth of drawing could ever have made use of it successfully. Such groups of saints as Perugino drew would have appeared from beneath it like a row of paper dolls. Even such a composition as Raphael's *Fire in the Borgo* would not appear to advantage there. It was needful there should be figures of grand outlines and colored in broad masses to produce a satisfactory effect. Whether the choice of subjects was

decided by the Pope or in a conference between him and Michel Angelo is not known ; but those wondrous, primeval forms of the world's creation were well suited to their position, as also to the colossal structure of Michel Angelo's mind. They stand against the wall with such power and distinctness, as if determined to make an everlasting impression on the beholder.

It is difficult enough to obtain a satisfactory view of them ; and, in fact, they can be better studied now with the help of Braun photographs in a private house than in the city of Rome. Still, in that way the coloring is lost, and it is also true that the model of a cathedral can never give an equal impression to the building itself. By taking a half-reclining position on the benches in different parts of the chapel the whole series may finally be made out, and appropriated intellectually. Perhaps a quarter of the ceiling may be studied in a morning. At first it seems like a wild fantasy of flying figures, but gradually the literal meaning of the different scenes dawns upon us, and then we go onward from one depth of significance to another ; till at last, at the foundation of all, we come to Michel Angelo himself. *Noah's Ark* is the first object that we recognize ; next we perceive the *Creation of Light* ; the *Creation of Adam, of Eve* ; the *Temptation*, and *Expulsion from Paradise*, and many other subjects from the book of Genesis ; then the grand figures of the twelve prophets and sibyls like a mountain chain around the border ; and the genealogy of Christ in a wellnigh endless series of vignettes ; till our whole being vibrates with these magnificent conceptions,

as if we were listening to Beethoven's fifth symphony.

If Michel Angelo's flight from Rome happened in the spring of 1506, as we learn from the Pope's letter to Soderini, and if we allow two years for his visit at Florence and sojourn at Bologna, he must then have returned to Rome some time in the summer of 1508. Now, on the first of November, 1512, mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel for the first time after the paintings had been uncovered, and as he was not much more than three years at work upon the ceiling, and worked assiduously during that time, we have still another year to account for during which he may have applied himself to carrying out the designs for the Pope's monument. No wonder that the Pope was impatient to see what the great artist had accomplished; and if he struck Michel Angelo with his staff in return for a laconic reply, we need not be surprised at it, considering his age and bad health; nor need we suppose that it was done with severity, or otherwise than as a gentle reminder of his sacred presence.

It is a satisfaction to know that these paintings were wholly the work of Michel Angelo's hand, and that we are not obliged to guess, as in Raphael's frescos, what portion was painted by the master and what by his assistants. The intermediate work on a picture, which is always least interesting to the artist, may very well be performed by a talented beginner, but there is always danger of this being carried too far. It was thus that Vandyke and others assisted on the pictures of Rubens.

The series rightly begins with the *Creation of Light*; and here we stumble at once on a fact quite alien to the Germanic mind. The representation of a Heavenly Father in the likeness of man is more akin to the thought and feeling of the Latin races than to northern Christianity. It is true that Albert Dürer is an exception to this, but although Dürer became a Protestant, he was always influenced, as men must be, by the creed in which he was educated. There are many English and Americans who consider these representations blasphemous, though I suppose no one who has studied the history of art would think so. I confess myself to a certain shrinking from the subject, and would much prefer to criticise the *Zeus* of Phidias. The pictures of God in Dürer's wood-cuts usually provoke a smile; but that could never happen with regard to Michel Angelo's representation. He at least has created something which surpasses all earthly experience of awe and majesty; and such is the action of this figure that he seems to have come out of space with the speed of light itself, and is only visible to us through the infinite value of the moment. The lines of his face, like those of the *Zeus Otricoli*, show magnanimity, but the expression is much more serious. Moreover, the Greek sculptors always gave Zeus the advantage of his polygamous reputation, and even the finest representations of him have a slightly amorous character.* Thus we have the advance in purity and intellect of fifteen centuries of Christianity.

* Brigham Young, the Mormon prophet, looked very much like a rough, uneducated Jupiter.

These representations of the Deity are not without a good effect. The noblest religious expression I ever saw was in the face of a Catholic servant to whom I showed a large photograph of Titian's *Ascension of the Virgin*. Only he who painted the *Madonna Sediola* could have reproduced it. The aspect of Titian's deity is of an intensely grave beneficence, and his hair an iron brown,—altogether a very fine ideal. Michel Angelo seems to have forgotten that immortal persons can never grow old, but in other respects he proves his superiority. The difference is: if we should meet the former in an assembly of men we should know he was a very remarkable character, but the Heavenly Father of Michel Angelo, even if dressed in modern attire, would create such astonishment that people would draw back from him on every side. He is a sublime, a magnetic creation.

Nearly equal to both in general design is the *Impersonation* on the gates of Ghiberti, attended by a swarm of cherubs and a group of angels flying above. This, for some reason, has given less offence and perhaps more satisfaction than the others; and it may be noticed here that Ghiberti, who lived in a purely Christian epoch, is more graceful and more Hellenic in his modelling than Michel Angelo, who lived in a semi-pagan period. There must have been a large Germanic element in Michel Angelo.

He has adopted this idea of Ghiberti's with forms and faces after his own manner, in a separate space, and this may be intended to illustrate the opening verse of Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

This grand conception appears again in the *Creation of Adam*, an event which would seem to have taken place on the edge of the world. The form of Adam is robust and symmetrical without being too muscular, and painted with such ease as to give the idea almost of an instantaneous impression. He raises himself on his elbow in dreamy languor, and extends his hand to receive the vitalizing spark. His form might be accepted as the type of perfect manliness, but his features, though pleasing, are not so regular.

The figure of Eve is rather heavy and lacking in grace, and yet it impresses itself upon us. She is bending over Adam with a look of wonder and admiration at the future companion of her life. In the *Temptation* scene she appears to rather better advantage; and in the *Expulsion from Paradise* both Adam and Eve have suddenly become quite old, so as to remind us of Tennyson's ancient gardener and his wife. They both look very unhappy, and Eve, at least, has the perfect aspect of remorse.

Noah's Ark resembles a Mississippi gunboat, and is really no picture at all. Tintoretto might have made something of this subject—a dark object floating on a lonely expanse of waters; but Michel Angelo had no sense of landscape. "The proper study of mankind is man," was the substance of all his theories in regard to art.

Even more interesting than these grand illustrations from the first chapter of Genesis is the range of prophets and sibyls round the border of the ceiling; for they possess that intellectual quality

which is the chief glory of Florentine art. No one could better understand their nature than Michel Angelo, for, like them, he had separated himself from mankind and lived in loneliness in order to instruct and elevate mankind. He also had sought wisdom in the desert, and kept watch for the coming of the eternal spirit. Rome was his desert, and the old Hebrew prophets were his companions there. He knew every one of them, and represented them with the same fidelity with which he would have painted the portrait of a friend. He threw himself into this work with the zeal of a devotee and the passion of a lover. The more perfectly human nature is developed the more *sui generis* it becomes; and each of these twelve figures has an individuality which strikes us like a sudden peal of organ music. Their special character is contemplative depth, but their several individualities are expressed not only in form and feature, but in the greatest freedom and variety of attitudes. They have nowhere any trace of conventionality. Each prophet and sibyl is attended by two spirits of inspiration in the form of beautiful boys, to whom, although invisible to them, they are listening attentively.

The sibyls are a Græco-Roman graft on the tree of mediæval Christianity. One has only to read Dante's *Inferno* to discover how many such grafts there were. His *Inferno* was the same Hades into which Ulysses descended to inquire of Tiresias concerning his journey. It is full of the monsters of Grecian mythology mixed up with Christian devils, and Minos, son of Jupiter, is the judge who presides

over them all,—apparently much more than Satan, the true king of the realm of shades. There was need of the sibyls to represent the strong feminine element in Christianity, for the Jews, though some notable women appear in their history, did not, as a rule, feel an equal respect for the weaker sex. Witness Solomon and his five hundred wives as compared with the household of Pericles or Cicero. Either of these seems to have been foreign enough to Michel Angelo's sense, but a noble virago (for such are possible) was a woman after his own heart.

Isaias: A front face turned to the right. He is seated like the others, but his attitude and mantle indicate activity. His left elbow rests on the Book of Prophecy, and he seizes its leaves with his right hand. The book is bound evidently in Roman vellum. His head is not large but compressed, and his beardless face shows long endurance and self-denial. He is listening to the spirit, on whose face there is a bright gleam of light. His mantle floats off in a zig-zag line illuminated at the edge, suggesting a flash of lightning.

Joel: A front face turned to the left. There is a spirit on each side of him, one of them giving directions to the other, but Joel does not hear it; he is reading from a scroll stretched out between his hands. His head is finely rounded like that of a judge or governor: the prophetic statesman, such as Burke or Sumner.

Zacharias: Seen in profile reading a book similar to the one Isaias carries; a bald-headed man with long flowing white beard, noble and dignified. The

two spirits stand behind his chair with their arms affectionately entwined about each other's necks—a very beautiful group. These boy spirits would seem to be an invention of Michel Angelo's, for I cannot recollect meeting with them elsewhere. They are neither cherubs nor angels, but pages who carry the divine message.

Daniel: Leaning forward to the right, the head of heroic mould, equally great in thought or action, with a mass of wavy hair. The book lies open in front of him, but he pays no attention to it. A small spirit supports it from beneath or it would fall from his lap. He is absorbed in his ideas.

Jonas has the place of honor, for he is directly above the altar of the chapel, and also above the Messiah in the *Last Judgment*, but if we are to discriminate where all are excellent, he and the two others are hardly equal to the first four.

No one who has entered the Sistine Chapel ever forgets the *Cumean Sibyl*. She is the most enigmatic of all Michel Angelo's creations, and, except his *Moses*, perhaps the grandest. Her white head-dress is arranged so as to give the appearance of a steel casque with the visor drawn up; and underneath this is her dark face furrowed with age, care, and character; but so attractive. Let it not be said any longer that only youth and comeliness are beautiful, for here is an old hag who is more fascinating than Titian's *Flora*. Her herculean arm matches the face,—a wonderful piece of painting which causes us to reflect whether any woman could have such an

arm or not; while the two boys stand looking on her lovingly.

Ruskin was never more whimsical than in his attack on what he called the "misused linen" of the Sistine Chapel; that is, the head-dresses of Michel Angelo's sibyls, which he accounted for by supposing that Michel Angelo with all his anatomical studies never learned the correct manner of representing hair, and therefore covered it up in this way. It is true that the hair on the sibyls and prophets is painted in broad, heavy masses or tufts, sometimes inclining in appearance to wool. At the same time it may be said that no sculptor ever carved such hair out of marble as Michel Angelo; and Vasari especially praises the softness of the beard of his *Moses*. In the *Last Judgment*, painted twenty-five years later, there is a good deal of hair like that on the ceiling, but in other cases, especially of angels, it is finely drawn and neatly arranged. In judging of such pictures, the distance from the spectator should always be taken into account.

Ruskin may have arrived at his conclusion from photographs. A large object at a distance of fifty or sixty feet cannot be made to look the same at the distance of ten feet. No exception, at least, can be taken to the white hair and flowing beard of the Supreme Being; and as for the head-dresses in the sibyls and a few others, they could not be surpassed for elegance and good taste,—so much so that it seems as if they must have been arranged by a woman rather than painted by a man. Amid so many nude and otherwise remarkable figures they

give a charming air of refinement and neatness. But a brilliant and entertaining writer will always obtain a wider currency for his ideas than one who tells the plain and simple truth.

The *Cumean Sibyl* looks as if she might have been grandmother to Romulus and Remus. The *Libyan* and *Delphic Sibyls* are Grecian, as they should be; and sufficiently refute the argument, so often advanced, that Michel Angelo despised beauty and would have nothing to do with it. He always subordinated beauty to character, and was sparing of the use of it, but where he could suitably unite the two it appears so much the more conspicuous. The *Libyan Sibyl** has turned herself half-way round, and has lifted the Book of Prophecy so high that her face is outlined against its pages. Such an attitude affords the finest opportunity to display her bare arms and shoulders, which are painted with an ease and smoothness that is almost incredible. Her features remind one slightly of the statue of *David*, but are more regular, and perfectly feminine. You have seen sometimes on a bright day how beautiful the landscape becomes when a light cloud passes over the sun. Well, the expression of her face is very much like that. Her exquisite feet, and the two boy spirits whispering together in a corner, complete this unrivalled picture. It is all the more charming from the mystery which attaches to the sibyl's attitude. What mental condition is repre-

*The *Libyan Sibyl* was the daughter of Epiphus and Cassiopeia. She lived in a cave between the Mediterranean and the Great Desert. The *Erythrean Sibyl* lived in like manner by the Red Sea.

sented by this we cannot tell, and perhaps Michel Angelo himself would have been unable to explain it; a passing inspiration; "a feeling deeper than all thought," which he could not afterwards remember.

There can be no question as to the meaning of the *Delphic Sibyl*. The spirit of prophecy is upon her; her eyes gleam with it, and her oval face is full of light. It is rather remarkable that she is looking toward the centre of the chapel, and yet does not appear to be looking out from the picture; as happens so often in portraits and groups of figures. Her left arm crosses her breast as if to tear something away from her. Every stroke with which she is painted is intelligent and vital.

The *Erythrean Sibyl* is Roman again, and has an arm like a gladiator; but she has been very much admired, and engravings of her are common,—although the plastic ease of Michel Angelo seems to defy the engraver's art. Her face is in profile, and her features of heroic mould.

In each of the four angles of the ceiling there is a mysterious figure that could not possibly be mistaken for a prophet or for anything except an original creation of Michel Angelo's. They are all deserving of celebrity, but we will only mention two of them here. In the corner near the *Expulsion from Paradise* there is a perfectly nude figure with a cornucopia over his shoulder filled with oak leaves and acorns. He is the incarnation of merriment, with a humorous nose, and eyes full of mischief and laughter. His hair, twisted into large tufts, stands out from his head. His attitude is in harmony with the

rest. He resembles Shakspeare's Puck, and may be intended for the genius of comedy.

In the opposite corner there is another naked youth, the most perfect and elegant in figure in the Sistine Chapel. He is an Achilles in form, and a poet in contemplative beauty. He will remind you of Byron, but he is much too fine for Byron. The Apollo Belvedere seems poor to him. His features are classic, noble, and dignified. He is seated on a mat of braided rushes which rests on a block of marble; his left hand rests on his knee and his hair is confined in a fillet. Who or what he is we know not; but he may be intended for the genius of tragedy.

A distinguished lawyer and orator had the misfortune to be so injured in the face while a child that he was disfigured for life. On one occasion when he rose to deliver an address, a lady who had never seen him before exclaimed: "Oh, what a horrid fright he is!" "I will give you just three minutes," said her friend, "to forget all about his appearance"; and such was the charm of his discourse that she did forget it. There are large cracks running through these figures in the corner of the chapel, as there are also others on the ceiling disfigured in the same manner; and it is a noteworthy proof of their excellence that after looking at them a few moments we forget these ugly injuries and do not think of them at all. My own experience has been that the cracks in the plaster of the Sistine Chapel have made me tolerant of such imperfections in other places; whereas I was formerly exceedingly sensitive to them.

There are twenty-eight or thirty pictures of the ancestors of Jesus in the lunettes, but few people have time or strength to study them after looking at the larger and more important works on the ceiling. Yet they deserve consideration, if for nothing else, to see how much variety can be introduced into a subject so often repeated. In some instances Michel Angelo has represented a husband, wife, and child; in others two of these, or only a single figure. We know too little about the ancestors of Jesus to give them a tangible personality, with the exception of Solomon, David, and one or two others. A thorough knowledge of the Bible is essential to an understanding of Italian art, but it must be a spiritual knowledge,—not merely a formal understanding of the text. In the present case, however, the text is all that we have to depend on. Jacob with Rachel and Joseph are a fine patriarchal group, and David is recognized, as usual, from his harp; but Solomon does not appear anywhere, and instead of him we have a woman with a distaff. The group of Josias with his wife and child, however, shine forth from among the rest like a star of the first magnitude. This famous painting discloses a side of Michel Angelo's nature which we could not have suspected from any of the prophets and sibyls: and that is pure and simple loveliness. We perceive at once that the picture is too good for its subject, that instead of Josias it ought to represent Joseph and Mary and Jesus; and it is well enough to make this change in our own minds with regard to it.

Such a work could only be accomplished under

the most favorable physical and mental conditions: when we are at peace with the world and well balanced in ourselves. It is so perfect that, so far as drawing and shading are concerned, it might be taken as a standard by which even Michel Angelo would often be judged unequal.

It is the ideal type of a family. The round frame of the *Madonna della Sedia* adds to the homelike tone which pervades the whole picture, and a similar effect is produced by enclosing the family of Josias in a triangular space which resembles a tent. We all know what pretty groups are often formed in tents, because the occupants are obliged to arrange themselves with due regard to one another. The sensible plainness of Josias is contrasted here with the lovely faces of his wife and child. She is bending towards the boy, who stands at her knee perfectly nude. There is the same classic beauty in his form that appears in her face, so that if they were separated by the whole length of the chapel, it would be perceived nevertheless that they belonged together. Her head-dress is in itself a work of art, and helps to carry out the idea. Their expression is that of spiritual expectation. Like the *Madonna della Sedia*, it is a classic romance, a lyric gem (also like the Book of Ruth), and the only one that Michel Angelo painted. If it were in an accessible gallery instead of being so lost, as it were, among a multitude of objects, it would become one of the most popular and widely known pictures; for there is nothing the world prizes so much as this kind of art.

An enamelled figure of a woman dressed in the latest fashion might for some moments be mistaken for a living person, but a statue, although perfectly true to nature, never could be. So it is with the frescos in the Sistine Chapel. Michel Angelo was not an imitative, but a representative artist; as sculptors always should be. We do not find in him those wonderful illusions such as Murillo and the great Venetians sometimes achieved. There is no such solid ground under Adam and Eve as the carriers of Tintoretto's Golden Calf walk upon. There is no such depth to his skies as enchant us in Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*. The naked shoulders of his *Libyan Sibyl* are smooth and soft as satin, but they have not the similitude of flesh like that in Titian's *Danæe*. Yet we would not desire that these paintings should be other than they are.

Michel Angelo's coloring has often been condemned, but it seems to me particularly well suited to the class of subjects in which he dealt. We do not want to come too close to Adam and the old prophets. They seem far off to us, and it is better they should retain their antiquated look. For this purpose nothing could be more conducive than Michel Angelo's drawing; and his dull, ochreous coloring, resembling dry leaves, is equally effective. The gorgeous chiaroscuro of Correggio would be wasted on them, and Titian's warm, sensuous tones would have been still more out of place.

It was in the Sistine Chapel that Michel Angelo first acquired the grandiose style by which he is generally known. Here his personality took posses-

sion of him, and carried him onward with a power which his acquired judgment could not resist. Henceforth he drew, not according to an idea of how things ought to be, but by an irresistible impulse which carried him he knew not whither. When Carlyle's brother complained to him of the peculiar style in which his *French Revolution* was written, he replied : " You may think what you please, but no other is possible for me." I believe, in Carlyle's case, and Emerson's also, that they could not have written otherwise than as they did. It was the same with Michel Angelo. We may think what we please of this peculiarity of his, but it was only through this that he attained his freest and most complete development. It was only thus that he could give full expression to the great pictorial ideas within him. *Isaias* and the *Cumean Sibyl* contain more than the *David* and the *Pietà*; they are the *David* and the *Pietà* with the addition of an unknown quantity, and it is in the solution of this new problem that we find the highest pleasure. It is a part of the mystery which underlies the consciousness of mankind.

This grandiose style should be carefully distinguished from the muscular mannerism into which Michel Angelo frequently lapsed during the latter part of his life, and which may be traced to a wholly different cause. It is not necessary to suppose that there is any exaggeration in it. I have seen a Turkish porter whose arms were as large as those of the *Cumean Sibyl*, though not nearly so handsome. He said that there were many like him in Turkey. The

mediæval custom of fighting in steel armor had developed men physically to an extent of which we now meet with few examples. Michel Angelo liked such powerful figures. They have the solidity of sculpture, but not the coldness of marble: they are warm and instinct with the pulsations of life. There would seem to be far more vitality in them than there is in the Pope and his cardinals who come to bless each other and celebrate mass in the chapel,—Cardinal Bonaparte perhaps excepted. There is one of the genii, with a strange-looking cap on, whose eyes seem to follow the visitor from the time he comes in till he goes out again, and will perhaps haunt him for days afterward.

No wonder the old Pope was impatient. He was draining out the very dregs of life, and his physicians thought that only his determined will still carried him through the routine of his office. In November, 1511, he officiated in the newly decorated chapel for the first time, and we can imagine what a dignified occasion it must have been for him. In spite of all expectation, he still held out for fifteen months longer; when Italy lost her ablest defender and Michel Angelo his best patron,—and, if he had known it, perhaps also his best friend. The frigid neglect with which he was received at the court of Leo X. may have forced Michel Angelo to this conclusion. The successor of Julius was a luxurious dilettante, to whom Michel Angelo's frankness and rugged sincerity were not so pleasing as they might have been to a nobler nature. The current had turned in another direction.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

This composite picture, drawn by Michel Angelo and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, is in the National Gallery at London, but it does not seem to attract the attention which one would expect from its interesting position in the history of art. How much more valuable it would be now if it had been wholly from Michel Angelo's own hand? The warm, genial coloring of Sebastian does not seem quite appropriate to the severity of the subject. We recognize in it the ease and vitality of Michel Angelo's drawing, especially in the figure of Lazarus tearing himself free from his grave-clothes, but we miss his customary energy and breadth. The figures are rather slender than otherwise. Perhaps he restricted himself within what he supposed were the limits of Sebastian's capacity. The tone of the composition is rather physical than intellectual or spiritual. Yet it ought to be classed among Michel Angelo's works rather than Sebastian's. "Colors," said Tintoretto, "can be purchased at the shops, but good designs are only obtained by severe labor and sleepless nights."

THE CHAPEL OF THE MEDICI.

The Emperor Charles Fifth has received credit for a great deal of magnificence which did not belong to him. He inherited, by the fortunate decease of relatives in the families with which he was connected, a vast political possession, which was increased by the skill and good fortune of his regents while he

was still in early years. Afterwards, when he undertook the direct management of affairs, he made numerous blunders, and showed himself as unskilful a diplomat as he was a superficial statesman. He possessed certain personal virtues which seem intended by nature to cover such deficiencies. He was warm-hearted, possessed a high sense of personal honor, and attached his subordinates to himself with a most devoted loyalty. It is said that when he resigned his crown at Brussels, in a meeting of his generals and other officers, those present were so much affected by his address that there was not a dry eye in the room. He appreciated character, and respected it even in his enemies. His appointments were admirable. He was good in details, but his plans were not judicious. Henry Second of France captured Metz from him and Charles was unable to retake it; while Moriz of Saxony outwitted him, and drove him forth from his empire in such disgrace that he never returned to Germany again. This was probably the true reason which led to his abdication and retirement to a Spanish monastery. In Italy he occasioned immense mischief.

The battle of Pavia made him master of Upper Italy, although it was a success gained by German troops while he was in Madrid. This induced him to revive the ancient Ghibelline claim to the sovereignty of the whole country. The pope, of course, attempted to resist this. It was now Clement VII. who was in the chair; another Medici, but not more judicious than Charles himself. It was a desperate position for Clement to be placed in, for material

forces he had none, and the German heresy had shorn him of his spiritual terrors; so he concluded an alliance with Francis I. and Henry VIII., who were both at odds with Charles, but equally unable to render assistance.

It seems incredible now that five years after the Reformation had begun a Protestant army should have captured and sacked the city of Rome; but it indicates how completely a farce religion was considered by the worldly great of the sixteenth century. The portion of the city lying between the Tiber and the Spanish Steps was burned to ruins, excepting the Farnese and some other palaces whose owners could afford to pay a heavy ransom. In this way Charles, it is true, humiliated Clement, but he also prepared for his own humiliation afterward. In less than three years he was ready to seek the alliance of the pontiff himself, and one condition which Clement exacted was that the Medici, who had been exiled a second time from Florence for their arrogant ways, should be forcibly restored and established as hereditary rulers of the dukedom of Tuscany.

This plan agreed well with the emperor's political notions. Wherever Charles set his foot, it was to crush out local independence; and the mischief he did in this way is incalculable. Like many another narrow-minded ruler he supposed he was increasing the royal authority by centralization. So he did, for the time being; but true political force, like all other forms of strength, requires exercise, and in order to have healthy exercise there must be some

object of resistance. The government of Charles and his son Philip might be compared to a man who is stimulated by brandy. It showed surprising vigor for a time, but in less than a century collapsed most pitifully, and not only ruined Spain and Italy, but the royal family also.

It will be remembered, moreover, that those countries in which the arts have flourished most luxuriantly—that is, Greece, Italy, and the Netherlands—have enjoyed the maximum of local independence; and that when they have lost this their art declined also. Charles V., however, for a man of active intelligence, cared little for art and literature. After he had admired Giotto's Campanile and had his portrait painted by Titian, he troubled himself no further in regard to either of them. The restoration of the Medici as a line of hereditary dukes brought the school of Florentine art to an untimely end. The coincidence at least is a suspicious one.

Such was the political background while Michel Angelo was carving the statues for the Medici Chapel in the Church of San Lorenzo. That it appeared to him, as it does to us, we may feel sure from his active participation in the siege of Florence, and from the verse which he afterwards attached to his statue of *Night*: “Sleep is grateful to me, and it is better to be of stone, so long as shame and dishonor continue with us.” The Medici had no love for the memory of Julius II., and dispersed the materials for his monument without asking leave of the sculptor, who had already received partial payment for that work. The six statues in the Medici Chapel do

not sufficiently explain Michel Angelo's activity from 1512 to 1530; and yet there is nothing else that came from his hand in the way of art during that time, except the great chalk head which he drew on the ceiling of the Farnesina, and the design of a *Raising of Lazarus* to be colored by Sebastian del Piombo.

Superintending the excavation of marble in the Apennines was not suitable work for such a man, though he must have enjoyed some wonderful sunsets there with those tender, all-perceiving eyes of his. Leo X. ought to have appointed him architect of St. Peter's; but Leo evidently disliked him, and the building progressed little during his papacy. The great block of marble in Florence, a companion piece to the *David*, which Michel Angelo wished to carve into a *Samson*, was awarded to Bendinelli, whose *Hercules and Caicus* is at the same time its own criticism and that of the sculptor who made it; if we had not already Cellini's satirical commentary on both of them. Altogether it was the most discouraging period of Michel Angelo's life, and it was unavoidable that the works he produced at this time should have a notably subjective cast.

The statues for the Medici Chapel were not yet finished when the siege of Florence came to disturb the customary avocations of its citizens, and make a wide breach between their past and their future lives. It is well known that the *Day* and *Evening* have never been completed, and various reasons have been suggested for this. Some have supposed that he left them unfinished because he knew not

what the day would bring forth to Florence ; whether it would be a day of rejoicing or of servitude. William Hunt believed that it was because he had completed all that he could perceive in the subjects, and left them so from a feeling that it would be insincere to attempt to portray what he did not know. This is not in accord with the prodigious fertility of Michel Angelo's invention, and his faculty for creating new forms and faces. It would seem more likely that after the catastrophe of the siege he lost his interest in the work. It is true he returned to it for a time, but not long after peace had been established he went to Rome and never saw Florence again. There is a sentence in Condivi's biography of Michel Angelo from which we may judge that he feared the resentment of the Duke Alessandro, who was an illegitimate Medici, well known to be cruel and vindictive.

Before considering these noblest works of modern sculpture, I feel how inadequate must be anything that I can say of them.

In order to enter into their conception from the very germ, we should remember that in Italian day and evening are masculine, night and morning feminine. To Anglo-Saxon ears night and day are now scientific abstractions, but to the mediæval Italian they possessed a personality such as a ship does to a sailor, and the moon has for our poets. We immediately recognize Thornaldsen's conception of Night as a winged angel with a sleeping child at her breast, and an owl flying at some little distance · but Michel

Angelo's figure of a sleeping woman is a sleeping enigma to the general traveller, and she is nothing more. "What a profound slumber she is in!" said a cultivated lady, standing before the two heroic figures. This in itself is wonderful enough, for it is not in the least like the sleep of death, and the statue seems alive from her brow to her feet. As the modulation of the limbs of the *Venus dei Medici* shows that she is standing on the ground by an act of her own will, so the statue of *La Notte* expresses her own mental condition, and every muscle in her body and limbs has an activity which corresponds to that. She sleeps, she dreams, but it is not a dream of innocence and peace. It is the sleep of *sorrow* which Michel Angelo has given us here, and it is that which impresses us so powerfully—as realism never could.

Similarly in his *Morning* he has represented the awaking of *grief*. Her limbs and body express the languor of the first few minutes of consciousness; but her face is a tragedy. Admirers of Michel Angelo have condemned this statue as being too realistic, but it is only the realistic basis, here as in the *Night* and the *Il Penseroso* above, on which he raises a superstructure of Shaksperian sentiment. This might be Roman Lucretia awakening to the last sad day of life. In Calderon's *Alcade of Zalamea*, Isabella, the worthy compeer of Desdemona, says: "Oh, never might the light of day arise and disclose to me my shame! O fleeting morning star, would thou mightst never yield to the dawn that now presses on thy azure skirts! And thou, great orb of awe, for

once assert thy power to hear and pity human misery ; nor hasten up to proclaim the vilest deed that Heaven has written in the guilty annals of mankind."

The features of *Night* and *Morning* are sufficiently alike to carry out the supposition that they were intended for sisters. The Medici, of course, understood the shame and sorrow—if any of them were capable of appreciating it—as a tribute to the untimely death of their relatives Lorenzo and Juliano. So also Michel Angelo may at first have intended it, but as events developed he and his fellow-citizens associated it more and more with the subjugation of Italy. The two statues may even have represented to him the fate of Florence and Milan.

How is it that these statues, which are not much larger than life, appear so grandiose ? They are not men and women, but gods and goddesses. If we should stand on the shore of a desert island and see far out a boat approaching, rowed by a single person, whose regular energetic strokes seem to be those of a man, and yet on nearer approach we discovered that it was a woman, and on still closer observation we discovered that she was of unusual size, and that her features, though large, were refined and regular, we should certainly believe that she came from an unknown land, and feel the same sensation, though of course more vividly, that we do when we enter the Medici Chapel, and find ourselves in the presence of the *Night* and *Morning*.

How has Michel Angelo succeeded in producing this effect ? Why is it that the gigantic *David* looks

to us like a youth, while the *Night* and *Day* seem almost colossal?

Complaint has been made that the statues are too large for the *sarcophagi* on which they rest, but I believe this is exactly the effect which Michel Angelo intended for them. There is something in their attitudes as if they were accustomed to ample spaces. We might even fancy them reclining on the roof of St. Peter's. Then they are devoid of anything like prettiness. If we compare the *Morning*, for instance, with the *Venus of Milo* or the *Venus of the Capitol*, we perceive instantly a wide difference between her proportions and the conventional standard of feminine beauty. The breasts of the *Venus of Milo* have a graceful curve, but those of the *Night* are more like rude hillocks, and yet the statue is finished everywhere with incomparable nicety. There is an expression also in the brow suggestive of unusual force. No man ever fell in love with a woman of such an aspect. The Greek sculptor who became enamoured of the statue he had made would not have had such a thought in the presence of Michel Angelo's *Night*.

Their nudity is becoming to them and adds to the sense of their grandeur. They have no need of clothes as a protection for either heat, cold, modesty, or deformity.

The unfinished *Day* tempts our curiosity to know what lies behind his owlish countenance. He is rising up as if he would tear the building into pieces in his might. This movement throws the muscles of his side, especially the *serratus magnus*, into relief and

produces an undulation on the marble which resembles ripple marks on a sea-beach. His twin brother *Evening* is more nearly finished, and is like an enigma to us, which we know we could guess if we only had more light concerning it. He seems to be enjoying that relaxation after exercise which only the strong can know.

The house of Medici has been extinct for an hundred and fifty years, but it was not until the spring of 1860, about the same time as the nomination of President Lincoln, that a new day dawned for Florence as the capital of United Italy. It was a short and by no means glorious day, however, for it came to an end with the occupation of Rome ten years later.

On one of my return voyages from Europe there chanced to be two elderly ladies in the cabin who entertained their fellow passengers every day with what might be called a story without an end. They discussed every possible subject in Europe, from the midnight sun to the wine that is made from the grapes on Vesuvius; and while one felt confident that the trials of American housekeepers were caused by our separation from the English Episcopal Church, the other believed that there were so many unhappy marriages in her native country because young ladies were permitted so much more freedom there than elsewhere. At length one of them inquired, "What is your feeling about Michel Angelo?" and her acquaintance replied (for they had never met until they came on board the steam-

ship): "I think he was perfectly horrid ! I know, of course, that he was a wonderful artist ; but his *Last Judgment* is simply disgusting to me, and nothing could be more conceited than the sententious manner in which he expressed his opinions."

There are a number of epigrammatic sentences attributed to Michel Angelo, but even if such are a proof of self-conceit, it is plain enough that he could not always have avoided expressing himself in that manner. Let us suppose him standing before the gates of the Baptistry. Some friend comes forward and says in a good-humored spirit, "Well, how do you like them ?" It would be ungracious not to make some reply to the question, although it contained nothing, and was meant for nothing. For a person in his position it would also be prudent to make the reply as brief as possible. So Michel Angelo says, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise" ; and every traveller who visits Florence is informed of this from three to a dozen times. There are, however, sayings of Michel Angelo preserved which prove that on a suitable occasion he could express himself with Platonic purity and fulness.

If it be true that he replied to the man who complained that his statues of *Juliano* and *Lorenzo dei Medici* were not good portraits, that in one or two hundred years nobody would care how those two Medici looked, he proved himself a prophet. We do not care a straw how they looked. The statue of *Juliano*, at least, called *Il Penseroso*, has long since passed out of the region of portraiture. It has be-

come the ideal of contemplation, and so completely is this effect forced upon us that we begin to feel dreamy from gazing upon it a few minutes. His suit of plain mediæval armor increases this effect. He is a soldier who is resting himself after battle, to reflect on the mystery of life and death. There are few works of art which so impress their mood on the spectator.

Before the publication of Grimm's *Life of Michel Angelo* it was supposed, even by Italians, that this statue represented Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the one opposite his brother Juliano, who was killed in the conspiracy of the Pazzi. An American writer,* who looked upon the old Lorenzo as the betrayer of Florentine liberty, thought he discovered something dark and sinister in the expression of his face. How gratuitous this was may be judged from the fact that the face still remains unfinished, but few people discover this, because it is so much overshadowed by his helmet; and in addition this particular Juliano (for there were three or more of them) was a most harmless and inoffensive person, who suffered much from ill-health, and perhaps deserved this monument for his quiet heroism. No less improbable is the tradition of Savonarola adjuring the old Lorenzo on his death-bed to restore their liberty to the Florentines. Lorenzo could not very well restore what he had never deprived them of, and Savonarola knew politics too well to enact such an absurdity. Lorenzo was the Florentine Pericles, who held the first place in

* Hilliard's *Six Months in Italy*: an interesting and in many respects excellent book.

the republic by general consent ; and if he had lived to finish his career he might have rivalled Pericles in fame, who was more distinguished in peace than war. All the Medici were fairly good men, with the exception of Alessandro, who was of doubtful extraction on both sides. There is scarcely a crime or an act of injustice attributed to any other member of the family, and they were, as a family, the most munificent and intelligent patrons of art that the world has seen. It would be an injustice to attribute sinister motives to them, or wanton ambition for power.

It is quite possible that the statue of Lorenzo the younger was a true portrait of the man, for that could be the only excuse why Michel Angelo should have created such an ill-favored object. He is adorned with a suit of Roman armor like that of *Augustus Cæsar* in the Vatican, but more highly ornamented. This, however, only makes his ill-shapen head, sharp visage, and long sinewy neck more conspicuous. He is reported to have been a brave soldier, but a man of intellect he could not have been. Yet his air of alertness is fine, and, taken as a portrait, we cannot but admire it. Though in no sense an ideal, it has a certain representative character, and the two statues together might pass for Action and Contemplation.

Unfortunately, it is also the first of Michel Angelo's works which suffers from mannerism. The muscles of Lorenzo's arms and chest are distended like those of a man who is swinging on a bar. Not even a pugilist in full training would have such an

appearance while in a sitting posture. What he may have intended by this, has never been explained.

Donatello, John of Bologna, Verrocchio, and other Italian sculptors of the fifteenth century are equal, if not superior, to their rivals of the brush and palette, but they do not attract nearly so much attention; and the reason for this is that their statues are too closely draped. If you ask a party of tourists who have just returned from their first visit to Italy what mediæval statues interested them, they will surely reply, besides the *Moses* and *Night* of Michel Angelo, Cellini's *Perseus* and John of Bologna's *Mercury*, both of which are entirely naked. The beauty of a statue is always more in the attitude than the expression of the face, and clothes interfere with this to a great degree. Michel Angelo fearlessly broke through the prudish conventionality of his predecessors, and it was thus that he accomplished such grand results. No one could make better clothes out of marble than he, but he always avoided them, if possible.

It is for this reason that no vigorous or liberal school of sculpture is possible in England or America. Hawthorne was not always a good art critic, especially when he condemned to would-be destruction the frescos in Rome and Pisa. But in the *Marble Faun* there are some excellent remarks on modern sculpture, expressed in his graceful and penetrating manner, which come very close to the mark. What he says of guilty glimpses stolen at hired models, is the sum and substance of the whole question. The

French are the best sculptors of the present day, not because they have the innocence and simplicity of the Greek, but from their comparative indifference to nudity and the relations of the sexes. At the same time this prevents them from rising into the ideal region, which is the real glory of art. Their work is more true to nature than that of others, but it is generally commonplace and often coarse. The best statues which ornament the Opera House of Napoleon III. suggest little more than a pleasant, sensuous existence. They represent no ideas, and are not therefore individualized. Flaxman, Thorwaldsen, and Canova borrowed largely from the Greek; as all sculptors will have to borrow until we return in purity to that life which the ancients lived in their half-conscious simplicity.

Grimm says of the statues in the Medici Chapel :

“If we heard it said of a modern artist, that he had even equalled the work of the Greek masters, the *Venus of Milo* would rise before us in her divine, smiling beauty, in derision of all other statues which we might try to place beside her. She stands there so triumphantly, that it seems impossible to compare a work of more modern sculpture with her. The human body has indeed been always the same among the nations of Caucasian race; but the mode of viewing things has changed, and with it the idea of perfect representation. The ideal has no standard; but, as the word itself implies, it is the appearance of an object in contrast to what really exists.

“An image of such corporeal perfection hovers less distinctly before us, who live in the present day, than before the Greeks. At the time when the best statues

of the Greeks were produced, numberless eyes had given long years of labor to the contemplation of the human body. To discern its perfections was a holy exercise. We might say, this perception, and the effort to realize that ideal, was the task of the Greek people."

This difference between ancient and mediæval sculpture, which is to the advantage of the Greek, may be expressed by what we understand by the word *comeliness*. The statue of *Morning* has beauty of form, and the *Night* has a serious kind of grace, but they are not comely as the sculptured youths and maidens on the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon are comely. To have made them so might have interfered with Michel Angelo's design for these mighty creations; and yet it did not interfere with the majesty of *Pallas Athene*, or the grandeur of the Phidian *Zeus*. There is the same peculiarity in the hair of his *David*, beautiful as a wreath of vine leaves; in the beard and arms of his *Moses*; and if there is an exception to this in his works it is the child *Jesus* at Bruges. It is even lacking in the kneeling *Cupid* at South Kensington, which was his earliest statue. Two artists may draw the same face so that it will excite our admiration, and yet one drawing may possess a pleasantness which the other does not. To imitate the Greek is impossible, and it would have been the last thing Michel Angelo would have thought of; but Cellini and John of Bologna approximated more closely to it. The influence of the monasteries on Italian art is just perceptible in Michel Angelo's work.

What he surpassed the sculptors of Hellas in was maturity of consciousness. The "Know thyself" of Socrates, enlarged under Christianity to the whole human race, was ripened to thorough self-knowledge, which is the basis of both Michel Angelo and Shakespeare. This gave them the superiority in elevation of thought, depth of feeling, and genuine power. Hellenic art is like a beautiful maiden unconsciously rejoicing in her purity and loveliness. The art of Michel Angelo has the charm and potency of a mature woman, who attracts us more by her feminine wisdom, wit, self-possession, and fine sympathies than from her personal appearance.

The effect of the Sistine Chapel is plainly visible in the Medici Chapel. Michel Angelo's statues become more and more pictorial. His *David*, for instance, can be looked at with advantage, and its action determined, from almost any point of view; and Raphael sketched it, by preference, from a position some thirty degrees behind the left shoulder; but the statues of *Night* and *Morning* can only be seen favorably while we are standing in front of them. The expression of the *Aurora*, particularly, can only be made out within a range of perhaps fifteen degrees from a certain point. *Il Penseroso* and the statue of *Lorenzo*, however, permit a much wider field of observation. In fact, Michel Angelo has here carried his attitudes to the very limit of the sculptor's art, and even, like Goethe in the second part of *Faust*, passed beyond them with success. While we admire his daring, we need not condemn his method, for the position of the statues against

the wall renders them exempt from a wide range of observation. Not that they appear in any way defective, if viewed from all points of the compass, but it is only in front that they become quite intelligible to us. This is the reason why Ruskin complains that Michel Angelo used his chisel like a brush.

We may also discover here the cause of Ruskin's animadversion, that Michel Angelo represented dead bodies instead of living ones. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and the mistake may be readily accounted for. Contrary to all precedent in sculpture, Michel Angelo often polished his figures to a high degree of smoothness, instead of leaving a comparatively dead surface, as is done at present. When they were new this must have given them a brilliant appearance ; much like the ivory statues of Phidias and others, which are supposed to have been the most beautiful of all. They seem to have changed more, however, with time, and perhaps have been affected by the sepulchral dampness of the Medici Chapel, so as to give them the appearance which offended Ruskin's delicate sensibility ; but an experienced critic should not permit himself to be misled by purely superficial conditions.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Emerson says, "Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some unskilfulness or lack of adaptation of means to ends" ; but a greater than Emerson said, more than two thousand years ago : "Success is the gift of the Deity." The poet who

fought at Salamis, and risked his life in hand-to-hand combat, knew well enough the slender line that often divides success from failure.

Michel Angelo lived through the reigns of a dozen or more popes, and yet among these only two, Julius II. and Paul III., can be said to have fully appreciated him. If it had not been for Julius and Paul the works of Michel Angelo might now be as scarce and widely scattered as those of Leonardo, and his fame would have been diminished in proportion; at least we should have no *Moses*, no Sistine Chapel, and perhaps also a wholly different St. Peter's Church. The selection of a pope also depends on chances which are no more to be calculated than the appearance of a comet, and in the present case Paul obtained his appointment as cardinal through a scandalous intrigue of Alexander Borgia's, and his election to the papacy by a deception altogether out of keeping with the sanctity of that office. Nothing can be more fortuitous than the antecedent causes of some of the most important events.

Paul belonged to the Farnese family, and had long cherished the purpose of having a *Last Judgment* painted above the altar in the Sistine Chapel. Such a design does him great honor, though other proceedings during his pontifical career cover him with an equal degree of shame. He was one of those strange moral productions of the time, vibrating continually between elevated thoughts and the basest actions.

It was some centuries since the papal chair had proved a comfortable seat for a virtuous man.

There had come to be a contradiction in the character of the office which required a person of dubious nature to correspond to it. The best of the cardinals rarely aspired to the position. Julius II. was an exception, but even of him we do not think with the same feeling that we do of Gustavus Adolphus or William the Silent. Paul III. was the typical pontiff of the century, much more than Julius or Leo ; an able administrator, and magnificent patron of art, but crafty, avaricious, indulgent to his favorites, and wholly unscrupulous ; a strange mixture of the epicure and Jesuit. Though not religious in his own nature, he respected religion, and wished to maintain the dignity of the Church.

The papacy has an undoubted historical value, and the Catholic faith is still a power for good, especially with ignorant people and those fashionable ladies who require the attendance of a priest as a substitute for household duties; but why is it in the long catalogue of the popes there are no names distinguished for virtue, like those of Aristides, Saladin, and Alfred the Great?

The Farnese family was altogether Roman, and in estimating Paul we should consider that a Roman and a Florentine of the sixteenth century were men of two very distinct species. There was no national type of Italian character in the middle ages, any more than there is a national type of character in the United States. A Venetian differs as much from a Florentine, as a Bostonian does from a Virginian ; and a citizen of Berlin is not so unlike an average Parisian, as a Florentine was unlike a Roman.

When we speak of Italians with elevated interests and great conceptions leading the most immoral lives, it is the Romans chiefly that we refer to. They were, in fact, the same they always have been since the days of Catiline and Clodius. Whoever has read Cicero's oration for Aulus Cluentius, with its long catalogue of social enormities, will recognize its similarity to the life in Rome of the sixteenth century. The few touches which Dante gives us of it in the thirteenth century come to the same effect. In the carriages that drive to the Pamphili gardens you may still notice faces that will horrify you, as we are horrified at the marble busts of Agrippina, Vitellius, and Caracalla at the Capitol. In all countries there are people who lead a double life, who are full of noble sentiments, and commit base actions, but nowhere does this take place on the grand scale as formerly in Rome.

Michel Angelo was now sixty years of age. A strong man is in his prime at fifty, and at sixty his vigor will not be very much diminished; and yet we cannot expect of him to possess the freshness and spontaneity of youth. Our best American critic said in apology for Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, that it rarely happened that the style of a writer was so good at sixty, as it might have been ten years earlier. Habit, which is the safeguard of old age, is also its weakness, tending always to a mechanical mode of thought and action. Of the other Italian masters Titian painted some great pictures late in life, but, with one exception, they were destroyed by fire, and those by which he is generally known were pro-

duced before he was forty-five. Tintoretto's *Paradise*, painted after he was seventy, cannot, however, be surpassed for freshness, vigor, and originality. Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment* is also a *chef-d'œuvre* of the highest class, in spite of some deficiencies, and perhaps the greater of the two.

Every one knows the torso of *Hercules* in the centre of the Belvedere, which has been called Michel Angelo's master. In point of workmanship it is scarcely inferior to the *Venus dei Medici*, and belongs to the same class of statues as the *Apollo Belvedere* and the *Laocoön*; not the purest Hellenic art, and yet like the plays of Euripides it contains a prophecy of the modern world. It has the sort of self-consciousness of a school-boy who knows he is making a good declamation. We have already noticed Michel Angelo's predilection for massive figures; and he had himself a Herculean mind. We can readily believe that this torso attracted him strongly. He was always studying anatomy, and for that purpose it was almost equal to a human body. Its influence on his drawing in the *Last Judgment* is undeniable; and it may possibly account for the unnatural muscularity in his statue of *Lorenzo*. Besides this mannerism of the pencil there is also a business-like way of shading the figures in portions of the *Last Judgment*, which betrays mannerism of the brush. Sometimes these two are found together, as in the figure of *St. Bartholomew*, and in other places they appear separately. They need not, however, disturb our enjoyment of the picture, which is simply a grand composition. The lack of

comeliness in it can hardly be considered a fault, any more than the lack of elegance in some of Shakspeare's plays.

I once saw a flock of sea-birds so large that they obscured the sun, which was then about an hour from setting. If we imagine an early spring morning, when we think the sun has been obscured by clouds, and find instead of clouds or sea-birds, that it is a vast congregation of human figures, we shall realize the effect which I think Michel Angelo intended to produce here. How far he succeeded in this it is now impossible to know, for the lower portion has been badly smoked with candles and frankincense, and the whole coloring has become dull and dingy. Michel Angelo's chiaroscuro is not very good, and yet when the colors were fresh, especially the blue, which always suffers so much from time, the effect must have been much more vivid and nearer to an illusion. The Saviour and many others about him are seated or standing on clouds, and the light comes from beneath, where the earth is represented by an irregular ledge, as in the *Creation of Adam*. The general effect now is like a storm-tossed sea of men and women in every possible or conceivable attitude.

The effect of the painting as a whole is different from that which results from a study of its separate parts. Many of the figures taken by themselves are ungainly in appearance and grotesque in attitude, but at the same time they serve to prevent a too monotonous and regimental aspect in the assembled multitude. The grouping is very remarkable, for it repudiates all suspicion of preconceived design ; and

those who have attempted to plant trees so that they will seem to have grown up naturally know that this is not an easy matter.

The more incredible an event might be the better the mediæval Christians liked to believe in it. The early founders of Christianity were not prudent in this respect, for what is accepted dogmatically, even for centuries, is sure to be questioned at last, and then if it is not found to be logical it vitiates with suspicion whatever is directly connected with it. A belief in the immortality of the soul necessitates an immediate judgment in every human being after death. If this judgment is divinely just it must also be irrevocable. Why therefore should there be another judgment at a later time, for which souls are summoned even from Heaven, and compelled to rehabilitate themselves in their ancient bodies, which have long since disappeared and been transformed through a hundred chemical processes. It might happen in this way that parts of the same body had come into the possession of different individuals. A knowledge of the physical sciences is not required to reason this out, but that did not occur to the Alexandrian doctors. They satisfied themselves, as Dante tells us we should be satisfied, and not trouble ourselves too much about what we cannot understand.

We wonder what Paul III. and his wicked old cardinals thought of the matter; what sensations they had when they first ranged themselves before Michel Angelo's awful picture, and if they really feared that they might be called to account some

time in that manner. Did Michel Angelo himself believe in it? and what were his reflections on religion and immortality during the seven long years that he spent on this work? That would be worth knowing if we could only discover it; but he went his way in silence, and the grave does not give up its secrets. It evidently seemed veritable to his imagination.

The wall being a parallelogram has two *foci* or centres, and in the upper one Christ is seated on a cloudy throne, contrasted from all other figures by his majesty and power. The light seems to come through the cloud behind him, as if the sun were hidden there. This effect is not so decided as it might have been, and probably was formerly, but there can be little doubt of it, for the light breaks out above under the two round arches, and also at the extreme right, exposing a group of figures of the elect in the strangest attitudes. A choir of angels sounding the clang of doom with long slender trumpets occupy very nearly the lower centre; a group as animated as that of the bathers in the cartoon of the Palazzo Vecchio. One of them is resounding in the ear of a sinner who is falling from above.

Realism itself is put to shame on the left side, where the graves are yawning, and skeletons sitting up seeking for their dissipated flesh. One of them, who may be intended for Orpheus, has already seized a lyre, although his bones are not yet covered. Others lie on the ground in a lethargic condition, not able as yet to disengage themselves from mortality.

As you will see a flock of birds rise from a field

and after wheeling in the air settle upon a tree, so the resuscitated bodies go upward in a mighty concourse, and after circling about light on the clouds on either side of the judgment-seat. This movement carries them out of the picture on the left hand, but they reappear above in great numbers. The ascending movement is unmistakable: they do not look like falling bodies. Some go up in a slanting position as if their feet were lighter than their heads. Others are being assisted by angels, and others still cling to those next them as people do when they are afraid of falling. Never before did Michel Angelo reap such a harvest of interesting attitudes.

Every age and condition of life is represented here. There is no distinction of place or rank; for the lack of clothing reduces all to the same level. Those on Christ's right hand (the spectator's left) would seem to be waiting their turn for judgment, while the group on Christ's left, in which there is a number of well-known saints, evidently contains those who have received a favorable verdict. In the two round arches above angels carry aloft the cross, the column, the scourge, and crown of thorns. They cling to these instruments of the martyrdom with a tender and loving devotion, rejoicing in their holy association. Their faces are full of rapture and earnestness. They are not so beautiful as Tintoretto's angels, but have a nobler and more masculine expression. They are boldly drawn, and yet with much dignity. The marble column seems so heavy and solid that we are apprehensive lest it fall on the heads of those below.

Michel Angelo, like Professor Agassiz, evidently considered the wings of an angel as an anatomical absurdity.

There is no fall of the damned like that in Rubens's magnificent picture at Munich; but below the assembly of the elect there are seven personages, representing the seven cardinal sins, being dragged down by demons with cloven feet and urged downward by angels from above. In the lower right-hand corner is seen the river Styx, and Charon with a boat-load of sinners, whom he is landing on that joyless shore whence hope departs forever. Demons with rams' horns and very large teeth assist Charon in emptying the boat, while Minos, the infernal judge, in the likeness of the unfortunate Biagio da Cesena stands grinning to receive them.

The attitude of the Saviour is a conventional one, and is supposed to have been taken from the *Last Judgment* at Orvieto by Fra Angelico. The use of a conventional form by Michel Angelo was like pouring "new wine into old bottles," and here he has infused such life and energy into the figure as often leads to a misunderstanding of the action personified. The right hand upraised to show the print of the nail has been mistaken for a gesture of wrathful condemnation, and his left arm pointing to the wound in his side suggests a motion as if to repel the anxious spirits who crowd around him.

That the attitude might be interpreted in this manner is not to be doubted, but a glance at the face of Christ dispels the illusion. He has not the aspect of an angry judge, but of calm, dispassionate

majesty, and his face is turned with royal recognition to the group of disciples and martyrs who press eagerly toward him as if they were saying, "Behold, Lord, it is we who salute Thee"; and Christ replies, "You see also by these tokens that it is I." This is the more elevated explanation, and more after the manner of Michel Angelo. Although the most notable of reformers in art, he could not always escape from conventionality.

If he adopted the attitude of Angelico's Saviour, the face and figure are at least his own, and no artist since has dared to imitate them.

The prevailing types of the Saviour, at the present time, do not vary so widely but that we readily discover who they are intended for, without even a halo or a crown of thorns. In the sixteenth century it was quite otherwise. The Christ in Titian's *Tribute Money*, that in Raphael's *Transfiguration*, and the one in Michel Angelo's *Pietà* could not well be classed together. Superior to all of them is the glorious head of Christ in Leonardo's *Last Supper*, as we know it from his studies and Morghen's engraving; but that half-feminine, spiritually submissive, and sympathetically suffering face would hardly serve for the enthroned Messiah in the judgment-seat of Heaven. At least Michel Angelo thought so, and the result has justified his opinion.

His Saviour vies in figure with both Hercules and Apollo. It is slightly mannered and may be considered too masculine, but it is a magnificent conception. The head is the noblest ever imagined by artist, ancient or modern; a Napoleonic face crowned

by a wreath of hair in graceful and luxuriant festoons, almost like a wreath of vine leaves, and an expression in which all passion and suffering have been subdued to a majestic calmness,—not the calmness of indifference, but of eternal love. “Nothing,” said an eminent thinker and theological scholar, “ever gave me such an insight into the mind of Michel Angelo as the Christ in his *Last Judgment*. I know from that what kind of a man he was.” Omniscient in wisdom he judges the multitude assembled before him, and by an effort of the will assigns his place to each. The Olympian Zeus seems weak in comparison with him.

The figure of the Virgin looks slight beside her mighty son, and her face seems rather narrow, but that is owing to the turn of her head, and the way in which her kerchief is tied over it. It is a more feminine face than the Delphic, as beautiful as the Libyan sibyl; a face very tenderly human, and of one too long acquainted with sorrow to exult in the hour of triumph. She is looking down at the swarm of resurrected souls, and shrinking back in a human and natural manner from their near approach.

Not far from Christ, on his right hand, there is a huge, ungainly figure with pointed nose and beard, his eye rolled up at the Saviour with awe and expectation; behind him is a woman seizing his arm as if to draw him out of the way. He is almost too realistic for a sacred picture, and who he can be intended for, unless St. Christopher, I cannot imagine, but the greatest writers also introduce such unpleasant characters in their works. He may have a favora-

ble effect on the whole composition, but he is not required for contrast.

The *St. Christopher* of Jan Van Eyck in Berlin would appear to advantage in its place.

Just at the feet of the Virgin there is a plain-looking fellow with a short ladder in his hand ; his dull expression and narrow brow nevertheless bespeak courage and fidelity. We suppose that he is the Roman soldier who offered Christ the sponge of vinegar.

The group of saints and apostles on the Saviour's left have not a decidedly saintly aspect, but look much more like strong men of affairs. Michel Angelo may have been near the mark in this, for if Luther and Servetus had been painted among them they would not have appeared out of keeping with the rest. St. Bartholomew sitting astride of a small cloud at Christ's feet looks as if he might have once been an Archbishop of Canterbury. St. Peter is conspicuous before all others ; a great figure and powerful head, to balance St. Christopher on the other side, but much more interesting. Close beside him there is another noble head, more thoughtful and refined, which Michel Angelo's Scotch biographer thinks must be St. Andrew, but it is evidently intended for St. John the Evangelist. Above these two, holding out his hand in a gesture of admiration, is an ideal face of Roman type which must be intended for St. Paul. He has the grace and charm of an orator, expressed in form. Below, St. Catherine is seen with a section of her wheel, St. Simeon Gelotes with his saw, and St. Sebastian with his fist full of arrows. Here the postures become more and

more original, and all that one can say is that saints have a genius for remarkable attitudes. Yet their positions are easy, if not graceful, and they do not appear theatrical or affected.

Above this group an assemblage of the elect stretches far away out of the picture. Here we feel indeed the reality of Paradise, and can say, with truth, "Blessed are the pure in heart." The principal light falls on the figure of a woman whose face is not beautiful according to the classic standard, but she is like that character in Dickens's Christmas story who made people happy wherever she went. On one side of her a wife hastens to kiss the husband whom she lost so very young; and on the other Damon and Pythias fall into each other's arms. A noble, philosophic head, much like Fra Angelico's *St. Paul*, is listening to the earnest discussion of a young man too much concealed for our recognition. Perhaps this is intended for Plato, for, as Dante says, the Saviour took many with him when he went to the Inferno after his crucifixion.* Nearly in front are two servant girls painted to the life, who are looking at Christ with such expressions of astonishment as are customary with persons of their class. Beyond and above the line of heads a pair of hands is raised in prayer; and near by a leper, or some unfortunate creature to whom life on earth has been a curse, is timidly raising his eyes to see whether he is really in Paradise or not. In the arch above two

* Though Dante also mentions meeting Plato in the first circle of Hades, Michel Angelo would not hesitate to resurrect him if he thought Plato deserving of it.

childlike figures are flying so close to each other as to seem almost like one person. I think they may be intended for Francesca da Rimini and her lover; for it says in the *Inferno*, that their condition after the judgment shall be better than before.

When we reach the top of a mountain we like to recognize those objects on the horizon with which we are acquainted; and so it is in studying the characters of a great historical painting. We recognize them as if they were old friends.

Charon's boat-load and the Seven Cardinal Sins are the best painted portion of this immense work, and are so represented as not to be especially repulsive.

Some of the cardinal sinners are descending head first, and others turning over and over in an inextricable whirl of bodies and limbs, with the demons who are clutching them. The one nearest the Saviour is being dragged by her feet and has covered one eye with her hand, and her face has such a woe-begone expression as no actor could excel upon the stage. Anger is the first cardinal sin, and this may have been some woman who brought about great misfortunes by her bad temper. Another is seen falling at quite a distance with a most lifelike expression of hopeless dismay.

With Charon's boat we come upon Dante's ground, and find that Michel Angelo has adhered closely to the legends of the poet. In the third canto he says: "Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal beckoning the shades, collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers." He does indeed smite

them as if he would reduce them to powder. He is a world-terrible demon, and is the first object that attracts attention on entering the chapel. His eyes are lurid; and his lips are leather. Those in the front of the boat are forced out of it by the others pushing behind. They are seized and hurried off by demons. A demon with wings (the only instance of this anomaly) and with a skull like an iron pot, is flying off with a sinner on his back. Here we have every example of turpitude, not too forcibly expressed. We recognize the bad companions whom we could not escape from at school and in college, and who have long since disappeared in the state prison or other congenial abode. The foremost one is a young city fop, with banged hair, such as one might have seen a few years since on Fifth Avenue or the Boulevards.

During the middle of the last century when English travellers were obliged to purchase their own carriages at Calais to cross the continent in, some marvellous tales were brought back from Rome and Venice, and among them that Michel Angelo had painted the portrait of a cardinal of dissolute life in his *Last Judgment*, and represented him in the coils of a huge serpent; that the cardinal had appealed to the pope for redress, and that the pope considered it too good a joke to be interfered with. This anecdote is referred to by Sterne in *Tristram Shandy*, and on my first visit to Rome I heard it myself from persons who had recently visited the Sistine Chapel. The true explanation of it may be found in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*, where Dante says:

"There Minos sits horrific, and grins ; examines the crimes upon their entrance ; judges, and sends according as he girds himself. I say that when the ill-born spirit comes before him, it confesses all ; and that sin-discerner sees what place in hell is for it, and with his tail makes as many circles round himself as the degrees he will have it to descend." *

It is the tail of Satan's judge that has been mistaken for the folds of a serpent, but the least accuracy of observation would have discovered from his pointed ears that he was a demon and not a sinner. Minos, it will be observed, was part of the Hellenic element introduced into Catholic Christianity. In the present instance his tail is wrapped twice about him to show that the city fop is destined for the circle of carnal sinners ; which is what we would expect. It was one of the higher officials of the Vatican whose physiognomy Michel Angelo introduced here, because he condemned the *Last Judgment* as an indecent painting.

In this vast composition there is nothing accidental, nothing superfluous. It is a mighty cataract, a Niagara of pictorial ideas, and almost overwhelms the observer. Measure it we cannot, and after studying it we leave the Vatican as much fatigued as if we had walked the circuit of Rome under the walls of Aurelian and Honorius.

THE PAOLINA.

Few persons enter this musty old chamber which contains Michel Angelo's two last paintings, the *Con-*

* Dr. John Carlyle's translation.

version of St. Paul and the Martyrdom of St. Peter. They were magnificent subjects for him, and we can only regret that they were not consigned to him earlier in life. They were painted when he was over seventy, and his advanced age is supposed to have occasioned the extreme severity of their treatment. Michel Angelo never smiled ; but here he approaches nearly to the lugubrious. The concourse of heavenly spirits, which is gathered above the riderless horse of St. Paul, reminds one of the speech of Fabius Maximus : "Let us leave to the Tarentines their angry deities." Yet they deserve more consideration than they often receive, even from the admirers of Buonarotti ; although they do not add much to our previous knowledge of him.

MOSES.

The Esquiline Hill is one of the seven hills of ancient Rome which were all included within the walls of Servius Tullius. It is still the oldest portion of the city, for there may be seen, cropping out in places, the diamond-patterned brickwork of the Roman republic, which was removed from the greater portion of Rome by the improvements of Augustus and the conflagration which happened in Nero's reign. After we have passed the palace of the Quirinal and the Rospigliosi, the houses become continually smaller, meaner, and more dilapidated, and their inhabitants more unkempt and banditti-like ; until at length we see the stupendous wall of the Coliseum looming up in the valley beneath us, and know that we have reached the limit which

divides the city of to-day from the ruins of the past. There, just at the top of the Esquiline, is a small, antiquated church in the basilica style, plain enough without, but beautiful within, from the simple stateliness of its two rows of gray marble columns; and on the right hand, just before we reach the altar, suddenly, like a peal of thunder, we come upon the *Moses* of Michel Angelo.

An United States Senator entering the museum of his native city and seeing a rather insignificant person standing in front of a cast of Michel Angelo's *Moses*, said to the friend who was with him: "Look at the man that God made, and the man that Michel Angelo made!" No wonder that he said it.

If this statue were placed on the Riffelberg in Switzerland, it would not be dwarfed by the mountains about it: reduced to a statuette, it would still possess a kind of grandeur. If it were set up in St. Peter's Church, as was originally intended, the building would seem none too large for it. Of all works of art it produces the strongest impression, and though we may try to resist it, and disparage and condemn it, we cannot help feeling the effect of it. It is superhuman; and if no such personage existed in primitive ages he is at least in accordance with our ideas of that time, and we are confident that such an one might have been. He is so much alive that the statues in the Vatican seem like actors in comparison.

As we gaze on it all the wonders of the world are suggested to us. The grandest events in history float before the mind. We think not only of the

Pyramids and Mount Horeb, but of Salamis, Socrates in his cell, Hannibal crossing the Alps, the Roman law, the victory of Constantine, Strasburg Cathedral, the death of Gustavus, Waterloo, and John Brown at Harper's Ferry. For all heroes and heroism are akin to this eldest of heroes, whose laws were the foundation of all law, and whose influence is as keenly felt to-day as Shakspeare's or Luther's.

This is what Michel Angelo desired to represent. The *David* was the youthful hero, wrought in his own youth; *Moses*, the mature hero of his later years. He was forty years at work upon this statue, and though he was blamed in his own time, and even now by some writers, for not keeping his contract with the Duke of Urbino with regard to it, we may rest assured that it was not from indifference that he neglected the work, but because the inspiration did not come to him,—that is, he did not see his way clearly how to finish it. Neither should we blame him for his unwillingness to relinquish an undertaking in which he felt so profound an interest. He could have well afforded to return the ten thousand florins which had been paid him in advance; but in that case we should never have had the *Moses*, nor Julius II. a worthy monument. On the whole, Michel Angelo seems to have acted in this matter like an honest and sensible man, who considers the interest of his patrons better than they know it themselves. He was, beside, continually interrupted by the commissions of different Popes, who looked on the genius of Michel Angelo as part of the papal inheritance.

Here we stand before the primeval man ; and if we penetrate to Michel Angelo's radical conception of the subject we shall find it based on a solid foundation. Moses is the earliest authentic *character* in history, and he lived in an age when only physical force was respected, or moral force when it was supported by physical. Yet, morally and intellectually, he was the peer of Schiller and Emerson, or even their superior. The early Hebrews were not like those savage tribes that now encumber the earth, and among whom there is no civilizing progress. Neither was Moses like the Sultan of Turkey, who has some external cultivation but is a barbarian at heart. Now is not this the idea which Michel Angelo has attempted to express ? We have a face of the noblest intelligence united with the highest degree of physical force.

Yet we do not trace the influence here of the *torso* in the *Belvedere*. It is no statue of Hercules, but a wholly different form of strength. Moses led the Hebrews through the Red Sea and across the deserts of Syria. He was a great pedestrian ; and his lower limbs, like those of the Alpine climbers in our own day, were developed somewhat at the expense of the rest of his physique. The same may be noticed in the graceful statue of the runner scraping his arm with a strigil, which is in the first *camera* of statuary in the Vatican. It has been complained that the calf of the leg of Moses is nearly as large as his head ; but if this be an exaggeration, it is only a slight one, as any one who visits Chamounix in summer will readily discover. A statue in a sitting posture re-

quires that the limbs should be developed to the full limit to prevent their looking insignificant. It was customary among painters to draw their seated figures somewhat longer in proportion than those who were standing about them; so the arms of Moses are not like those of an athlete, but have a style of their own, which is repeated again in the folds of the mantle thrown across his lap. The erectness of his head, the power of his eye, the firm position of the feet, and resolute air indicate the law-giver and shepherd of his people.

It says in Exodus, chap. xxxiv., that when Moses descended from Mount Sinai with the tables of the law, his face shone so brightly that the children of Israel were afraid of him, and he was obliged to put on a veil before they would come near him again. We, too, have seen men whose faces were illuminated after communing with the Lord, but not to the same extent. A curious piece of mediæval mythology arose from this circumstance. In Exodus, chap. xxxiv., the Hebrew word *qaran*, which meant originally horned or pointed (and it is uncertain which was the earlier use of it), came afterwards to be applied to the darting beams of light at sunrise and sunset, and so finally to mean radiant or shining, and was translated by St. Jerome in the Vulgate, or Latin Catholic Bible, as *cornuta*; so that the 29th and 30th verses ran thus: 29. "When Moses came down from Mount Sinai he held the two tables of the law, and knew not that his face was horned" *;

* 29. Cumque descenderet Moyses de monte Sinai, tenebat duas tabulas testimonii et ignorabat quod *cornuta* esset facies sua ex consortio sermonis domini.

30. "Aaron and the Children of Israel, looking on the face of Moses, saw that it was horned and feared to approach him." *

Moses was accordingly represented in this manner, even in the time of Tintoretto's *Paradise*; though it would seem as if a suspicion of its incorrectness had already taken root in the fifteenth century, for the Moses in Fra Angelico's *Transfiguration* has something above his ears very much like painters' brushes, more likely to have been intended for rays of light than for solid horns. Tintoretto has represented him in the same manner. Michel Angelo could not, of course, represent this in marble, and therefore returned to the earlier tradition. It seems as if these horns must have had a determining effect on the character of the whole statue, and they certainly give it an unique appearance; without at the same time jarring on our sense of propriety.

The beard of Moses is the one enigma of Christian art. Such long silky curls might have grown on the head of a woman, but never on the face of a man. Vasari praises the softness and fineness of the hair, but neither he nor Grimm make any attempt to solve the mystery. Was it some strange imagination which came upon the artist and took possession of him like a prophetic rapture? There are Roman representations of Jupiter with a beard divided into thirteen curls or ringlets, but this has an artificial appearance, and is

* 30. *Videntes autem Aaron et filii Israel cornutam Moysi faciem timuerunt prope accedere.*

not much like the natural growth on the chin of Moses. Here Michel Angelo has certainly surpassed himself in boldness and originality.

The hair on his head is not less remarkable for its fineness and the gracefully vigorous disposition of its locks. The hair of the *Apollo* does not equal it, nor any Greek work that I know of. Notice especially the arrangement about his right ear, and where it comes in contact with his beard. So this artist, who disliked to make use of clothes, could be the most admirable of tailors when the occasion required. The way in which he has wrought the sandals and leggings is inimitable. What firmness there is in that marble knee ; and his right foot planted on the ground as if an earthquake could not move it.

All else yields, however, to the expression of the face, which is radiant with moral power. Moses has descended from the mount with the tables of the law in his hand, and sees before him the procession of the Golden Calf. The unknown writer of Exodus says "he waxed hot with wrath," and this is the moment which Michel Angelo has chosen for his statue. Yet it is not any conventional type of indignation, but one sublimated by religious enthusiasm. The difficulty of giving a work in marble a decided facial expression is well known. That of the *Laocoön* and of the *Sleeping Faun* at Munich are almost exceptional among antiques ; but here we have one that could not have been excelled on canvas by Titian or Raphael.

To him who has been forty years in the wilderness, or even ten or twelve, the *Moses* of Michel

Angelo is a consolation beyond all speech; and I envy not any one, either as a man or an artist, who can stand before it now and talk of the weakness of exaggeration.

ARCHITECTURE.

It is a mistake to suppose that Michel Angelo was the originator of Roman Renaissance, though he gave it the most complete development, and it deserves to be associated with his name. He paid little attention to architecture until after middle life, and his first work, the sacristy of San Lorenzo at Florence has never been greatly admired. The Farnese palace at Rome was begun by San Gallo and completed by Michel Angelo with slight deviation from the former's plans. His two principal works in this line are, therefore, the Dome of St. Peter's Church, and the Capitol (on the same spot where Cæsar was assassinated), with the two palaces on either side of it. If the origination of Roman Renaissance belongs to any one man, it is Bramante, who was older than Michel Angelo, and set his mark on St. Peter's while the latter was chiselling on the statue of *David*.

Michel Angelo's architecture is chaste, dignified, and impressive, but also somewhat dry. This last quality is not to be laid to his charge, but to the time in which he lived. The revival of classic forms in architecture was a great advantage, but it brought with it the conventional Greek and Roman ornamentation to the exclusion of the more vital and diversified mediæval forms. The charm of Greek and Roman architecture consists in its fine propor-

tions and simplicity, which were suited to that time, but when we apply the same principles to the more elaborate conditions of modern life, they are not always sufficient to cover the subject. It is like the difference between sculpture and painting. That color and the imitation of natural forms, after having once been introduced into architecture, should have been excluded from it again was like returning to the mask and cothurnus of the ancient actor. If Shakspeare had prescribed for his plays the law of the four dramatic unities, he could not have done himself a more serious injury than the builder who limits himself to the five orders of architecture. The world had already seen enough of triglyphs, Ionic volutes, and fluted pilasters; and people came to that conclusion not long after Michel Angelo's death.

It is partly for this reason and partly because it has been so extensively imitated that his architecture seems to lack originality. When we stand on Capitoline hill beside the equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, we are reminded of Trafalgar Square in London. The woodwork in the hall of the Grand Council at Venice is evidently imitated from the Medici Chapel at Florence; and the imaginary architecture painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel has been developed to noble proportions in the hall of a railway depot at Boston.

The library of San Lorenzo long remained unfinished from the hope of the Medici family that Michel Angelo would return to Florence and complete his work there. At length, being pressed for an explan-

ation of his plans in regard to it, Michel Angelo wrote to Vasari as follows :

“ There is a certain stair that comes into my thoughts like a dream ; but I do not think it is exactly the one which I had planned at that time, seeing that it appears to be but a clumsy affair ; I will describe it for you here nevertheless. I took a number of oval boxes, each about one palm deep, but not of equal length and breadth. The first and largest I placed on the pavement at such distance from the wall of the door, as seemed to be required by the greater or lesser degree of steepness you may wish to give to the stair. Over this was placed another, smaller in all directions, and leaving sufficient room on that beneath for the foot to rest on in ascending, thus diminishing each step as it gradually retires towards the door ; the uppermost step being exactly of the width required for the door itself. This part of the oval steps must have two wings, one right, the other left. The steps of the wings to rise by similar degrees, but not to be oval in form.”

These are the words of Michel Angelo ; and how close they bring us to him and his methods of thinking. His plan in this instance was not adopted, but such staircases are to be seen in all parts of the world.

It was as appropriate that Michel Angelo should design the dome of St. Peter’s as that Napoleon should make an end of the French Revolution. It is not only the largest of all domes, but also the most elegant. Michel Angelo might declare that he was unable to surpass the work of Brunelleschi, but the

dome of the cathedral in Florence seems almost rude and antiquated compared with St. Peter's dome. The difficulty is to find a suitable point from which to view it. The dome of St. Paul's, seen from Temple Bar or Aldersgate Street, looms up grandly through the London fog, and the dome of La Salute in Venice, an inferior work in itself, owes much to its fortunate position; but you may drive from the Piazza Espagna to St. Peter's Church without seeing hardly a glimpse of its dome at all, so narrow are the streets and lofty the intermediate buildings. The Pincion Hill is too far away from it for us to fully realize its size, and the view of that side of the church is much injured by the proximity of the Vatican,—a huge, amorphous building, whose sole artistic merit is the beautiful yellow travertine of which it is constructed. The best places to see it, are from the vicinity of the Doria Pamphili gardens, and from near Wordsworth's stone pine; but it is also worth the effort to climb to the roof of the church, where the fine proportions of the dome, the cornice, and its mouldings, can be studied to advantage. Many years ago a frail and spirituelle American lady was wont to ascend to the roof of St. Peter's several times every winter, as she said, to behold the work of Michel Angelo.

The interior effect is not so impressive as it might have been, if this world-genius could have lived to complete the whole building. In fact, the ornamentation of the façade of St. Peter's would seem to have been calculated to make the church look as small as possible. It is not to be compared with the

simple grandeur of the Pantheon, which after nineteen centuries still continues to be the noblest piece of architecture that Rome contains.

The Piazza del Popolo is as homelike and interesting as the Piazza of St. Peter's is dreary and grandiose. The Egyptian lions spouting water in the centre of the square, with the donkeys drinking at the fountain; the ox-teams, with their picturesque drivers; the pretty contadinas; the orange-woman with her golden hoard; the gracefully terraced ascent to the Pincion; the dignified entrance to the Corso; and the gate of Michel Angelo with its twin churches on either side,—what is the elegance of Paris or Vienna compared with such a picture as that?

The Porta del Popolo is original and interesting, and has a ponderous kind of beauty, but no one has ever spoken of it with enthusiasm. While it is appropriate to its surroundings and faultless in detail, it lacks something essential to give it a charm, and we feel that Michel Angelo might have imagined a better design. It cannot be compared with San Michele's marble gate at Verona, and the old turreted gate by the pyramid of *Cestius* is more impressive,—perhaps on account of its warlike character. The two yellow travertine churches are not gems of architecture, but their proportions are faultless and they deserve to be remembered.

Drive through the Corso and observe the palaces on either side: then stand in the quadrangle of the Capitol and consider if any of them surpass the work of Michel Angelo. The Farnese Palace may and

perhaps others. The Barberini certainly excites more admiration ; and so do the Strozzi and Pitti in Florence. It was a bold architect, and a successful one, who designed the Pitti Palace. I think the front of the Doge's Palace, with its glorious staircase, surpasses them all. The two palaces on the Capitoline have nothing like its beauty ; but of this we may be assured, that they will never *grow old* and out of style, and if we could return to Rome fifteen hundred years hence we should like them as well as we do now. It is their universality which makes them admirable.

We wonder also if it was Michel Angelo's design that placed the statue of *Aurelius* there, and if he knew what sort of a man *Aurelius* was. Thus do the really great shake hands across the centuries ; sometimes without knowing whose palm it is they grasp.

“ Ever the wise of all ages and nations
Nod to each other, and smile, and agree.”

Hellenic art is supposed to have been declining for three hundred years before this bronze was cast, and yet here we have an equestrian statue which is without an equal on the globe. Verocchio's statue of General Coleone may surpass it in technical skill, but does not equal it in dignity of character, and the grand simplicity with which this is realized. With what masterly ease *Aurelius* bestrides his horse, and what an aspect of benign sovereignty there is in his face, and his outstretched hand ; as if to bestow a blessing on the whole Roman Empire. What

service that horse has rendered in the plastic arts. He looks like the same animal, very nearly, that Cosmo dei Medici is seated on at Florence; and you will find him imitated in France, England, and America.

CONCLUSION.

Of the various biographies of Michel Angelo that by Hermann Grimm is much the best, for it is the only one which is based on a thorough investigation of the subject. The biographies by Condivi and Vasari have the character of chronicles; of which the latter is the more interesting and appreciative of the man's genius, but not so correct as the former; for Vasari, like Plutarch, was always ready to introduce an anecdote which might make his account more interesting, no matter how improbable it might be. His narrative would be more interesting to cultivated people if some of them were omitted. Grimm has also the advantage of an hundred years of German æsthetics and art criticism behind him. Dr. Johnson in England was an isolated instance; he founded a school of which he was the only representative; but Lessing and Winkelmann not only revolutionized the taste of Europe, but their opinions were sifted and criticised by four generations of German professors before they came to Hermann Grimm. In addition to this culminative effort, he brought to his subject a widely extended culture and rare ability as a writer. His essays are better than Macaulay's and fully equal to Emerson's

or Matthew Arnold's. They recall the golden age of literature more distinctly than Emerson or Arnold. There are occasional passages in his writing which are quite worthy of Goethe.

The *Life of Michel Angelo* was Grimm's first book, and if he had written it ten years later it might have been different in some respects. His reviewers thought that he ought to have called it the *Life and Times of Michel Angelo*, because it contained so much contemporary history; and Grimm replied to them that while the life of Raphael was so much on the surface of public affairs that he was not at all affected by them, that of Michel Angelo was so deeply involved in the events of his time that the two could not be very well disentangled. This is true enough; and yet the man himself seems rather to be hidden behind the fortunes of the Medici and the political vicissitudes of Florence than explained by them. In spite of this, and the digressions concerning Correggio and Cellini, it is one of the most interesting books of the last fifty years.

All the great virtues such as sincerity, fidelity, chastity, forbearance, and self-devotion, as well as some smaller ones, may be learned of Michel Angelo, but especially this,—in what manner attitude is explanatory of character. A skilful diplomat will detect the insincerity of his opponent by the inclination of the head, or some movement of the hands, while the face is composed to an open and innocent expression. Much more important is it to be able to recognize true greatness when we chance to meet with it, and distinguish it from that false coinage of

pretension which circulates so readily in this heedless world. To recognize a hero and prophet when he comes; to learn to distinguish the *man* through the disguises of gentleman or peasant,—that is the lesson which Michel Angelo has left to us to study.

Once when Hunt, the painter, and his friend Thaxter were walking in the streets of Havana, they suddenly came upon an old negro woman seated on an orange box with her chin resting in her hand. She had a look of meditation on her face and an expression of repose like that of the eternal hills. They both stopped involuntarily and Hunt said: "There, that is the most beautiful sight I have seen for years." After they had passed her by Thaxter remarked: "Don't you think that there must be something noble and magnanimous in that woman that her appearance should make such an impression on us both?" "I do not think it," replied Hunt, in his impetuous way, "I know that she is a remarkable person. I learned that long since in the Sistine Chapel."





THE EVOLUTION OF RAPHAEL.

IT would seem as if nature, dissatisfied with the caprice of Leonardo and the wilfulness of Michel Angelo, wished to try her hand again and moulded an image in some respects superior to either.

Few travellers visit the city of Raphael's birth, and yet there is no more enchanting portion of Italy. It is a peaceful country, and the clouds drift lazily across the sky, casting shadows upon the low Umbrian mountains as they did when Tityrus reclined under the spreading beech, and tuned his slender pipe for a serenade to the gentle Amarillis. The hills seem to sleep in the sunshine, and man is so contented that he thinks not of life or death. One would suppose that in his youth Raphael had drunk in the aspect of this country until he became the living expression of its tranquillity and repose.

If character predominated in Michel Angelo, and intellect in Leonardo, temperament was the corner stone of Raphael's nature. His disposition was so pleasant that it captivated every one that came near him, as we sometimes notice among women who nevertheless are not remarkable for their beauty. Such attractive persons tread a dangerous path, until

experience has instructed them to avoid the allurements of their fellow-mortals; but Raphael was not more amiable than generous and self-forgetful. He had that true disposition of the poet which "Loves another's song more than its own singing." Admiration and flattery might rumble round his ears but they never touched his heart. In his master's studio at Perugia, in the most distinguished society of Florence, and in the noontide splendor of the papal court, Raphael was always the same modest, unpretending, and self-possessed person. This was a quality which neither self-denial nor self-control could have given him. It must be born in a man once for all.

Susceptible as an artist always must be, he seemed to possess a talisman to distinguish those influences which were beneficial from those which were injurious. Impassioned and ardent as few men have ever been he always loved with moderation and selected his friends with good judgment. He loved his art so well that even the most refined pleasures could not distract him from it; neither was he so ambitious as to endanger his health by over-exertion. His moral nature was so finely balanced that ambition and duty were almost the same to him. Michel Angelo may be said to have lived in his work; but Raphael both lived in it and out of it, and was all the better for this,—more human, tender, and sympathetic.

He was slender, fragile-looking, and half-feminine, but never effeminate, and with plenty of masculine good sense. It is doubtful if a more sensible person ever existed. His tact was genius in itself. Women



live by tact, and when they are obliged to reason they are generally found at fault; while with men it is just the reverse. It often happens that men, who possess a great deal of tact are indecisive and unable to decide, lack good judgment in important affairs. But Raphael rarely, if ever, made mistakes. He seemed to be infallible, and his tact and judgment were so welded together that it was difficult to say where one ended and the other began. Few men so great as he have been so nearly faultless.

The feminine element in him may, on the whole, be considered an advantage. No poets, except Shakspeare and Goethe, have penetrated so deeply into the nature of woman and the mystery of her life; nor have any succeeded so well in reproducing externally her internal life. This has made him precious to the whole sex. His features in early manhood were decidedly feminine, although they afterwards grew stronger; and it is safe to presume that he possessed the same grace of personal charm which he transferred so easily to his pictures. Unlike all other great artists of his time, he never wore a beard, and if the portrait of him in the Louvre is to be trusted, a beard would not have been becoming to him.

It would seem as if he required no self-control, for his inclination was so closely in accord with universal law that he felt no temptation to depart from the normal course of things. He reminds us of what an English poet has said of Shakspeare: "Others abide our question; thou alone art free"; and this freedom also gave him great power over others.

In less than twelve years this innocent country lad acquired an influence equal to any pope or emperor. Everything in Rome, outside of the papal government, came under his authority ; painting, architecture, the excavation of ruins, city improvements,—even fashionable society. Nothing was done without consulting Raphael, and his death left a void in Italy that was never filled again. His course in life may be compared to a mountain stream, pure and sparkling, which, uniting others to itself, descends to the plain by daring leaps, and there, continually increasing in volume, rolls on to the sea, carrying the largest vessels on its surface.

In addition to all this, we must admit that he possessed an intellect of the first magnitude. It was not an intellect like Leonardo's, who anticipated Bacon's discovery, and who might, under different influences, have equalled Bacon in law and philosophy. Raphael's intellect was not of the scientific order. Like a true artist, he perceived ideas not abstractly, but in *form*, and saw things always in their relation to one another, and harmoniously arranged. To recognize the true quality of maternal love shows finer skill than to comprehend the most ingenious machine, or to solve the most difficult problem. In the frescos of the Vatican and his cartoons for the tapestries, he shows an appreciation of history, philosophy, and religion fully equal to Milton and Dante. The intellectual character of his paintings, even when he represents an epileptic boy, is strongly marked ; and the beings he called into existence would seem to belong to a better world

than the one we inherit. His ideality is always conspicuous.

He has been compared to Shakspeare, Schiller, Emerson, and Mozart. He resembles Shakspeare in dramatic power and the affluence of his genius. He was like Emerson in his ideality and cheerful serenity; Schiller, in his purity and ardent temperament; Mozart, in his love of simple beauty. As a genius, he was certainly superior to Milton, and quite equal to Dante. I think he may be said to surpass all musical composers except Beethoven.

It has also been customary to compare him with Michel Angelo, but the two were as different as great artists well can be; for except their greatness, their sincerity, and their skill in drawing, they had actually nothing in common. Michel Angelo seized upon greatness at a single bound. He began almost in the middle of the circle; while Raphael commenced at the beginning, and worked his way gradually to Michel Angelo's starting point. In this way they completed almost the whole circle of art, and left only some gaps here and there for others to fill. They did not differ so much like day and night, as like spring and autumn. The one came to an end in midsummer, and Michel Angelo's *Martyrdom of St. Peter* belongs to the last days of December. They were both idealists as a matter of course, —Raphael, in form at least, the more so, while Michel Angelo was the more real, and sometimes even realistic. Raphael excelled him in light and shade, in coloring, and in the composition of a number of figures; yet we do not feel that he was Michel

Angelo's equal, for he fell far short of him in originality. Almost everything in art pales before the elevated conceptions of the Sistine Chapel.

Raphael's two rivals were properly Leonardo and Tintoretto; yet how are we to compare two such dissimilar pictures as the *Sistine Madonna*, and the *Last Supper* at Milan? It would be less difficult to decide between the comparative virtues of man and woman. There are no female heads in Leonardo's *Last Supper*, and only an old pope in the Dresden picture. They are, in fact, complimentary to each other. Perhaps Leonardo was intrinsically the greater of the two. His drawings are certainly more interesting than Raphael's, and the *Mona Lisa* certainly outshines all the Raphaels in the Louvre; but in this instance, as in many others, we must consider quantity as well as quality. No other artist accomplished so much work in the same space of time that Raphael did in his short life. He was the Alexander of painters.

A comparison with Tintoretto may be of more advantage, for there we have broader ground to work on. It will be remembered, however, that nearly all the paintings of Tintoretto's first decade are lost to us, and we have now only two or three altar-pieces, like that in the Church of the Carmini, to compare with what has been called Raphael's Nazarene period. These, indeed, may be placed beside the work of any other artist of the same age; but we should also like to have seen the rest of them. The springtime of youth has its value as well as the summer of maturity, and Raphael owes much of his

popularity to the sunny freshness of his early compositions. Neither have we anything of Tintoretto's with which to compare his later Madonna work. In Venice, Madonnas had long been out of fashion. Generally speaking, Raphael would have seemed to have had the finer gifts, and Tintoretto to have been the better artist. He did not equal Raphael in delicacy of expression, nor did he possess that peculiar grace which fascinates us all ; but he excelled Raphael in coloring, in *chiaroscuro*, and in the vigor, purity, and I think also in correctness of drawing. This requires some explanation.

Raphael's drawing has passed into a proverb, and is certainly among the best. His graceful lines are very charming, and remarkably well suited to Madonnas and infant Saviours. He drew all his figures, however, in nearly the same manner, whether maidens or old men, angels or demons. When we come upon a multitude of his figures in the Vatican, we at length become tired of this, and are ready to declare it a mannerism. It is no more than, however, than Correggio's coloring (which he applied to all subjects whether it suited them or not) is a mannerism. It was a trick of his fingers which he could not escape from.

Tintoretto's drawing has no such charm as this, but only the merit of simple truthfulness,—and nothing wears better. He adopted both drawing and coloring to his subject, and if he painted an old man he did not give him a graceful attitude, but one characteristic of advanced age. In his picture of the *Three Graces* there is certainly all the grace that we

could desire. But it is not the grace of Tintoretto: it is the grace of three unaffected girls, or the grace of Nature herself. His studies in anatomy gave him an easy superiority in nude figures and unusual attitudes. Only Michel Angelo has equalled him in this line, and perhaps even Michel Angelo could not so well have painted the flight of despairing mothers in Tintoretto's *Massacre of the Innocents*. Raphael's figures are usually draped (for the most part they are very nobly draped), and his postures, though natural and unconstrained, are not exceptional.

Raphael was the best colorist among the Florentines, except possibly Andrea del Sarto,—but that is not being a Venetian. I suppose even Bassano would be considered a better colorist than Raphael; though Raphael's coloring varied so much at different times that it is difficult to speak of it as a whole. Some of his pictures have an iridescent quality that greatly distinguishes them. It is more like the dewy freshness of Rubens than the finish of any other master. No human ingenuity could produce such an effect: it must have come by a process of natural selection,—as certain birds choose the food which will give them the dyes for their plumage.

Raphael was not remarkable for his *chiaroscuro*, though his skies are of a beautiful blue, and his landscapes have at least an appearance of distance. Here Tintoretto has the field to himself. The way in which his *Three Graces* are separated from one another (so that the air seems to circulate between them) is one of the miracles of art. In the *Worship of the Golden Calf* also, the legs of the four carriers

are more distinct and the ground under them more solid than they would appear in a photograph from real life. If Raphael ever approached this, it was in his painting of *St. Margaret and the Dragon*.

The true merit of Raphael lies in his delicacy of expression and dramatic power. It was his delight to represent continually the pride and affection with which a mother regards her young child,—and the manner in which he did this may be called incomparable. The subject was a perennial one, but had never before received its due. No other subject requires such tenderness of feeling, such delicacy of touch. It is by these qualities that his Madonnas are to be distinguished rather than by the painting of a hand or the shape of an ear. Especially he endeavored to portray the expression of the eye in those moments when the soul appears visibly to speak through it. It is the best proof of the nobility of his nature that he should have observed and perpetuated those transitory gleams of the divine element in man. If he had never painted any other subject, his success in this would have secured him an immortality on earth; *for that is what it is*. Thus he became a paragon to all women, and created a bond which still unites him to all civilized races. Every true mother feels that her babe is a holy child, the offspring of an immaculate conception.

As a dramatic artist, Raphael comes as near to Shakspeare as a painter can approach to a poet. The painter has the advantage of the poet in being able to give intense vitality to one particular moment, though he is unable to follow out the action of his

scene to its final termination. The impression he makes is of a different kind, and sometimes more profound. Raphael's best groups are so natural and at the same time so skilfully arranged, that they remind us of scenes at the theatre in which all the parts are performed by the most competent actors. Every person in them has an individual share in the general effect, and this is usually so perfect that their different *rôles* might all be represented by fractions whose sum total is unity. Their relative importance is indicated by prominence of position, beauty of form, or some effect of light. They seem to be united by a magnetic influence; and while each comprehends only the part which he or she has to play, Raphael comprehends them all. Like Shakspeare's characters, and those of all great dramatists, they reveal their own natures to us, so that we not only see clearly what they intend to do, but perceive the motives that lie behind. Here Raphael's delicacy of expression comes into full play; and this is the reason why Michel Angelo did not succeed even with the help of Sebastian del Piombo, when he entered into competition with Raphael. His enigmatic characters were not suited to take part in a general movement with others. They have an individuality which they do not reveal.

Raphael's limitation as a dramatic painter was tragedy. Perhaps he thought that the monks had provided crucifixions and martydoms enough for the world already. He was of a sunny temperament, naturally inclined to the cheerful side of life. He succeeded with marvellous ease, and could have

known little of the sorrows or troubles of mankind from personal experience. He was too serious to be fond of much revelry, but he liked to dwell upon that deeper kind of happiness which is found in quiet places. Above all things, he loved to signalize the victory of good over evil. There was a natural demand for this, after the intense seriousness of Michel Angelo; but when we consider that the best plays of Shakspeare are all tragedies, that the greatest of Titian's pictures was a tragedy, and so were some of the best of Tintoretto's works, we see that the limitation in this case is not a trifling one. Pathos is the divine sentiment, for it leads men back to justice; and on this account Tintoretto's *Crucifixion* in San Rocco makes a deeper impression than any of Raphael's frescos in the Vatican.

LYRIC PICTURES.

Wherefore do we speak of Titian's *Flora*, Correggio's *Reading Magdalen*, and Raphael's *Saint Cecilia* as poetic? We do not say the same of Titian's *Tribute Money*, though it is a more noble painting than the others.

The two principal divisions of poetry are lyric and dramatic; and when we use the word "poetic," it is the former that we usually refer to. The epic is a combination of the two; a transitory form between the hymn and the drama. The essence of the simple lyric is a single idea developed by illustration to complete harmony. Goethe's song, *The Wild Rose*

on the Hether, is a typical instance of the lyric. A heedless boy is charmed with the rose and plucks it. By this rude act he ingrafts its beauty, in a measure, on his own nature, and the rose dies a sacrifice for the amelioration of mankind. The incident is trivial, but the poet perceives its significance and applies this universally.

The essence of dramatic poetry consists in a conflict of ideas, which are harmonized through the mediation of the poet. If might prevails, they are harmonized in life; otherwise they are harmonized by death.

The same classification might be applied to historical paintings; not to all of them, it is true, for poetic pictures are rather the exception, as there are dramas written in prose and lyrics that are no lyrics. But let us take Correggio's *Magdalen* and analyze it as we have Goethe's poem. Here is a repentant woman, whose beauty makes her penitence the more impressive. She has passed through the agitated, remorseful period, and has come to be at peace with her own conscience in the confidence of a virtuous future. This is made evident by the repose of her figure, the gentle expression of her face, and the fact that she is able to enjoy reading a sacred book, as we may suppose it. Titian's *Magdalen*, though a powerful, is not a poetic picture, for we find her represented with flowing eyes and dishevelled hair in the very agony of remorse. It would require more than Titian's skill to harmonize such extreme passion with the mood in which we visit the Pitti gallery. The two *Magdalens*, by Murillo, more re-

fined than Titian's, form an ascending series which leads up to Correggio's picture. Correggio certainly selected the most favorable of all moments for his design.

Raphael was endowed with both the lyric and dramatic gifts. He cultivated the two side by side nearly to the close of his life; and especially the lyric in his youth, for that is the time when we sing.

Michel Angelo came like the storm, and Raphael like the sunshine after it. The boldness with which the former struck out into life, and the gradual manner in which the latter emerged from the shadow of Perugino were characteristic of them both. If Raphael had been abrupt or violent he would not have been so graceful. He did not develop at first originality of design, but made use of the compositions of Perugino and others, endeavoring to improve upon the execution of them. This was an excellent plan even for a genius, for by correcting the faults of his master, he learned to avoid them himself, and by perfecting himself in technical skill he laid the foundation for universal excellence. An endless discussion has arisen, however, in regard to the authenticity of these rather youthful productions,—a most fruitless discussion, for the value of a work of art depends, as Vassari remarks, on its own merit and not on the reputation of its author. Do we value ancient statues the less because their sculptors are unknown to us? If a picture is good, what is the difference whether it was painted by Raphael or Perugino? The only fact of importance in the question is established by

the doubt itself.* The transition-types have not the same value in art as in natural history. Hermann Grimm, with one brave dash of his pen, sweeps them all aside and begins his biography with the public actuality of Raphael as a genius.

I think these Peruginesque works are to be distinguished not so much by the painting of the hands as by the drawing of the face, the drapery and lower limbs. There is a longitudinal heaviness usually in Perugino's figures. His angels sometimes look as if they had the mumps ; his women are long-waisted ; and his saints stand heavily. Raphael corrected these faults as quickly as possible, and in a more gracious manner than his great rival corrected Ghirlandajo ; but in regard to Raphael's hands I do not feel so sure. The hands have always been a decisive test of authenticity among connoisseurs, because, while the painter is obliged to take the greatest pains with them, it is not necessary to give them an individuality like that of the face. They require an expression of their own, it is true, but only to a limited degree. He therefore naturally falls into an habitual, though it should never be a mechanical, method of treating them. Thus, for the same reason, the hands of a mature artist are a veracious guide to his work, and those of a beginner a very uncertain guide.

* Mr. T. G. Appleton was exhibiting his pictures to an acquaintance when the man said : " Oh, a Palma Vecchio, how delightful ! It is a Palma, is it not ? " " That," replied Mr. Appleton, " is *probably* a Palma. But this is a much better picture. What do you say to this ? I call it a Bassano."

Mr. Appleton's mental attitude deserves recognition.

The Berlin gallery was the last of the national galleries of Europe to be formed, and, therefore, there were few celebrated works of art which the Prussian kings could get possession of. It contains several of the early Raphaels, so-called, but though, at one visit in Berlin, I went to the Museum of Paintings more than thirty days in succession, I scarcely now remember the subjects of them. Compared with Titian's *Lavinia* and Guido's *Two Apostles*, they made a slight impression on me. The *Madonna and Saints*, partially denuded of paint, shows most clearly the Hellenic quality, but is not otherwise interesting and if it were in perfect condition it might not be equal to a good Perugino. It corresponds to Michel Angelo's *Madonna* in the Tribuna at Florence.

The first picture that an English reader is likely to meet with, which decisively proves Raphael's genius, is a small *Madonna* in the London National Gallery. It barely covers two square feet of canvas, and its coloring has changed so much that the light and shade in it is now greatly discolored, and it even reminds one of a faded bouquet. Braun's photograph, however, which is nearly as large as the picture itself, brings back the *chiaroscuro* very successfully, and is more like what the original painting must have been than the original itself is now.

Here we discover at the outset the architectural character of Raphael's mind. The head of the *Madonna* is arranged like a bust between two narrow arched windows, which give a modest domestic look to the scene. If Raphael had lived longer he must

inevitably have exercised an important influence in architecture. The little Saviour stands at her right knee, eager to receive the cross which Saint John is bringing to him. The Virgin, however, perceives the significance of the present, and her face is contracted with an expression of unhappy foreboding. How often have I seen that expression on the faces of women just as Raphael has represented it. The form of the Saviour is already an ideal, the first, I believe, in Italian painting. His head is beautifully rounded, his features regular and refined. He is, besides, painted with more care than any other portion of the picture. The little St. John is of a more common type, but at the same time characteristic and finely conceived. Both the children seem to me finer types than those in the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, though by no means so well painted. The coloring is rather hard even where it is best preserved, but the picture is exquisitely finished and its style easily distinguishes it from all other pictures about it. It has Raphael's grace and classic repose; which is certainly enough. Its effect is tranquillizing. It might be compared to one of Whittier's ballads.

This little picture must have been painted about the time that Michel Angelo began to chisel his statue of *David*. What a contrast; and yet the mountain stream is gaining force and volume, and will soon become such a freshet as shall astonish mankind.

The Holy Family at Munich happened to be the first Raphael that I ever set eyes on, and the sight

gave me something like an electric shock, a feeling which I have always had since on meeting with one of his genuine pictures. I had passed by Rubens, Murillo, and Titian, all mighty, independent forces ; but here was a man who seemed to belong to a different solar system. Such purity, refinement, and religious feeling expressed in form, I could never have imagined. His work was to that of the others what silver is to bronze.

The picture is delicately colored, mostly in transparent tints, and reminds one slightly of Filippino Lippi, from whom Raphael is supposed to have taken a figure or two occasionally. It is more skilfully painted than the London *Madonna*, and with a lighter touch, and the ideality which we noticed before in the figure of Jesus, is extended here to the whole subject. It has not, however, the same depth of feeling, being conceived, perhaps, in a light-hearted mood. Mary and Elizabeth are toying with the two children in a charmingly feminine manner, while Joseph stands over them sentinel-like. The group forms a not very regular pyramid with Joseph for its apex. This arrangement may seem too formal at first, but it results naturally from the perfect harmony of Raphael's design, and the closeness of their relation to one another. The pyramid typifies the solidity of the family structure ; on which cities and empires are built. If Raphael had been conscious of this idea, he might not have succeeded so well in giving it expression. What he wished was to portray his subject in the best possible manner. He succeeded, as no one had done before him,

because he understood the mental attitude of each member of the group to every other. Could any further proof be required of Raphael's intellectual superiority?

Here we have the dramatic talent in embryo, only waiting the right opportunity to develop itself. The picture, however, is not dramatic but lyric, and represents one of those moments of blessedness in human life which may be compared to June weather. Similar to it in character, though not so interesting as a study, is the *Madonna of the Meadow* in the Belvedere at Vienna.

The *Madonna of the Goldfinch* may have been painted a year or two later than the foregoing, and is the first of Raphael's works that indicates genuine power. It is not so ideal in form or color as the *Holy Family* at Munich, nor has it so good a landscape as the *Madonna of the Meadow*, but it is much more interesting. It fully exemplifies Wasson's precept, that in art we should have the real, with the ideal shining through it. Raphael would seem here to have checked his ideality, and returned to real life to gain vital force, as a grape grower cuts back his vines. The ideality of the picture resides in the spirit in which it was conceived, and issues from it like an invisible influence which we neither see nor feel. The word which best expresses it is loveliness.

It was not until Raphael painted the *Entombment* that he succeeded in producing a good landscape. The background in the *Madonna of the Goldfinch* resembles a geological chart, and belongs to the middle of the fifteenth century. Two slender trees

are planted in the distance on either side of the group. The Madonna is evidently a portrait, for she appears again somewhat older, as one of the muses in the Parnassus of the Vatican. The child Jesus is not even elegant, but has a large head, deep-set eyes, a sober expression, and is generally old looking. St. John, a fine, vigorous boy, holds the goldfinch very carefully and tenderly, so that the little Saviour may examine it. The Virgin Mary looks down on her child and his friend, smiling with love, modesty, and superior intelligence; a smile once seen not to be forgotten again. She is not exactly beautiful, but comely and very pleasant. I suppose no one except Raphael could have given such a pose to her head. There is no mystery about her expression. We all understand it, and only wish that she would look up once, so that we could see what fine eyes she has.

Louisa Alcott, in one of her letters from Italy, remarked that she did not like Raphael's pictures, because his women simpered. This must have come from a careless observation, or perhaps from one of the spurious Raphaels in one of the smaller galleries. There is the same difference between a smile and a simper, as there is between stone and stucco. I am not acquainted with all of Raphael's paintings, but I do not remember any women of his who simper. Most of them have rather a serious expression; they are always self-contained, and if they smile at all, it is usually with their eyes. The smile of the *Madonna of the Goldfinch* is as unique as that of the *Mona Lisa*.

One would like to know who this charming woman was that favored Raphael with her portrait for his composition. Clearly she was not a vulgar model, but a lady in good society, cultivated and refined, as was Titian's *Venus*, which hangs near in the Tribuna (the same as his *Bella* in the Pitti Palace); but too modest and conscientious to expose herself in that manner. I have read in a German book, that Raphael said he preferred to belong to all women rather than that any one woman should belong to him. He must have been attractive to the other sex, with his quick intelligence, his ready wit, and graceful, dreamy manner. Women gave him their confidence readily, because he penetrated to the depth of their nature and appreciated their finest qualities. They perceived also that he was a man to be trusted. This may have been the reason that he never became married, because the circle of his feminine acquaintance was too large to make a selection from easily. The ones most interesting to him, would be those who were already married. There is no rose without its thorn, and Raphael's reputation has suffered like some others who have been favorites of the fair sex, from the thoughtless mischief of vicious tongues. This and the story of the Fornarina have been made the premises of an argument to prove that Raphael was an immoral man. So near is purity ever to pollution. In such cases the internal evidence is much the safest, and we should remember that it would be a man's character in other respects, that would carry the case if brought into a court. Raphael's *Madonnas*, like Goethe's *Songs*, could only

have emanated from a nature chaste and sound. Let us take our stand by that, and say each one of us with the poet Longfellow: "I cannot believe it."

The *Madonna of the Goldfinch* is painted with Raphael's miraculous ease, and suggests the influence of Leonardo in the roundness of the limbs and fullness of the drapery, but so far as the advancement of art is concerned, Tintoretto's *Presentation of Jesus*, Correggio's *Antiope*, or Titian's *Bella* go a long way beyond it. It is for its tenderness of feeling, and the fulness and delicacy with which this is expressed, that the *Madonna of the Goldfinch* holds its place among the masterpieces of Italy. Never was Raphael's style more pure, or his thought more disinterested than when he painted it.

The same charming, unaffected lady, with her two children, appears again in the *Madonna* in the Louvre called *La Bella Jardinière*, painted evidently about the time of the Munich group, to which it is allied in color and treatment, and eight or ten months before the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*. The last point at least can be determined exactly by the size of the children of whom one appears to be just a year older than the other. She is a modest, maidenly young mother, perhaps selected by Raphael on that account. It is a captivating picture, but not so well painted or so perfect as the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*. The expression of the mother is not so tender, so genial; the shadows are lighter, and the outlines sharper; the hands and feet of the children are not so well drawn, and the attitude of

St. John crouching to the ground, is too much like that of a frog who is preparing to jump. The Virgin's naked foot also appears from under her dress in rather a startling manner. Raphael represented nearly all his Madonnas with naked feet, and where they are treading upon the clouds, the effect is a pleasant one; but on the earth, not equally so. The background also is more conventional than in the *Goldfinch* painting. Three little clouds are ranged horizontally on either side of the Virgin's head.

To atone for these peculiarities, the form, attitude, and expression of the infant Jesus are among the finest of Raphael's creations. He looks into his mother's face with such purity and innocence as requires no aureole to sanctify it; and the Madonna herself, has that look of modesty and devotion which is more charming in a woman, than a proudly carried head. It is a more spirited painting and shows a finer feeling than the *Holy Family* at Munich, and we therefore conclude that it was executed very soon after that, either late in 1504 or early in 1505.

These three paintings, produced at equal intervals, may serve us like the *loci*, by which astronomers calculate the orbit of a heavenly body.

PORTRAITS.

Between *La Belle Jardinière* and Raphael's next group of Madonnas, there intervenes a space of about five years, during which he was occupied with the *Entombment*, the *School of Athens*, the *Parnassus*, and

the *Heliodorus* in the Vatican, besides a number of portraits. During this period he improved his art in breadth and vigor of drawing, with a richer, more substantial coloring, a deeper *chiaroscuro*, and united them with a more profound feeling and the most magnificent designs. He discarded everything heretofore conventional in Florentine art, and transplanted its noble nature to the Roman soil, where it could expand in the full freedom of a national life. The influence of Michel Angelo on his drawing is an oft-repeated tale, but it is no less certain that he profited from Leonardo's treatise on painting, and also somewhat from the coloring of Titian, if not even Giorgione. He drew his inspiration from every quarter of the heavens, and, like Tintoretto, summed up in himself all that had been done before him.

Raphael's portraits are not very numerous. Perhaps he considered portrait painting an inferior kind of art, for which he could not afford the time. Certain it is that even Titian's portraits, though our admiration for them might never cease in a private house, are not nearly so interesting as the historical work of painters like Paris Bordone and Sodoma. Raphael's portraits appear to have been either those of personal friends, like the portrait in the Louvre of a youth whose chin is resting in his hand, and the one of Altoviti at Munich, or of popes and cardinals, from whom he could not very well escape. There are letters, however, of that time which show that he not only painted the portraits of foreign ambassadors, but sometimes even of travellers coming to

Rome, as they go there now. There is a passage in Benvenuto Cellini's memoirs which comes upon one like a flash of light. He was in Florence, and in the midst of a rambling account of his own affairs, pauses to say that he met a man who had come from Rome with two pictures painted by Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino. Who was this man, and what has become of the pictures he was carrying?

Raphael's early portraits were strongly subjective, and correspond to the other paintings of his Nazarene period. The two mentioned above, though one has a round face and the other a long one, have both been mistaken for his own; and no wonder, for he so infused his own personality into them, that the same pure spirit (like spring sunshine) beams in every feature, which looks out upon us from the eyes of his Madonnas. The authenticity of the Louvre portrait has been questioned, but if style and expression can go for anything, it is a genuine Raphael. What his Florentine portraits lack, is breadth of treatment; for a portrait requires this as well as a group of figures. They are not equal to Titian's early portraits, though the one in Munich of Altoviti has a good reputation as a study of color. The coloring of American Copley resembles Raphael's, except in his flesh tints, which are much too cold.

Raphael's Roman portraits are quite another affair, and fully equal to those by Titian or Rubens; though their excellence is of a somewhat different kind. Titian's portraits take the precedence in *reality*; Raphael's in *vitality*. Next to Leonardo,

no painter has ever put so much life into the eyes as Raphael, and even Leonardo perhaps did not have so clear a perception of the internal life. He also surpassed Titian in delicacy of expression, difficult as that might seem to be; while he narrowly approached him in depth and vigor of coloring. From 1508 to 1515 Raphael practised a wholly different scale of coloring from what he had previously done; and the influence of Titian and other Venetians is plainly traceable in this. In the presentation of human life taken in its length, depth, and breadth, Titian surpassed Raphael, who might almost be called a specialist in spirituality.

Leonardo's and Michel Angelo's portraits of themselves, and the portrait of Beatrice Cenci exceed all others in importance. Next to these come Raphael's portraits of Julius Second, and the so-called *Fornarina* of the Tribuna. There are four, if not five portraits of Julius, known to be by his hand; one in the National Gallery, one in the Pitti Palace, another in the Tribuna, and one in the Borghese Palace; all representing him in a similar, if not the same identical position. It would be well if they could all be brought together and compared, as Holbein's Dresden and Darmstadt *Madonnas* were some time since, so that it might be decided which was the original painting and what other differences exist between them. As only the very finest works of art are admitted to the Tribuna, it is presumable that Italian judges consider that one the best; though I notice that Grimm prefers the one in the Pitti gallery, and the London portrait would seem to be equal to either.

They are painted almost if not wholly by Raphael's own hand.

This, then, is the "violent and diabolical person" of whom Machiavelli writes. Raphael has represented him as simply as possible sitting for his portrait in a dignified manner, while he revolves in his mind those great plans which were the companions of his life. He does not look like a diplomatic Italian, but more like a New England judge, or orthodox clergyman of fifty years ago; men absolute and domineering in their narrow circle, but who yield at the same time faithful obedience to certain prescribed rules of conduct. His face, though severe, is not unattractive, and wins confidence. He was the best subject Raphael could have had; unless, indeed, he had painted Martin Luther, who came to Rome not long afterward.

Ouray, the educated Indian chief, was a man of remarkable intelligence. Among a congregation of twenty or thirty men, lawyers, mine-owners, and others, on the piazza of a Colorado hotel, Ouray had the quickest eye and brightest face. If he had only been white he might have been elected governor of the state. Yet this was not more noticeable than the elasticity of his limbs. It seemed as if the others could only rise from their chairs by an effort, but Ouray looked as if he might at any moment spring into the air like an antelope. His feet were as much on the alert as his eyes. Something like this is visible in the portrait of Julius II. It seems as if the lightning might suddenly flash out from him. He was a political gladiator who vanquished his oppo-

nents, not by main strength or dexterous fencing, but by an unexpected, deadly thrust. The pope's own counsellors could never foresee what enterprise he would undertake next. As we look at him on Raphael's canvas he is in the perfect balance between thought and action. He is resting, but it is the repose of a panther: he may start to his feet in a second and astonish mankind.

In warmth of coloring and perfection of finish the portraits of Julius stand almost by themselves. Next to them we should place Raphael's *Violin Player* in the Sciarra Palace, which is both a portrait and an ideal picture. Leo X. and his two cardinals, in the Pitti Gallery, are not painted in quite so noble a manner; either because Raphael felt less interest in the men, or because it had become his habit to leave too much to the mediocrity of his pupils and assistants. Yet it is a magnificent painting.

There are four pictures in the Tribuna attributed to Raphael hanging side by side. The *Madonna of the Goldfinch* and *Pope Julius* we have already considered. The *Madonna del Pozzo* is neither drawn nor colored in the style of Raphael, and though the composition reminds us of him, this is something which any skilful painter can imitate. We therefore leave it out of the account. There remains the so-called *Fornarina*, whose color-tone differs nearly as much from *Pope Julius* as that does from the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*. The man with the iron mask was not a stranger mystery than this glorious portrait.

Professor Lübke thinks the picture too exceptional for Raphael, and attributes it to one of the scholars of Giorgione, probably Sebastian del Piombo. This, I believe, is the general opinion of connoisseurs. Morelli agrees with it, but cannot recover from a first Raphaelesque impression which the portrait gave him, and thinks it may have been painted by Sebastian while under the influence of Raphael's magnetism. Grimm, on the contrary, declares that Sebastian never could have risen to so high a flight.

This much is certain. The woman represented here could not possibly have been the *Fornarina* of Italian social mythology. More likely she was the daughter of a burgher than of a baker. The piece of fine fur thrown over her left shoulder would indicate as much, even if we did not discover it in the well-educated expression of her face. The opening of her dress at the throat resembles that of the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, and her chemise is bound with a ribbon on which small figures have been wrought by hand, imitated in the portrait with perfect exactness. Her social position is evidently among the best.

Neither is it more likely that she could have served as a model for the *Sistine Madonna*. The difference in the shape of their heads, as well as the contour of their features, forbids us from supposing this. She has not the long oval face of the enraptured beauty at Dresden, and the height of her forehead, the length of her nose, and the distance between her nose and her chin, are almost the same (a proportion more common among men than women), while the

nose of the *Sistine Madonna* is fully two fifths the length of her face,—her mouth and chin being unusually small. The expression of this portrait is of a bright, keen-witted person, fully conscious of her advantages in life, and intending to make good use of them; not an elevated nature, but a fine example of the more practical sort. She may not be worldly herself, but she understands the world and how to deal with it. If such an expression as that of the *Sistine Madonna* was ever on the face of a mortal woman, she must have been a rarely poetic soul, who knew only her devotion to her child and her reverence for the Almighty.

This portrait is beautiful in spite of its faults. It has no *chiaroscuro* worth speaking of. The features are drawn rather than painted, so as to give the face almost a sculpturesque hardness. The drawing is graceful, but the composition is such as to give a general effect of squareness; caused I think by the lines of the neck being perpendicular to those of the forearm. Yet there is a sweetness of expression in the eyes which is Raphael's own; nor do I think it has ever been imitated; nor could a mouth be more beautifully and tenderly feminine. The execution also shows a master hand. The lace on her neck is represented by two curving white lines, which seem to me one of the most difficult feats of art; and, what is remarkable, the line on the right side, where the edge of the lace would be more exposed, is more firmly drawn and slightly broader than that on the left. The narrow band of embroidery around the edge of her chemise, worked with curious little

figures, is such as only a painter who delights in his skill would take the trouble to represent.

The shadows on her face and neck are like the shadows on snow, and there is a sparkle like frost in her eyes; yet she is warm, tender, and human. If there is another such dazzling portrait of a woman it is the Eve in Tintoretto's *Paradise*. She is wonderfully tempered between maidenly purity and womanly love. The portrait resembles Giorgione's style, and yet with a decided difference. Instead of being lighted from within, the light comes from its *surface*. Is it not more likely that Raphael painted it under the influence of Giorgione, than that Sebastian painted it under Raphael's influence? Even Titian's beautiful women do not possess such intelligence and vitality. If, then, Titian could not have painted it, what shall we say of Sebastian del Piombo? I cordially agree with Professor Grimm, that it is much beyond Sebastian's power of the brush, and if it be not the work of Raphael, I cannot imagine by whose agency such a portrait came to exist.

Connoisseurs always go to the hands; but in Raphael's case they would do better to consider how the eyes are painted. Raphael nearly approached Leonardo in his expression of intelligence, but no hands that he ever painted can be compared to those of the *Mona Lisa*; and his hands vary greatly in different pictures. If, however, the right hand of the so-called *Fornarina* be compared with the left hand of the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, I think it would be seen that they are closely allied in draw-

ing, though the latter is more deeply shaded. If we suppose this picture then to have been painted about 1507 when Giorgione's fame was at its height, we may safely conclude it was Raphael's first attempt in the Venetian style. The woman herself is so thoroughly Florentine that she might have served in the Carnival as an emblematic deity. The notion that she was Raphael's mistress,—for which there is not the ghost of a probability,—has given this picture an unpleasant association, and prevented it from being admired so much as it deserves.

Now we will return a year or more to Raphael's own portrait in the portait room of the Uffizi, which looks like a man of twenty-two or three, and very likely was painted when he first began to be famous. It would seem to have been the first portrait that he painted. It has not the deep, rich coloring of the so-called *Fornarina*, but resembles that picture in its sharp contrasts of light and shade,—like the sunshine and shadow in the streets of Florence. There is, however, a more convincing point of resemblance between them. If photographs of the two are placed side by side I think it will be perceived that they must have been drawn by the same hand. This is particularly noticeable in the lines of the throat which have that slight tendency to a double curve which constitutes the grace of Raphael. The visual angle at which both portraits are painted is also the same, though the face of one is turned to the right and the other to the left.

Now Raphael's drawing has been copied with some success, but it never has been imitated. Sassoferato made some excellent copies from Raphael, but he was unable to imitate his style, though he would probably have liked much to do so. He painted his own pictures in a wholly different manner. Raphael's drawing was an ideal.

There is a duplicate of this portrait in the Louvre whose authenticity has been doubted; but I do not know why it should be, for it is painted with exquisite care, and is full of vitality.

Raphael's expression in the Uffizi portrait is dreamy, observing, and maidenly pure. The face is unique, but does not, like Leonardo's, bear the stamp of greatness. He has an uncommonly long neck, and also a very long nose. His hair is long, but does not fall upon his shoulders. All of the features are delicate, feminine, and finely cut. His lips might have been carved upon a gem. His artist's cap is picturesque, and sets off his face to advantage. There is no tenderness in his eye, nor anywhere a trace of emotion. The flesh tints must have become lighter with time, or his complexion was a very pale one.

The different appearance of this portrait and that of the one in his picture in the *School of Athens* has often attracted attention, but there is nothing in this fact which need invalidate either of them. You may sometimes observe how a man who has been working hard at his profession for a number of years, if he suddenly becomes prosperous and has a position in life assured to him, will change in appearance as a

young woman does who marries and becomes the mother of two or three children. It is the difference between the Florentine and the Roman Raphael, and corresponds exactly to the work he performed in the two cities.

MORE BEAUTIFUL LYRICS.

Perugino was always the same ; but the perspective in which we view him depends on the place where he happened to be. In Perugino he appears like a great man ; in Florence like a good artist ; and in Rome we do not think of him. It was exactly the reverse with Raphael : the grander his surroundings the better he seemed to be adapted to them. We need not be surprised at the effect of his life in Rome on Raphael. Consider only the influence it exercised over Goethe nearly three hundred years later, after the catholic church had lost its prestige and was no longer a living constructive organism. In the fifteenth century the greatness of the papacy emulated that of the old Roman empire, and the magnificence of the papal court in Raphael's time surpassed that of Louis XIV. Religion was little better than a form, but the prelates who surrounded Leo X. were not only art critics, but philosophers, historians, and antiquaries. They united to a life of worldly splendor a genuine interest in the highest intellectual pursuits.

Raphael drank in wisdom from all these various sources as if he had been a graduate of Berlin University, instead of having spent his earlier years over

the drawing-board and pallet. He learned, as Shakspeare learned afterwards. Genius does not require to know Greek declensions in order to understand the spirit of Hellenic life, nor to study Sanskrit in order to penetrate the mystery of the Vedic hymns. No other painter has shown such a clear penetration into the history of the subjects which he represented ; and while Tintoretto painted a Roman centurian in armor of the fifteenth century, Raphael equipped the combatants in his *Battle of the Milvian Bridge* with such standards and helmets as were used by Brutus and Cassius. The single story told of Raphael which illustrates his true character is the leaving his manifold occupations to take care of an old archæologist, upwards of eighty, in his last illness. Such was the return he made for former benefits ; and as an illustration of his own nature it shows how genuine and veracious the man continued to be to the close of his life. More beautiful even than the *Transfiguration* is this picture of a world-genius subordinating himself to the mean, physical needs of a dying friend. It is the transfiguration of Raphael.

Between 1510 and 1514 he painted another group of Madonnas, differing a good deal from his earlier ones. Perhaps he felt the need of doing this. They are not, however, conceived in so pure a spirit as the earlier group. The most important of them are the *Madonna of the Duke of Alba*, at present in St. Petersburg ; the *Virgin with the Diadem*, in the Louvre ; the *Madonna under the Oak*, in Madrid ;

the *Madonna di Foligno*, in the Vatican; and the *Madonna of the Fish*, in Madrid. They show, as might be expected, more maturity of design, breadth of drawing, a more skilful distribution of light and shade, and especially a stronger, richer coloring, almost like the Venetian. And yet they are transition types which represent the fulness of the painter's external development, without, however, this being harmonized perfectly with the ideal consciousness of his spirit. Not one of them is so much beloved as the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*; and the *Madonna di Foligno*, which was painted in 1511, even reminds me of Titian's *Ascension of the Virgin*. In the adventitious quality of its composition it is neither lyrical nor dramatic.

The finest of this second group, so far as they are known to me, and the most harmonious in its design, is the *Madonna of the Fish*. By a happy anachronism Tobias and the Angel have come to pay a visit to the infant Christ, before whom they bow in devout reverence, while his mother clasps him to her left shoulder, and St. Jerome balances the group with an open bible in his hand, and the lion at his feet. The face of the Madonna is grave, and reminded me, in her expression, of Michel Angelo's Madonna at Burges. She has the same fulness over the eyelid in the outer corner of her brow that we have noticed in the so-called *Fornarina* of the Tribuna. Her eyes are cast down with humility, for she knows it is her divine child, and not herself, to whom homage is being paid. She does not even permit herself to exult in his glory, but holds him so that he may

appear before the angel to the best advantage. A fine point this, and worth recollecting.

Next observe Raphael's blending of the human and divine in the action of the Christ-child. He first looks down at the fish with juvenile curiosity, but in the same instant recognizes the Angel, and his immortal birth-right asserts itself in full force. This is indicated in the expression of his eye while his face is still turned toward Tobias. It is the same eye that we see in the Sistine Jesus,—the eye of eternity itself. No mortal child could ever have had such an expression; not even such a child as Raphael may have been himself. His look is so surprising that we are inclined to forget the pure plastic beauty of the child's figure. His form is an ideal; but this is gracefully concealed by the originality of his attitude. He has placed his left hand on the book, to signify to St. Jerome that he should desist from reading on account of the visitors,—saints being proverbially oblivious to external events.

This noble ideal, however, is not so favorably situated as it might have been. The face of the Madonna, though beautiful, is a trifle heavy, and the expression, though sweet, is somewhat dull. The same heaviness is observable in the arrangement of her skirts,—imitated partly, I believe, from Fra Angelico's *St. John the Evangelist*. There are two rope-like folds above the knee, and below, the skirt is spread out like a fan, with a decided ridge in the centre. A gown might possibly arrange itself in this manner, but would not be very likely to do so. The adoring angel has a fine face, but the expression is

almost too rapturous; and the hirsute St. Jerome, though a grand piece of realism, is perhaps rather too strong a contrast to the delicately modelled child. Tobias, whose chief ornament is his flowing golden hair, is more in sympathy with the Christ-child, and gives a ground-tone to the coloring. The lion is not faithfully rendered, but has a dangerous gleam in his eye such as only Raphael or Leonardo could give.

We notice that the Madonna's dress instead of being in the fashion of the time, as in Raphael's earlier Madonnas, tends more to an universal standard; and the left arm of Jesus proves his attention to Leonardo's rule, that an object outlined against a more distant light object, or the sky, will have a dark shadow on its border. Notice the same effect in Tintoretto's *Bacchus and Ariadne*.

The Christ-child certainly in this picture, is a distinct advance from the Jesus in the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*, with his large premature head and serious expression. The ideal form of the London Christ-child has now been matched by an ideality of nature, or rather of spirit. Those who prefer individuality in art to perfect symmetry of form, would therefore consider this superior to the Sistine Christ-child, who in the opinion of some approaches dangerously near to the eclectic. As Raphael increased in years and experience, his representations of Jesus became continually younger.

The little Saviour in the *Madonna of the Fish* illustrates Homer's description of Astyanax, the son of Hector, "a beautiful boy that shone like a star."

In the *Madonna di Foligno* we obtain another clew to the gradual evolution of Raphael's ideal of a divine mother and child. He has placed them on the clouds; but they are too high above the earth, and the expression of the Madonna is too lofty and condescending to win much of our sympathy. Raphael has yet to learn that the clouds must be brought down to the level of mankind. So it is in religion, and even in philosophy. No theorem of Plato's is proven, until it is repeated in the court-room or the street.

Beneath the clouds there is a John the Baptist with the skin of some animal over his shoulder grandly conceived, and if he were separated from the picture he would be more spiritually satisfying than the whole painting is at present.

Another *John the Baptist in the Wilderness* was, I believe, the first of Raphael's purely ideal compositions. He is a mere boy, seated on a log, with a small rustic cross in his hand; but he is perfect in form and feature, a youthful Apollo but a modern Italian, and with a religious mission before him which fills his soul. I find a resemblance between him and the bronze praying boy which was fished up from the Tiber, and is now in Berlin. Raphael is supposed to have painted it in or about 1515, and if so this is the first picture in which he threw a general color-tone over the whole canvas; a sort of neutral olive, very pleasant to the eye. The tender age of St. John, the beauty of his form, and the loneliness of his situation, appeal irresistibly to the poetic sense of the observer (if he has that in him). Whether

the original is in the Uffizi Gallery and a duplicate in the Louvre, or *vice versa*, is uncertain, but there is also an excellent copy in Berlin. Sassoferato certainly copied Raphael with remarkable success; for which he is more distinguished than for his own paintings. The best artists would not be able to do it now, so far removed are we from the methods of the Roman school.

In Greek sculpture an ideal form was everywhere united with a moral principle. Thus Hercules was an ideal of physical strength, but never of brute force. It was strength applied to great and useful undertakings, and the expression of his face indicates this. He looks like one who has toiled and endured much: truly a very noble expression, as the best statues of him bear witness. In like manner, Mercury was an ideal of lightness and quickness; but his swiftness was given him so that he might carry the messages of the gods; that is, important tidings to mankind. Pallas was an ideal of intellect, and she was represented in armor, because intelligence is always obliged to protect itself against the numerical superiority of dulness and ignorance. This, and not the mythology we hear so much of, was the actual religion of the Greeks, and under its influence they achieved successes which no other nation has since surpassed. Their statues and temples still exercise a powerful sway over the minds of men, and help to determine the destinies of the race. The Venus of Milo is still a goddess; and the Demosthenes of the Vatican is more eloquent than any living orator.

The main effort of early Italian art was to represent the spiritual unity as it appears incarnated in different individualities. The lives of the Madonna and the saints gave them ample opportunity for this, and served in fact both as the subject and the object of their art. What they wished to express is the divinity in man,—what we call holiness; and two centuries were not wasted in the attempt to accomplish this. Abstract types of virtue presented allegorically, as we meet with them in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, were not in their thoughts. Their faces wear always the same spiritual expression; conditioned only by happiness, sorrow, or suffering, and by the personality of the painter.

It was permitted Raphael alone to harmonize the Christian and pagan spirit, the classic and the romantic in perfect unity; to give holiness in man, and more especially in woman, a complete external manifestation; and at the same time to create types of manliness and womanliness, which might serve as ideals to future generations.

Yet he indicated a tendency toward this from the very beginning. The composition of his earliest pictures, in the stately repose of the figures, their harmonious disposition, the simple elegance of their attire, and the ideality, which seems like an atmosphere about them, proves that the spirit of Phidias or Appelles had again visited the earth. This was the tendency of his time, but of all the Renaissance artists, in Raphael alone it attained to ripe fruition; though he never studied Hellenic art with such devotion as did Michel Angelo, who, nevertheless,

remained romantic both in sentiment and design till the close of his life.

But Raphael was also a Christian to the backbone, and as compact of religious feeling as Fra Angelico himself. With his death the spirit of mediæval holiness, as distinguished from the religious feeling of modern times, disappeared forever.

PURE IDEALS.

We cannot prize too highly those few later paintings which were wholly by Raphael's own hand. Much more than the immense frescos of the Vatican, they show him to us as he actually was. The first of these, painted, according to the German authorities, in 1516, and coming next as a pure ideal after his *St. John in the Wilderness*, is the famous *Madonna della Sedia*. The circular frame of this picture serves to give it the same appearance of home-like confidence as the triangular space in which Michel Angelo represented the *Family of Josias*; but the *Madonna della Sedia* is an ideal of maternal happiness, so tender that the presence of a man in it would seem to be an intrusion. Joseph is only permitted to look at the scene from a distance. The Madonna clasps her child to her breast and knows of naught beside. She looks away in dreamy forgetfulness of all care and anxiety; while the little St. John standing at her knee, with child-like sympathy reflects the same feeling. It is a dream of maternal bliss, and fills one with a restful content. St. John's little cross, almost out of sight, adds just a touch of religious sentiment to it.

The Christ-child is purely human although an ideal; very different from the one in the *Madonna of the Fish*. He is full of dimples and prettiness, and seems to be beating time with his feet. He does not look premature, and his eyes, though full of intelligence, give no suggestion of a divine origin. They are the eyes of genius, and his lips have also a distinguished expression, which we shall meet with once again.

There are those who have condemned the whole picture on account of the face of the Madonna, which is a perfect oval and dangerously near eclecticism. Its outline is an unbroken curve, and her cheek is shaded with a more perfect gradation of color than any rose petal. Suspicious critics have their doubts about this, while a keen-sighted young woman will only discover rare beauty in it. It lacks, as all such faces must, the strength of individuality.

I have seen the shadow on the profile of a girl form a perfectly straight line from her hair to her lips. That a face like that of the *Madonna della Sedia* is not impossible, has been proved in the case of the daughter of a sail-maker on the New England coast. This girl, cradled by east winds and living among the roughest people, grew up to be the most beautiful woman of her time. At least those who beheld her in her youthful glory all agreed that they had neither seen nor could they imagine a woman who surpassed her. The only difference of opinion might be in regard to a different style of beauty. She was a bright, rosy blond, with golden-brown hair, and in the sunlight was dazzling beyond

description. Some might, however, prefer the more ruddy Italian beauty. Everybody noticed that her features were all perfect, but that her eyes were exceptional even in so rare a face. They were indeed more beautiful than the photograph represents, and though they may never have had the same expression which we venerate in the eyes of the *Sistine Madonna*, in themselves they were much more beautiful. There was a plastic modulation to her face which is not to be found in the *Madonna della Sedia*,—not at least in the Madonna herself, though more in the infant Christ. The *Bacchus* of Tintoretto is a good example of it.

If this splendid woman had lived in the Athens of Pericles, they would certainly have transformed her into a goddess of gold and ivory. Her figure was not unworthy of her face: her manners were refined and very pleasant. Why she should have been born under conditions so unfavorable to her that her beauty could only bring her great unhappiness, and her refinement be the cause of endless suffering, is one of those mysteries of divine providence to which it is difficult to be reconciled.

Such is the effect of a palace on our sense of proportion that the *Madonna della Sedia* seems hardly larger in the Pitti gallery than the engravings of it in our own parlors. It is painted with the delicacy of a miniature, and the way in which Raphael has harmonized the variety of tints with which the Virgin's dress is adorned, is no less remarkable; and the folds of it are so simple and natural that it seems as if they could not have been otherwise. It is a gem,

and deserves the setting of a gem. We notice also that he has returned here to nearly the same tone of color which he brought in his youth from Perugia to Florence. Raphael has surrendered the Venetian method, so far as it ever appertained to him.

A nobler ideal, and I believe in technical skill, the best of all Raphael's pictures, is his *St. Margaret*, in the Louvre. In it a color tone more serious than that of *St. John in the Desert*, and almost like a cloudy twilight, is combined with an atmospheric effect, which I do not think he achieved again. To place a painting in the first great hall of the Louvre with the *Mona Lisa* and Correggio's *Antiope* on one side, and Paul's *Wedding Feast at Cana* on the other, is a severe test even for a Raphael. But even amid this Alpine group pale *St. Margaret* holds us by her spell. Of all Raphael's female forms she is the loveliest and the most beautiful, always excepting the *Sistine Madonna*. She may have been idealized from the same woman who gave her portrait to the *Madonna of the Goldfinch*; for she is evidently an ideal, and as she comes forward, out of the shade with a smile like the *Venus of Milo* on her lips, we can only think of Shakspeare's verse :

“ So shines a good deed in this naughty world.”

The dragon is repulsive; all the more so, for being superbly drawn and painted. I confess that no picture which contains a dragon or a large snake, is altogether pleasant to me; and I believe that any first rate engraver who would engrave the figure of

St. Margaret by itself (coming out of a mist) would make his fortune, for it is only the dragon which prevents this painting from being among the most popular of all.

Raphael's inventive faculty shows itself continually in small matters. Grimm was right when he said that Raphael created as Nature creates. This dragon is as much a veritable monster as a crocodile or a *zeuglodon*. It is a physiological possibility. One would know that Raphael designed it from the original pattern of its markings, which has his style just as the sword has it, on which St. Paul is leaning in the musical picture at Bologna. The pattern is as life-like as that on the back of a *boa constrictor*, but it is not to be found on any living reptile. More important is the *chiaroscuro* in which the tail is represented. It seems to be full five yards long, and yet is painted within the space of four square feet. Foreshortening could never effect this without the finest light and shade.

Two other large pictures in the same hall, the *Holy Family of Francis I.*, and the *Archangel Michael Overpowering Satan*, are not of equal value. They were evidently drawn by Raphael, and have something of his stately grace, but they are known to have been painted mainly by his assistants. Even the drawing seems hardly Raphaelesque, and as designs they are not of the highest order. The *Michael and Satan* cannot be compared with Guido's treatment of the same subject; and the *Holy Family* seems cold beside Correggio's two pictures, so full of

vital power, and painted with loving tenderness even to the very toes.

ST. CECILIA AND THE SISTINE MADONNA.

These two celebrated paintings have a close spiritual relationship. The arrangement of the St. Cecilia group at Bologna is a formal one, which places it out of sympathy with modern art, but it contains an internal harmony which has vibrated through the hearts of millions. What it was formerly can now be best understood by Raphael Morghen's engraving and the solitary figure of St. Cecilia in the Pinacothek at Munich. Napoleon carried the original to Paris, where, according to Morelli, it was entirely repainted. It was for this and other similar depredations that Pasquino coined the searching witticism, "*Francesi son ladroni; non tutti, ma buona parte.*"* In this picture Raphael has preserved the different attitudes with which people are naturally affected while listening to music. St. Cecilia has ceased playing herself, in order to listen to the celestial choir who have caught up the refrain above. Her face is turned upward with an expression of pure enjoyment elevated by a sense of angelic companionship. As an ideal of highly endowed intelligence, the figure of St. Paul leaning on his sword in deep reverie comes next to Raphael's Plato in the *School of Athens*; and his drapery is equally remarkable for its freedom and breadth of drawing.

* The French are thieves; not all, but a good part.

And now with a feeling of deep reverence we approach the *Madonna di San Sisto*.

Of all works of art we may fancy this to have been the nearest approach to an instantaneous creation. It has the appearance of having been painted very swiftly, but at the same time with exquisite smoothness. We know how Goethe's songs and ballads came to be. His mind was suddenly inspired with them, and he seized upon the nearest piece of paper, sometimes writing upon it diagonally in his haste to be delivered. So this picture must have been painted. It is a divine creation, and so inevitable that we feel it must always have existed,—as it always will exist.

Its superiority was not appreciated in Raphael's own time, or Leo X. would certainly never have permitted it to leave Rome. Vasari refers to it in some six or eight lines, and then writes nearly a page concerning the St. Cecilia group. Perhaps he never saw it. We wonder what Raphael thought of it himself, and whether he was for once satisfied with his own work.

The arrangement is a formal one, and it is painted in rather a slight manner; but its formality is consistent with perfect freedom, and its treatment is equally well adapted to the subject. How different is this almost translucent coloring from that of the *Madonna di Foligno*, or the portraits of Pope Julius; but Julius was a living person, and the forms before us are those of spirits. The Madonna, her child and the two cherubs certainly are; and St. Sixtus and St. Barbara would seem to be also; for they have nothing but the clouds to rest on. The Pope has

placed his tiara on the broad plank, which may be supposed to represent the sill of a window, and the two famous cherubs cling to this also, as birds perch upon a rail. They all have a reality which satisfies us, but it is not the reality of Titian's portraits. A line drawn through each one of them would form the outline of a spear-head.

The beauty of the Madonna depends more on her expression than her features, though she may be considered in all respects as an ideal. It is only an oval face that could represent such earnestness, and only her large eyes and delicate mouth could express such tenderness. People's faces when they are serious not only appear longer, but actually are so. A face like that of the *Donna Velata* in Florence would have spoiled it all. Sodoma's *Roxana* is to me a more beautiful face, but has not so elevated an expression.

How did Raphael obtain this expression? Did he imagine it; or did he notice it on the face of some young mother praying for her child in a Roman church? No engraver has imitated it,—has imitated the look of those eyes. And even Murillo could not have copied it. I have seen some wonderful expressions on the faces of women. A young lady who might herself have served for the model of a Madonna once came to my study with a foundling babe in her arms, arranged *à la Sistine*, but quite unconsciously, and with a glorious expression which intimated the fine womanly depths of her nature; but it was not like the expression of the Sistine Madonna.

In the Sistine Jesus the finest qualities of his predecessors are united. He has the symmetrical head of the Christ-child in London, the eyes of the one in Madrid, and the ideality in the *Madonna della Sedia*, but in quite a different manner. There are neither dimples nor prettiness about him, but his lines are drawn with classic purity and vigor. He has the eyes of the Jesus in Madrid, but developed more completely. They intimate not only a future, but a past immortality. An all-seeing, beneficent spirit appears in them, and the slight pressure of his under lip is prophetic of the parables, the sermon on the mount, and the agony in the garden. As he rests on his mother's arm he looks as if he might rule a kingdom or command an army. Every hair on his head is numbered, and Raphael has at last succeeded in creating a divine boy.

The simplicity of the Virgin's dress adds to her grace and dignity. Every fold in it is a study in proportion. Her naked feet tread the clouds as lightly as moonbeams lie on the water. The clouded background of cherubs' heads shows a Shaksperian imagination.

It sometimes happens where there is a genius in a family, that he will also have a brother who resembles him in all respects except that. Such is the relation between the two cherubs beneath, and the infant Saviour. They are of the same nature with him, but not like him exceptional.

The final excellence of this work consists in its perfect harmony. As the grace of Raphael's drawing belonged to himself, so he possessed the faculty

of making all the people about him feel in accord with one another; and this was the more remarkable because, as is well known, artists are more jealous even than women. This will appear more clearly when we compare the *Sistine Madonna* with other works of the same character, such as Correggio's *Notte* in the Dresden Gallery, and with Titian's *Ascension of the Virgin*. Correggio's pictures are always harmonious, but it is too much the harmony of similarity. All the faces in his *Notte* have about the same expressions, varied only by age, sex, and temperament. In the *Ascension of the Virgin* Titian has succeeded in creating a truly noble harmony between the Heavenly Father and the upward soaring Madonna, but the cherubs who accompany her and form a sort of fringe to the cloud (and some of them have a superior beauty) are all separate individualities without any definite relation to her or to one another. The group of apostles below have a definite relation among them, but they are separated from the rest of the picture by their realistic attitudes and gestures. There is no one chord of feeling running through the whole.

Now let us return from Venice to Dresden. How different is the expression of the Sistine Virgin from that of her child, and yet how strong is the bond which unites them. As in all true artistic contrasts, there is a deep undercurrent of agreement. In like manner the pious gravity of St. Sixtus is contrasted with the blissful holiness of St. Barbara. One of the cherubs is also grave, and the other smiling. All are united in their reverence for the divine will which

Christ represents, but which he also implicitly obeys.

There is a lofty harmony in Murillo's Madonnas, hovering in those heavenly depths of sky, which only he could paint; but they are far off and unapproachable. They affect us like distant strains of music. The green curtains, as well as the friendliness of the two cherubs, bring the Sistine Madonna very near to us;—with the help of engravings and photographs to our own firesides.

The question arises, whether this matchless woman was wholly an ideal with Raphael, or if there was a human personality which formed the nucleus of her. It is not long since I met in an English book a reference to Raphael's dubious practice in using bakers' daughters as models for the Holy Virgin. Is there trustworthy evidence that he did so; and if he did, was it a dubious practice? I am not one of those who believe that pure water can be obtained from a polluted spring, nor in this case would the result seem to justify an objection to the method.

The Sistine Jesus may be an ideal creation of Raphael's brain. He is a perfect type of babyhood, and though the painter may have seen one like him at some time in his life, the chances are slight that he could obtain such a model in the short period while he was at work on this picture; but the Madonna has more the appearance of an individual character, and so she ought to be considered.

To the old adage, "There is no rose without its thorn," there might be added: "No rose-bush with-

out its roots." Every thing beautiful on this earth came originally *out of* the earth. The name of the baker's daughter of whom Raphael is said to have been enamoured has been lost to us, but there is good reason for believing the story about her to be mainly correct. Neither do I consider it to be in any way disgraceful to him, nor to the noble work before us. If you compare the painting in the Barberini Palace, which passes by the name of the *Fornarina* (and is as unlike as possible to the one in the Uffizi), you will discover that she has the same long, oval face, large gentle eyes, nose and brow as the Sistine Madonna. Even more important is the resemblance in her neck and the contour of her shoulders. Among an hundred people you may not find the same lines from the ear to the forearm ; and I think if the outline of the *Fornarina* could be traced on transparent paper and applied to the Sistine Madonna, one would almost exactly cover the other,—the difference being that there is an artistic perfection of physique in the Madonna, like that of a well-developed athlete, which is rarely met with in young women. Her mouth is smaller and more refined ; but the expression of the two faces is so dissimilar that it is no wonder the resemblance between their features has been so rarely detected. The *Fornarina* has a bold look, and yet, half ashamed at the exposure of her person, and it was this which led Hawthorne to wonder how Raphael, after so many beautiful cherubs and spiritual angels, could have painted such a brazen trollop as this portrait indicates. Morelli gives an explanation which is ingenious and credible. He says, vol. I., p. 55 :

“ Five or six years later, when the great master was no more, she was again portrayed by one of his scholars, probably by Giulio Romano. That portrait is now in the Barberini Gallery ascribed to Raphael. In it we see the once noble-looking woman completely transformed. She is not only older, but has degenerated ; the painter, moreover, has represented her in such a debased and repulsive manner that she looks positively disreputable.”

It is difficult to believe that this portrait was painted by Raphael. For one point, the execution is not good enough, especially about the eyes, which was always Raphael’s especial forte. The pose of the head and shoulders is fine, but its style as a whole is too literal, realistic, and even vulgar. I cannot believe that Raphael would have conceived the subject in such bad taste. Very important is the fact that her arms instead of being in an attitude of repose, have the same position as the restored arms of the *Venus dei Medici* ; a forced, self-conscious, and undignified position. The Venuses of Titian are chastity itself compared with such a picture. The poor woman looks ashamed of it, and one would suppose she would like to escape from the infliction. There is not in Italy another portrait that shows more clearly the marks of prearrangement. Is that like Raphael, the artist who created as nature creates ?

Look at the hands and eyebrows. The left hand has evidently been injured, but its drawing is atrocious ; and the right hand, which is in good preservation, has the thumb pointing upward in a strained and nervous position, and the knuckles are repre-

sented by four darkish shadows. They are wholly unlike Raphael's hands; nor do I think he ever painted such heavy brows. They might have been drawn with compasses. Though the mouth is small, the lips are heavy and sensual. The portrait has great solidity, and evidently belongs to Raphael's school. It resembles, more in design and undertone than treatment, Giulio Romano's immodest painting of the *Loving Couple* in the Berlin gallery.

The woman in this portrait is evidently uneducated, and looks as if she might have been the daughter of a tradesman. All the incidents in this singular tale confirm and support one another, yet there is nothing in it to prevent us from believing that the Fornarina was not unworthy of Raphael's affection. She may, indeed, have been the noblest woman whom Raphael ever chanced to meet. The superiority of nature is not limited to any one class in society; more than fine figures or beautiful faces. There is fully as much beauty among the lower classes (where they are not trodden into the mire) as can be found in good society. Their constant struggle with necessity makes courageous, stoical men, and faithful and self-denying women. If they possess strength and grace, it is not likely to be marred by affectation. They have the advantage of living very close to nature. Intellectual power and delicacy of feeling result from culture and education, but these also rarely appear in the peasant's cottage; no one knows how or wherefore.

Raphael seems to have been in love once before this, but only once that we hear of. He was thirty-

three or thirty-four when he made the Fornarina's acquaintance ; an age when a man ought to be married if he is intended for it by nature. Her beauty may have first attracted him, and afterwards her loveliness. When two strongly sympathetic natures come together, in all respects kindred spirits, their affection for each other is like a chemical affinity. This is one of the strongest forces that act upon mankind. What course was Raphael to pursue ? If he had married her, public opinion would have condemned him ; but public opinion supported him in acting as he did. That they could have avoided each other living in Rome, and having such ardent, tropical natures, was not possible. The laws against crime in the sixteenth century were more severe than at present, and in theory the humblest of his subjects was under the direct protection of the pope ; but in practice the administration of justice was terribly defective. Murders and outrages were of every-day occurrence. An attractive young woman of the lower orders was obliged to seek a protector, either a husband or some other person. Irregular alliances were more respected than they are now. Illicit children were recognized and educated, instead of being farmed out in Berkshire or Vermont. Pope Clement VII. was the result of such an alliance, and the family of the Bentivogli was saved from extinction in that manner.

Raphael remained faithful to the end. Cardinal Bibiena wished to arrange an advantageous match for him, but Raphael, with his irresistible good humor, succeeded in postponing the infliction, and

would, no doubt, have finally escaped from it. Vasari states that the banker, Chigi, could not persuade Raphael to finish the frescos already begun in his palace until he had invited the lady, to whom Raphael was devoted, to make a visit there; from which, it would seem, that the girl was treated with sufficient respect by Raphael's aristocratic friends and patrons. Vasari's use of the word "lady" in this passage is significant.

How different this, from Michel Angelo's attachment to Vittoria Colonna; yet it was much more honorable than advantageous marriages often are.

Alas for the poor Fornarina, more than widowed by Raphael's sudden death, and plunged in a moment from the summit of joy to the depths of misery! Who can tell what became of her? Let us not imagine it. Her beauty was not without its use in the world. We owe the *Sistine Madonna* to her as well as to Raphael, and we should not be unmindful of the fact.



RAPHAEL'S DRAMATIC PICTURES.

THE short road of genius sometimes proves to be quite a long one. Raphael did not develop his dramatic talent very rapidly, or at equal intervals; and it was not until the papacy of Leo X. that he attained to the perfect bloom and fruition of it. This may have been partly owing to the class of paintings on which he was engaged, but how far he was permitted to choose his own subjects, or how often they were dictated to him, we do not know.

The *Sposalizio* in the Brera at Milan was the first opportunity which came to him in this line. A marriage or a betrothal is not of itself a dramatic incident, but it became so in this case by the introduction of the disappointed suitors, one of whom is seen in the foreground breaking his rod across his knee, and others stand behind Joseph with jealous or disappointed looks. Mary, a woman of evident superiority holds out her hand, with a modest inclination of her head, while Joseph stands with one foot at right angles to the other like a man who is somewhat embarrassed. Already he seems to feel the awkwardness of his future position. A retinue of ladies behind Mary balances the suitors on the other

side; but the arrangement of all the figures is so easy and natural as to prevent this from being apparent. The composition has an atmosphere of youthful purity and blithefulness. The figures are slight and lightly drawn.

In the background Raphael has constructed a symmetrical building, in appearance like a baptistry, which shows his talent for architecture, and relationship to Bramante. This design might still be made useful.

The *Sposalizio* was painted in Raphael's twenty-second year and represents his coming of age, as well as his emancipation from Perugino and the traditions of the Umbrian school. This appears notably in the figure of the Virgin, whose perfect head and graceful attitude may almost be considered an ideal; and the young man breaking the wand over his knee, whose spirited action gives force to the whole scene. It may be significant of Raphael's breaking loose from the conventionalities of religious painting. This, however, only came gradually; and the coloring of the *Sposalizio* is in the varrigated style of the fifteenth century. If Leonardo had been called in to give his opinion of the picture, this at least would have received a severe sentence from him. One can imagine the dreamy smile with which Raphael may have regarded it ten years later.

His next dramatic picture, properly speaking, was not executed until 1507, an *Entombment* for the Baglioni family who governed Perugia. Meanwhile he painted Holy Families of which we have already taken cognizance, the *Three Graces*, a few portraits,

and made a large number of sketches. The works he executed while in Florence are not so numerous, but that we may suppose he devoted much of his time there to self-improvement, pursuing various studies which had previously been neglected, and the fruits of which have been revealed in the intellectual character of his later paintings. The keen Florentine mind must have impressed him strongly, and as he possessed the same quality in a latent condition, it advanced his development with rapid strides. We are not informed that he studied anatomy in Florence, but it seems as if he must have done so; though in the delineation of the nude he never quite equalled Tintoret and Michel Angelo. So far as regards clothing and drapery, he was a match for either of them. He came under the influence of Michel Angelo's earlier work without being subjugated by it, and learned something also from Filippino Lippi. As soon as he came in contact with the pictures by Titian and Giorgione, he recognized the superiority of their coloring, and wished to make it his own. He lived ten years in one and drew inspiration from heaven and earth; rivalling Fra Angelico in purity and acquiring the worldly wisdom of Lorenzo dei Medici.

His fame did not increase so rapidly, and the *Entombment* was the first important order that he received. The number of studies he made for it and the different changes in them, show the thorough manner in which he prepared himself for his work, and perhaps also a feeling that he was treading on

strange ground. With all his pains the picture cannot be called wholly a success. There are great elements in it, but they are not altogether in accord.

Raphael has found out how to conjure up grand ideas, but he has not learned how to dispose of them. The contrast between the vigorous action of the bearers of Christ, and the classic repose of the mourners is almost startling. Nicodemus, who lifts the feet of the Saviour, is a youth of giant strength, and does it with such an air; as if he were about to attack a fortress. His figure is not perfectly drawn and yet it is magnificent. The body seems to be borne along, however, with much difficulty, and when we compare Tintoretto's more mature treatment of the subject, we perceive how unnecessary this is. Joseph of Arimathea stands behind the bearer at the head, in aspect like some Greek divinity, while the Madonna is fainting in the arms of three beautiful Marys. There are six women altogether in the scene, and though there are marks of grief on their faces, their beauty is more conspicuous than their sorrow.

Christ himself, as Grimm has observed, does not appear to be dead, nor even asleep, but like one in a trance, who is conscious of what goes on around him, but unable to express himself in any way. This is so evident that there is no use in trying to dispute it, and it is remarkable that Raphael at the age of twenty-five should have conceived the subject in such a manner. He was unacquainted with grief, but he understood spiritual life as no other artist ever has. This fact gives the work great importance, in spite of

its faults and peculiarities. We cannot agree with Morelli, that it is an academic painting.

There is a sketch by Raphael in the Louvre of an Entombment or a Pieta, which I judge to have been made near the close of his stay in Florence, and which is greatly superior in design to the painted picture in the Borghese Palace. It may have been drawn as a study in connection with that, and perhaps discarded for a fancied resemblance to the marble *Pieta* of Michel Angelo; though the posture of Christ in the painting is much more like that.

I think the Christ also in this drawing is intended to appear in a trance. His head is in the lap of Mary, the mother of James, but the Madonna is close beside her and close to his body, supported tenderly by her aged mother, St. Anna. Above these three stands Joseph of Arimathea in a turban, an older and more dignified man than he appears in the *Entombment*. Which of the two younger women may be intended for the Magdalen, it is not easy to decide. She is usually represented as the most beautiful member of the group, and if so, in the present case, she would be the one leaning towards St. Anna; but I would prefer to believe that she is the one kneeling on the ground holding the body of the Saviour in her lap, with her left hand under his knee, and holding his left hand in her right, while she looks up at the Virgin with tender solicitude. I suppose this is the noblest position in which Raphael ever represented a woman,—the most pathetic and human. At the right, St. John is seen reverently approaching the group, with his hands clasped under

his chin. The composition is not a powerful one, but its dramatic effect is fine.

It is remarkable that Michel Angelo should have recommended Raphael to Julius II. to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, instead of Leonardo. None of us to-day can pay Raphael such a compliment as that, for he was only in his twenty-sixth year; but Leonardo was then at least the better artist, and in spite of his dilatory methods would have been worthy of the post. One such painting as his *Last Supper* would be more highly valued now than anything Raphael could have done. When we consider what the grandeur of Roman life accomplished for Raphael, and perhaps also for Michel Angelo, we may well regret that the same influence was never brought to bear on Leonardo. It might have proved the *open sesame* to his genius, and broken the spell, by which his creative faculty was enthralled. Pope Julius decided with judgment when he assigned their respective tasks to his two best men.

Raphael, however, developed in Rome a genius hitherto unknown among men of his craft, for the organization of industry. He enrolled under his banner all the talented young painters in the city, and led them forth like a young Alexander to conquer empires. He must have had a cool head to do this, for artists are commonly sensitive, excitable, and rather irritable persons, who much prefer to be left to their own devices. It is only thus indeed that they can concentrate themselves for their pe-

culiar kind of work. They hold business affairs in contempt, and are very much annoyed by them. People who displeased or interfered with William Hunt found that they had better have stirred up a hornets' nest. Even Michel Angelo was not unlike this. But Raphael was very different. The busiest man in Rome, he always had plenty of time, and nothing seemed to annoy him. He was never more himself than in a congregation of other artists, or among the high dignitaries of the papal court. He interested himself in his brother painters, and liked to help them. Instead of being jealous of him they loved him.

Vasari's statement that he had in his employ fifty excellent and well-reputed painters must be an exaggeration. No human faculty could devise plans enough to keep such a number occupied. Neither do we find the work performed that would justify such a statement. It is more likely that he employed fifty artists in all, at different times. Fifteen or twenty would be the most that Raphael could have given occupation to at once ; and even these were more than a just regard for honest art could have warranted.

A wealthy Flemming, having learned that Rubens' scholars assisted him in the execution of his pictures, requested to have one painted wholly by his own hand, offering to pay an unusual price for it on that account. Rubens declined his offer, because he considered it would be a waste of time, and explained to the gentleman that there was an intermediate stage in the painting of a picture which did not require so

much skill as its beginning and completion ; and that his pictures would not be better if he painted every stroke upon them. The Rubens hall in the Pinacothek at Munich is a glorious place. There is every variety of painting in it, from a small *genre* picture to the largest historical composition ; and it is difficult to decide which is the most perfectly finished or best represents the style of the master.

If the same could be said of Raphael's work in the Vatican, it would be more to the advantage of his fame and to our enjoyment when we go there. There can be no doubt that he employed too many assistants and often gave insufficient attention to what they were doing ; the second evil being a necessary consequence of the first. Even the drawing would not always seem to have been his own, and while he finished some figures with a great deal of care, others were only slightly touched by him, or neglected altogether. While the general style of his painting pervades the whole series, there is too much of an inequality in the details. Sometimes pupils imitated him, and sometimes Michel Angelo, and their attempt to give his spiritual expression of countenance often resulted in an anomaly which was beyond the skill of Raphael to remedy. An instance of this may be noticed in the two angels who support the robes of a pope, who is said to be Urban IV., but who is remarkably like Julius II. Their bodies are Raphaelesque but their arms in the style of Michel Angelo, while their faces have a look somewhat as if they had come out from a bath. It may be for the same reason that Raphael's work has not

endured so well as that in the Sistine Chapel; for the Vatican has an atmosphere of its own which is almost as dry as that of Colorado.

In this way Raphael accomplished more work than Michel Angelo, but the quality was not so good. The mountain stream has become a tide river, valuable to commerce, but its water is no longer pure. While Michel Angelo was lying on his back in the Sistine Chapel with the paint from his brush dropping on his face, Raphael was employed with a similar work called the *Disputa* on the ceiling of the Camera della Signatura. Grimm has given an admirable analysis of this immense painting, and traced in it the course of Raphael's intellectual widening during his first two years in Rome. It possesses a metaphysical quality, which only a few are likely to perceive, but which gives it, for those few, an exceptional value. Raphael interested himself in philosophy at twenty-five, as Schiller did at thirty, and the same must have been true at nearly the same age for Shakspeare.

Philosophy is the capstone of a well-developed mind, and the best kind of work in art or literature cannot be accomplished without its help. What we learn in the universities is not sufficient, and the true scholar must go through an independent course of study, and form his own opinions irrespective of the professors. The fit properly comes upon him like a fever, and he emerges from it quite another man. The metaphysical discussions in *Troilus and Cressida* may be irrelevant to the plot, but without this preparatory effort we should not have had *Hamlet*,

where Shakspeare's profound thoughts fall into their proper places. The *Disputa* leads in a similar manner to the *School of Athens*, which is the most celebrated of Raphael's frescos. Neither of them are properly dramatic pictures, for they contain no dramatic action. They are contemplative works which accord with Raphael's mental condition at this time; and they prepare the way for those which follow, as fresh thought stimulates to action.

The *Disputa* is divided horizontally by a cloud which rolls in,—like the mist in Scotland. Above this are seen the Trinity and all the heavenly host; beneath it, in the centre of the ceiling, is an altar, round which human beings are congregated, as they might be at a political meeting. The presiding genius of the picture, however, is a beautiful woman within a circular opening above Heaven itself; and I cannot do better than to quote Grimm's description of her.

“Sitting rapt in deep emotion she seems astonished at what takes place below. A veil, in waving folds, falls from her olive-crowned head. She is a sister, we imagine, of the Madonnas Raphael was at that time engaged in painting. And an inscription reads, ‘Divinarum Rerum Notitia,’ ‘The Knowledge of Things Divine.’”

This is a transcendental painting. It represents the direct perception of truth by divine grace in the minds of exceptionally gifted and holy persons, from whom it is extended to the rest of mankind. We have formerly spoken of Raphael's rare spiritual perception, and here he appears as a true Platonist, and

in the same category as Goethe, Kant, and Emerson ; though without any direct opposition to traditional belief, for that would be wholly unnecessary. It was out of the clearness of his Christian faith that Raphael conceived this subject, which was characteristic of him as well as new, original, and unconventional.

The *Disputa* is in some respects the finest of Raphael's frescos, for more of it was evidently painted by his own hand, and the essential nobility of the subject is self-evident. The *Fire in the Borgo* and the *Mass at Bolsena* seem commonplace to it ; yet it does not exhibit such skill in the arrangement of the groups, or in the attitude of single figures as we find in his later compositions. In a general way it resembles Tintoretto's *Paradise*, but is not painted with nearly the same technical skill, though it has the advantage of Raphael's architectural arrangement, and a more pleasing disposition of the groups.

In the so-called *School of Athens* the two most prominent figures are described by Vasari as Plato and Aristotle, and this statement is supported indirectly by the female figure above the painting, who is labelled *Cognitio Causarum* ; but modern art critics have concluded that these two *dramatis personæ* are intended for Peter and Paul, and that they are represented here expounding the doctrines of Christianity to the learned men of Greece and Rome. If this interpretation, however, be correct in what way is the motto *Cognitio Causarum* to be explained ?

Herman Grimm's argument for Peter and Paul is

that the *persona* formerly supposed to be Aristotle is standing with his arm raised in a gesture like that of an orator, and St. Paul was the great pleader of the Christian cause, surpassing all the disciples of Christ in eloquence and education. It is true that before I knew of this difference in opinion, I had already noticed that the figure called Aristotle had the attitude of an orator, and there is a passage in the Acts of the Apostles in which it says that Paul "stood on the staircase and beckoned with his hand unto the people." This is strong evidence; but it is not conclusive. The same attitude would also be appropriate to a philosopher while explaining his argument to an audience.

How are we to understand the names *Etica* and *Fisico*, which are inscribed on the two volumes held by these prominent individuals? Ethics might bear some relation to the teaching of Paul and Peter, but physics could not possibly have. These inscriptions apply accurately to the writings of Plato and Aristotle, one of whom may be said to have founded modern ethics, and the other, through his analysis of the reasoning faculty, opened the highway to modern science. This corresponds perfectly with the motto above the picture, for the investigation of causes was the special endeavor of Hellenic philosophy. Again we are obliged to admire the breadth and catholicity of Raphael's mind.

Vasari has not the reputation of an accurate writer; but when we consider the immense number of facts recorded in his lives of the painters, and that he was obliged to trust to his memory for the greater part

of them, we may well be satisfied that they are as correct as we find them. The most sincere people will have quite different recollections of the same event, and it is not impossible that Vasari told the truth in some instances where Michel Angelo thought he did not. No one was more likely to be well informed in regard to the *School of Athens*; for some years after it was painted he came to Rome in company with Titian, and they visited together all the more important art-works in the city (a charming episode to think of); nor was Titian the man to pass by so celebrated a painting without satisfying himself with regard to it in every respect. Now Vasari says that the two figures are Aristotle and Plato.

The architecture which Raphael designed for the *School of Athens* impresses us with a delightful sense of space,—much like the interior of Milan Cathedral. If this was according to Bramante’s plan for the interior of St. Peter’s, it is greatly to be regretted that he did not live to carry it into effect. In addition to breadth, it gives what St. Peter’s does not, in spite of its size, a sense of loftiness and stately elegance.

This magnificent work has suffered so much from repainting, that in many instances the attitudes are all that remains to us, even the outlines having been spoiled by an unskilful use of the brush. Raphael’s faces seem to look at us appealingly from beneath the paint with which they are covered; only here and there are we able to distinguish clearly their noble lineaments. Among them all, none have suffered more severely than the personages under discussion. One has a magnificent, leonine head, sugges-

tive of the Zeus of Otricoli, but his expression is no longer visible. His drapery is remarkably like St. Paul's, in the St. Cecilia group; but for all that, I do not believe that he represents St. Paul or Aristotle either, but Plato. He is not beckoning with his hand, but pointing heavenward; while the person next him is holding his arm straight forward, and level with the earth. This must be Aristotle; and what gestures could be more characteristic of their respective schools of philosophy. Plato says it is self-consciousness which indicates the divine origin of man, and Aristotle replies: "Let us investigate also the origin of things about us."* His face is even less distinguishable than Plato's, but both were originally ideals of the highest type. It is also appropriate that Plato as the elder should be at the right hand of Aristotle.

At the right of Plato there is a small group of his disciples in echelon; and beyond these, Socrates, somewhat idealized but unmistakably Socrates, is explaining something to another small group in which Alcibiades is easily recognized by his Grecian helmet and voluptuous manner; a better Alcibiades could not be imagined. At the extreme left there is another group through which an almost naked, poetic-looking youth is hurrying forward with a book and a roll of parchment in his hand, while an older person standing near him, holds out his hand in a gesture of moderation. The former may be a messenger who has been sent to fetch some valuable

* The opposition between these two philosophers is only in regard to particular points. Aristotle was also an idealist.

document. His action is very spirited, and by no means overdrawn. He serves as a contrast to the self-conscious dignity of Alcibiades, and also to a stout gentleman seated in front, whose head (not unlike Luther's) is crowned with a wreath of oak. He is soberly reading a large quarto, with a handsome boy-page on either side of him. Raphael has bestowed all the repose of his own nature on this sturdy thinker, who is sufficiently original in himself, but whose situation recalls vividly the prophets and their attendant spirits of the Sistine Chapel.

Since Michel Angelo's frescos were uncovered for the first time in 1510, it is safe to presume that the *School of Athens* was not finished until 1511 or possibly later.

There are other figures in this painting which plainly indicate the influence of Michel Angelo, while there are none either in the *Disputa* or the *Parnassus*; for the *Disputa* at least was completed before the Sistine Chapel was open to visitors. Almost in front of Plato there is a philosopher seated on the steps in a decidedly Michel Angelesque attitude, nor is this the only fault in the *School of Athens*. Raphael has introduced a large number of young men among the thinkers, and quite correctly, for it is to the young that intellectual reformers appeal, and among whom they find their most zealous adherents; but too many of these have a sentimental expression, and an attitude as if they were posing for their portraits. The beautiful youth beneath Socrates (he is looking out of the picture), may be intended for Charmides, who is interrogated in Plato's first

dialogue. Perhaps this was Raphael's conception of the young Athenians of whom Plato and Xenophon wrote. Still one would think that he would have preferred more manly types. Many of them look too self-conscious and are inattentive to what is going on. Yet it is a magnificent work, and marks an advance beyond the *Disputa* in its perfect grouping and greatness of design. Plato, Aristotle, Alcibiades, and a number more are drawn in the grand manner.

In the right hand lower corner there is a distinguished group of four persons who appear to have separated from the assembly from a lack of interest in its proceedings. You will frequently see such side groups at public meetings. One of them is easily recognized. There can be no question as to his identity. He is Leonardo da Vinci, reproduced from the Florentine portrait, only with this difference,—his eyes are turned to the left instead of to the right. He is in better preservation than most of the figures in this picture, but by no means equal to the original; nor do I believe that a portrait in fresco can rival one in oil on equal terms. The nearest face to Leonardo is supposed to be Raphael himself, and he has the same profile and bird-like expression of the eye as in the Uffizi portrait.

Close to Raphael's left shoulder stands a man who has not heretofore been identified, but the features of the two are surprisingly alike. He is much older, stouter, and has a rather more worldly, practical look; but the family likeness is very decided. He must either be Raphael's father or his uncle Bramante. What other person would Raphael be so

likely to introduce with himself and Leonardo? Raphael was evidently his mother's child, as men of partly feminine nature always are. He inherited collaterally from Bramante his executive ability and architectural faculty. He inherited his poetic temperament perhaps from his father, who appears to have been such a man as William Blake and C. P. Cranch were, both poet and painter. The individual represented here looks more like a man of affairs than an artist. Between him we call Bramante and Leonardo there is an elegant, princely figure, with a spiked coronet on his head. He cannot be identified, as only the lower portion of his face is visible. and therefore must have been introduced for artistic effect. His neck is drawn with two curved lines of exquisite grace, and some mathematician ought to examine those curves and study their properties. It is possible that a human being might have such a neck, just as an oval face is possible; but this personage is an ideal.

It is difficult to believe that the *Parnassus* was painted after the *School of Athens*, for of all Raphael's frescos it approaches most closely his Florentine style. The same young woman is introduced in it as a Muse who formerly served him as a Madonna, and I think also as the Magdalen in his Paris sketch for a *Pieta*. Neither is the influence of Michel Angelo noticeable in it.

Raphael painted a broad, semi-circular arch across the wall, through which we seem to be looking at the poetic congregation. This suggests the effect of

a landscape seen through and under a rainbow. The whole scene has an atmosphere of vernal freshness, which, when the coloring was new, must have been delightful and charming. Now there is only an aroma of it left, and otherwise the composition is not an impressive one. It has the amiable simplicity of Raphael's Florentine work without its rare technical skill and delicacy of expression. Apollo, seated under a laurel tree, and playing on a viola, is an original though not an elevated conception. There is a much better Apollo in the sculpture gallery at Berlin. Among the Muses who ought all to be types of intellectual beauty, there is too much of a family likeness, as if several of them had been drawn from the same model. They are not equal to the *Hours* who surround the chariot of the sun in Guido's *Aurora*; nor to Tintoretto's *Nine Muses* at Hampden Court. Their costumes are in too modern a style, and the naked Apollo is a fearful apparition among them.

The finest group in this painting is formed by the poets who surround Homer, especially the two at his left hand, whom I take to be Virgil and Ariosto. Homer himself, towering above all others, with up-raised face has a good deal of majesty; but Dante looks too short, and has not the refined, classic profile of Giotto's portrait. The grouping of *Parnassus* is much more natural than in the *Disputa*, and this would suggest an intermediate position between the *Disputa* and the *School of Athens*.

In the Camera della Signatura Raphael appears

like a stage manager, who trains his corps of assistants in fine attitudes and a good pronunciation before he assigns to them their different parts.

STANZA HELIODORO.

Thus far the course of Raphael's genius has been developed in a consistent manner, and so harmoniously that his paintings might almost be transposed into songs and symphonies, but now we arrive at a period when external influences interfere with the smooth current of his determination, and produce a discordant effect.

There is a kind of anachronism in painting which does no mischief to a picture, and may even be of advantage; but there is another sort which is highly injurious. The representation of a young, intelligent mother in her every-day costume as a Madonna (if she deserves the honor) does not conflict with our sense of propriety. The simplicity of her attire gives it an universal application to all times and civilized countries, and we even prefer such pictures to those modern studies that would restore the mother of Christ to us as she actually appeared. Very different is the effect produced by introducing three Venetian senators with their robes of state in the *Adoration of the Magi*. The antithesis is too startling for us; we fall from the pleasant cloudland of the past onto the hard ground of the present; all romance, all illusion is dispelled by it.

Raphael would appear to have had his own way in the Camera della Signatura without interference. The subjects there are characteristic of him, and are

wrought out in that spirit of classic repose which was the keynote of his nature. Perhaps he had carried this as far as it would go, and some external pressure was necessary in order to divert the full passion of his interest into a different channel. The three paintings in the Signatura have a universal character; they now are and always will be: but those in the Stanza Heliodoro refer to particular historic events, and are full of action and excitement. In the *Expulsion of Heliodorus* from the temple and the *Miracle of Bolsena*, Julius II. appears with a number of church dignitaries living at that time; and in the *Exorcism of Attila*, are represented Leo X. and the Swiss Guard in their well-known uniform. Every one notices the discordance that arises from the introduction of these celebrated men in scenes which were enacted hundreds of years before their time.

Of the three subjects, the *Miracle of Bolsena* is the least interesting, and yet it is designed in a more harmonious manner than the other two, and with a full measure of genius. The contrast between the spiritual composure of the pontiff and his bishops, and the varied expressions of astonishment among the spectators is brought out in a masterly way. It was the fulness of Raphael's observation, which gave him such a store of material that the largest composition could not exhaust it. Julius II. appears here in all his greatness as a man of action, though as a portrait it is not equal to those painted in oil.

The *Expulsion of Heliodorus* has been called academic, and this is true so far as the group about the chair of Pope Julius is concerned, but it is the

most impressive and interesting picture in this Camera. Heliodorus in attempting to rob the Jewish temple of its treasure is said to have been attacked by celestial warriors, who recovered the gold and drove him and his attendants forth. Raphael has represented one of the angelic defenders on horseback in Roman armor, and two others are on foot but walking on the air. Their action is very spirited, and the prostrate attitude of Heliodorus holding up his right arm in defence against the trampling horseman is worthy of the drawing of Leonardo, and one of the most difficult positions that Raphael attempted. Near Julius II. is a graceful group of women and children who have taken refuge in the temple, and are expressing their astonishment by animated gestures. The foremost woman, kneeling on the floor, is nearly repeated again in the *Transfiguration*. The grand cavernous architecture is well suited to our ideas of the Hebrew house of worship, and Raphael has introduced the seven-pronged candlestick of the Jews as it appears on a bas-relief in the arch of Titus.

The *Exorcism of Attila* is like a scene at the theatre in which the soldiers come in at one entrance just as the banditti disappear at the opposite side of the stage. Yet it is not painted in a theatrical manner, but rather prosaic.

It will be noticed that the action in these great compositions is dramatic, but not like that of a play where each actor has a part of his own. The characters in them are divided into parties, and oppose one another *en masse*, as people do in war and politics.

This preparatory stage may have been necessary for Raphael's training as a dramatic painter. Their coloring is stronger and more Venetian than the *Disputa* and the *Parnassus*. It is sadly patched and faded now, but we may judge of what it was by the *Madonna di Foligno* in the adjoining room which was painted about the same time.

Raphael was never at a loss to find contrasts, and on the wall above the windows is painted one of his most charming, restful pictures, the *Delivery of St. Peter from Prison*. The saint appears twice in it, and Raphael, like Napoleon, has made a success of this double presentation contrary to the rules of art. The moonlight streams in through a doorway and is reflected on the armor of the guards, who are spiritually hypnotized, while the radiant angel awakes St. Peter in his cell. Then the two appear again in a passage-way, the angel leading Peter on whose face there is an expression of pious joy. There are three noble presentations of Peter: this one by Raphael, Leonardo's in his *Last Supper*, and Tintoretto's in the Great *Crucifixion*. Leonardo's is the genuine Peter, for he has the physiognomy of a Jew, and is moreover suggestive of the saying: "On this rock will I found my church"; but we can never forget the manly solicitude of Tintoretto's Peter over the swooning Mary, or the aspect of grave holiness in the face of Raphael's. He is not an ideal, but more like the portrait of a Roman senator, one of the Antonines perhaps. Yet we admire him for his whole personality rather than for any one quality or virtue.

It is said to be Raphael's best work in *chiaroscuro*, the *Disputa* with its far-reaching landscape coming next in order. The bright, awakening splendor of the angel is contrasted with the peaceful rays of the moon, which seem to invite the prisoner forth into the fields and groves. It is Raphael's one perfect fresco in the Vatican, and a companion to the unfinished cartoons.

STANZA DELL INCENDIO.

After all, the most satisfactory pictures are those containing a moderate number of figures. After the Stanza Heliodoro, Raphael left all such prosaic, overgrown subjects as the *Oath of Leo III.* and the *Coronation of Charlemagne* to his well-trained corps of assistants. His influence is discernible in them, and he must have made the preparatory sketches, as well as drawn some of the principal figures with his own hand. The *Fire in the Borgo*, which gives its name to this chamber, is more interesting to us, as everything must be which relates directly to human feeling and action, and evidently was so to Raphael. It has the same dramatic character as the *Miracle of Bolsena*. The group of women, who have escaped from the flames and are imploring assistance from the Pope, has an admirable arrangement, and shows a refined sympathy expressed with true feminine grace. At the extreme left there is a group which every reader of Virgil will recognize. A stalwart-looking man, almost nude, is carrying out his father or some aged or infirm person on his back, while a boy of ten or twelve years runs by his side, and a

mysterious woman in Grecian costume follows behind. The idea of course is taken from the escape of *Æneas* with Anchises and the little Iulus from the sacking of Troy ; and it is another tribute to the fine imagination of the Latin poet. The drawing is not of the best, for the arms of the boy are slightly too large for his body, and the young man does not carry his burden so easily as a strong person might ; but it is a poetic scene, and the hand of Raphael is distinctly visible in it. The firelight adds a romance of its own, and I think that Raphael must also have painted the sidewalk under their feet, so solid and real is its appearance.

The *Deliverance of St. Peter* is a lyric, and the *Judgment of Solomon* may be considered Raphael's first successful dramatic work. It is so strictly classic that it might even be compared to the *Alcestis* of Euripides. One of Racine's plays would not be sufficiently true to nature. Only four persons are represented in it besides the babe, and they play their parts to perfection. Solomon's face is in profile, so that we do not see its expression, but he emphasizes his order by a vertical movement of the hands. The executioner, a fully-developed athlete, holds the child at arm's length, and grasps with the other hand a weapon which Raphael would seem to have invented for the purpose. (We should know Raphael had designed it if we discovered it in Arabia.) His brutal face is turned from us, so that we may better admire his fine physique. The action of the mother is magnificent. She springs forward to interpose herself

before the threatened blow, and turns to Solomon with a look of frenzied entreaty. The false mother, kneeling on the ground, holds out her hands with a gesture of pretended unconcern.

The composition reminds us of the ingenious arrangement of Raphael's early groups—especially of the *Holy Family* at Munich. Solomon's face is in profile, for he has not yet come to a decision. The face of the good woman is turned toward us; that of the wicked woman away from us. There is a moment of terrible suspense, but we know it will be followed by joy, and the consummation of justice. The picture is not less remarkable in its perfect balance of forces than for its powerful contrasts.

THE CARTOONS.

Goethe considered the cartoons the only works of Raphael which could be compared with those of Michel Angelo. The opinion of so rare a critic, well versed in the knowledge of all arts, is of the highest value to us; but what did Goethe mean by this? The cartoons were then, as now, at Hampton Court, and Goethe could never have seen them. The tapesstries that were made from them he must have seen at Dresden, and perhaps also in the Vatican, but they are now so much faded that it is no less than a penance to investigate them, and they could not have been in much better condition an hundred years ago. It was the engravings from these subjects that Goethe undoubtedly was thinking of when he made the foregoing statement; and it proves the import-

ance which he attached to the design of a work of art, even when separated from technical excellence.

Goethe was one of the world's great dramatists, and he became interested in other arts by viewing them from the standpoint of his own. It was the dramatic character of the cartoons which appealed to him so strongly, and led him to estimate them more highly than Raphael's most skilfully finished paintings. No one could judge of this so well, for he was not only a poet but stage manager of the Grand Duke's theatre, and he had practiced the best actors in their gestures and the positions they ought to occupy on the stage at the critical moments of the play. He knew the difficulty with which this knowledge is acquired, and he respected Raphael as his own equal in the dramatic art.

One especial advantage which the cartoons possess consist in their being of the right dimensions. They are not so large but that we can readily comprehend the action that is represented on them. Where more than ten or twelve figures are drawn together the eye is obliged to separate them into different groups, and in passing from one group to another the sense of unity is lost. There are half a dozen groups in Tintoretto's *Paradise*, which, if framed separately, would attract universal admiration, but it requires an effort of concentration to appreciate them now, amid so great an assemblage. It is the same in dramatic poetry. The best tragedies are those in which the *dramatis personæ* is limited and the same characters constantly reappear.

There is a peculiar charm to these delicately tinted pictures. They have an atmosphere similar to that of Claude Lorraine. Though they are handled in a slight manner, they seem more substantial than some of Raphael's highly finished paintings. The background is always delightful, whether it be a landscape or fine architecture. They are all interesting studies, but here we have only time and space to consider three of them, which are the most dissimilar in character.

Christ's Charge to Peter. A dramatic moment is one which unites the future with the past and is related significantly to both. It must result from the collision of two forces, though these are not necessarily antagonistic. In this picture we have one of the forces represented by the Saviour, and the other by his disciples, who are gathered in a single group, from which Christ stands somewhat apart. He wishes to indicate to them what their future work in the world shall be, and selects Peter as the strongest character among them—the one on whom he can best rely for the advancement of Christianity. He, therefore, asks him three times: “Simon, dost thou love me?” until Peter falls on his knees to give earnestness to his assertion. Then says the Saviour: “Feed my sheep”; that is, be a shepherd unto my people. This is the dramatic moment. It confers on Peter the leadership of Christ's little band, and proclaims him to the others as Christ's successor. Raphael has, therefore, represented Peter in the act of receiving the keys, though this is not mentioned in the Bible.

The sheep are introduced in the picture, and it has

been inferred from this that Raphael interpreted the words of the Saviour too literally. This is not at all likely. No one ever understood the meaning of this passage better. There are too many fine symbolisms invented by Raphael himself to permit us to believe otherwise. The sheep are introduced to identify the subject, which might otherwise remain in doubt. Their animal indifference serves also as an artistic contrast to the intelligent animation of the group of disciples. The flock of sheep is itself a symbol to represent the mass of mankind, who follow after custom and tradition as sheep follow the bell-wether; while the apostles are the remnant who think for themselves, and will save and enlighten the world in Christ's name.

John and James press forward to urge the sincerity of their devotion, and they are almost imitated in form and action by the two apostles behind them. The others look on reflectively, or turn to inquire: "What is the meaning of this, and why is Peter distinguished from the rest?" Among the last there is a powerful head, which is nearly identical with Albert Dürer's *St. Matthew* in the Pinacothek at Munich. It seems as if Raphael must have borrowed it, but how he could have done so is not clear. The last is a dark-looking personage, whose face is concealed, and may have been intended for Judas.

They are arranged nearly in two rows, so that ten out of the twelve are distinctly visible. There was no one like Raphael to give a formal arrangement a natural appearance. They are a noble set of men, and yet when we compare them with the faces in

the *Last Supper* at Milan, we are obliged to recognize in this line at least Leonardo's superiority. His St. Peter may not be more earnest, or his St. John more refined than Raphael's, but they are more intellectual and highly developed.

Yet it is a powerful group, and to counterpoise it the Saviour stands apart with grave classic dignity, like the statue of *Demosthenes* in the Vatican. He is slender and his face comparatively narrow and beardless, his hair falling with rare grace upon his shoulders. Nothing could indicate more plainly how little consideration was paid by the Renaissance artists to any particular type of Christ. If separated from the picture, few would ever suspect for whom this figure was intended. His head is not so impressive as St. Matthew's, nor are his features so regular as St. John's, and yet Raphael has given his face a decided superiority. We like this impersonation of Christ, because there is no apparent effort in it to create something superhuman. His form is relieved by a very deep shadow, a shadow like one of Tintoretto's, which almost hides his right arm. The attitude and drapery of Peter are also exceedingly fine. Nothing could be more perfect than the way in which a fold of his mantle falls across his back. Although there are so many figures the shadows are divided into three principal masses, which have a kind of beauty of their own.

The sheep are woolly and submissive after the nature of those animals; and the grass and a cactus in the foreground, are painted with such accuracy as modern artists would consider a waste of time. The

landscape stretches far away and fades gently into the glimmering horizon. There is an elevation in the distance rising above the heads of the disciples, and its summit is directly above the Saviour.

Such a picture possesses an intrinsic superiority over such works as the *Parnassus*, the *Mass at Bolsena*, and the *Fire in the Borgo*.

The *Miraculous Draught of Fishes* is related to *Christ's Charge to Peter* as the flower is to the fruit. The scene is on the lake at Galilee; a very peaceful scene;—the opposite shore, which resembles the banks of the Rhine, melting into the distance, with two gulls flying overhead and a number of herons in the immediate foreground.

The Saviour and five disciples fill two small boats, which are also laden with fish. The face of the Saviour is seen obliquely, and its expression is hidden; for here the dramatic action is centered in Peter, whose appealing look and attitude is of the finest. He is down on his knees among the fish, for he has doubted his Master's prophetic power, and is desolated with remorse. Christ perceives in this the spiritual depth of Peter's nature,—his quick conscience, as well as his self-reliance,—and recognizes the depth and solidity of his nature as never before.

Otherwise it is a scene of rough and vigorous life. James, with naked limbs and unkempt hair is balancing himself with his hands as he steps into the Saviour's boat. In the second boat two young men are bending over to haul in a net, and a third is making good use of an oar or pole, apparently to prevent

the boat from drifting. As in the preceding picture the action is increased by the lively interest of the disciples, so here it is thrown into relief by their indifference.

The *Draught of Fishes* is not without some faults. The head of Christ is smaller than the others, and being without definite expression is rather disappointing. The disciple, too, with the oar is naked to the waist, and reminds us again of Michel Angelo's drawing. However, the attitude of the two fishermen who are hauling at the net, with their heads nearly touching the water and their backs bent as far as possible, is very effective. It would seem to be original with Raphael, and no one would dare to imitate it. As for the attitude of James balancing the boat and himself at the same time, I think if I were to choose between that and the Apollo Belvedere, I should certainly prefer St. James the fisherman. Even the herons are interesting in their attitudes and familiarity.

There are also curious artistic contrivances in this cartoon. One of the herons is much shorter than the other, and this is evidently to prevent his beak from interfering with the hands of the saints on the net. It can only be explained by supposing that the bird is standing in a hole under the water. In both pictures Raphael has represented Christ and his disciples with a slight shadowy aureole, but he has omitted it in the case of one of the two men at the net; apparently because it would have to be painted against the head next to him.

The smallness of the boats has often attracted

attention, and they are also too near the shore for catching respectable fish. It is doubtful if three men could float in a boat of that size, and they certainly could not haul a net from it without the aid of a miracle. The composition is so well balanced that we do not observe this at first, but after we have become conscious of it we cannot help thinking of it. The case has been argued on the ground that the scene could not be represented without some sacrifice of realism, and that Raphael has chosen the least among a number of evils. This may be true ; but I always feel that Raphael would have given a stronger, more virile tone to the picture if he had adhered more closely to nature. The shore might have been omitted, and this would have given a sense of deeper water and of the loneliness of the sea. The boats might have been deeper, and by turning one of them an angle of thirty degrees, longer, without taking up more space ; the feet of the disciples would still be on a level with the water.

The treatment of the cartoons throughout bears a definite relation to bas-relief work, and they might have been used as designs for bas-relief quite as well as for tapestry. The *Charge to Peter* especially, if reduced in size, might have served as a panel in the gates of Ghiberti.

These two landscape cartoons illustrate the difference between light and shade, and what is called *chiaroscuro*. It is similar to the difference between *greatness* and *grandeur*. They have aerial perspective and the shadows are excellent, and yet the

figures are not separated one from another, and from the background, as Correggio and Titian would have separated them. The figures seem rather to be on the surface as in bas-relief work. This is perhaps because the picture is unfinished.

The best of the cartoons, and one which Emerson particularly admired, is the *Sacrifice at Lystra*. Here Raphael has invented his finest architectural background, and one which gives a satisfactory notion of the artistic civilization in Asia Minor, which was wiped out by the Saracen conquest. The scene is also representative of the time, costumes and other details being reproduced with faithful accuracy.

The teachings of the Greek philosophers had undermined the old order of religious belief, and the faith of the people had become like a pent-up stream seeking a new outlet. So when Paul has cured the man who cannot walk, they cry out, "This must be a god who can perform a miracle," and bring in an ox to sacrifice to him. A fine athletic fellow kneels down holding the ox by a horn, while another sacrificer raises an axe to give the deadly blow.

A motley crowd has collected, and among them is just one spiritual-minded person who comprehends the situation of affairs. Paul and Barnabas do not at first understand what the good people are intending, but when the axe is raised they turn their heads aside with dignified aversion. The intellectual young man perceives this, and springs forward with outstretched arm to arrest the blow. This is the

dramatic moment that Raphael has selected for his design.

This cartoon is full of noble contrasts. The grand figures of Paul and Barnabas, between the columns of a Greek porch, appear to better advantage from the group of mysteriously shrouded augurs, who represent a traditional spirituality from which the vitality has departed. The intellectual superiority of the young man who is endeavoring to prevent the sacrifice, is as clearly distinguished from the *vis inertia* of the crowd about him. One, in whom curiosity prevails above passing events, is lifting up the garment of the man who has been healed to examine the change in his condition.

In the midst of all stands the great patient ox unconscious of the mortal danger that threatens him. To every creature that Raphael cared for he imparted in the drawing something of his own nature, and he has given to this fine animal an affectionate treatment which has been denied to the shadowy and sedate augurs. Two innocent children, playing on small pipes, stand by an elegantly wrought altar and relieve the scene, with their pretty faces, from a too severe tension.

No genius can create a great picture or poem from a subject that is common or superficial. His plot must have a deep significance, as the oak strikes its roots far into the earth. One of the chief distinctions between Christianity and the more realistic faith which it superseded was the abolition of animal sacrifices. When the Christians at length obtained control of the Roman empire, the pagans still formed

a powerful party, and in order to conciliate them many pagan observances were adopted into the ritual of Jesus, but animal sacrifices came to an end forever. Next in importance to the divine unity and the precept of the golden rule comes this release of mankind from the influence of such brutalizing observances. This is what Raphael represented in the *Sacrifice at Lystra*.

THE BATTLE OF THE MILVIAN BRIDGE.

The fresco in the Vatican of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius was painted by Giulio Romano and Pierino del Vaga after Raphael's death; but as he was himself at work on the *Transfiguration* when the fatal illness seized him, it is presumable that his sketches of the *Battle of the Milvian Bridge* were made at some time previous. I think we may consider the *Transfiguration* as Raphael's last work on earth.

As for the charming frescos in the Fanasina Palace, they are rather to be estimated as a holiday performance, an eddy in the stream, which bears no direct relation to the main current of Raphael's activity. The *Triumph of Galatea* is not a serious work, and the divine Buonarotti must have despised it cordially.

The *Pons Milvius*, or Kite's Bridge, is familiarly known to travellers as the Ponte Molle, over which the highway runs from Rome to Florence. The battle which took place there between Constantine and Maxentius was one of the three most important

victories of ancient times, but it is rarely mentioned because the history of the Roman empire is so little studied in our schools and colleges. For three centuries after the crucifixion of Jesus the sect which he founded endured humiliation and martyrdom, till at length this single victory gave it a political supremacy. It was an Austerlitz and a Gettysburg in one. Who will not say that warfare is glorious?

Next to the *School of Athens* it is the most interesting picture in the Raphael Stanze, but we must carefully distinguish between the spirited design of the master and the often faulty execution of his pupils.

The historical statement is that, after his defeat, Maxentius was crowded off the Milvian Bridge in the press of fugitives, and fell into the Tiber, and is now lying in its mud with his gilded armor, a fine specimen for some geologist in the distant future.

Raphael has deviated slightly from historical truth, as he had a perfect right to do, in order to give the scene a dramatic character. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are mistaken in identifying Maxentius in the gashed and lifeless corpse falling head downwards from the bank. He is easily recognized by his spiked crown, clinging desperately to his horse in an attempt to swim the Tiber, a feat never yet accomplished on horseback, so far as we know.

As a frame to the picture Raphael has designed on each side the figure of a statue on a high pedestal, against which are leaning two allegorical women, one of whom seems to be intended for Music, and the other with upturned eyes and a Hebrew scroll

must be meant for Religion. Whoever painted the latter did himself much credit, for it is scarcely excelled in the Vatican. There is a border of tapestry painted above, and the edges of curtains at the sides, which give the picture the effect of a scene at the theatre.

Raphael has designed this subject with consummate skill. He has not represented the battle, which must have taken place at least half a mile away, but the final triumph of Constantine and the cross. At the extreme right is seen the bridge with the Roman standards retreating across it. Others are attempting to cross the Tiber in a boat, at the same time defending themselves with their shields against the Christian bowmen. Still nearer Maxentius and others are struggling in the water. The rear guard of the pagans is making a desperate stand to protect Maxentius and the passage over the bridge.

Constantine is in the very centre of the picture. He is leading a flank movement to cut off the retreating army, and with a number of his bravest horsemen has broken through the pagan line and is on the point of hurling his spear at Maxentius, whom a centurion, with the face of a lion on his helmet, is pointing out to him in the water. In the rear of Constantine the Christian standards are seen with crosses at the top, while in the air above spirits of Victory are flying in a group. Between the standards and the bridge an obstinate struggle is going on, and the ground is strewn with dead and wounded warriors in pathetic attitudes.

Two or three different hands are visible in the

drawing, which is generally good, but sometimes also very defective. The design is everywhere spirited and admirable, but the drawing does not equal it. The fore-legs of Constantine's horse are unendurable. I have seen better legs on a rocking-horse. Raphael composed a magnificent group of horses for the centre of this fresco, but it is also spoiled by this defect. The horse near Constantine, rearing back on his haunches, must have been the work of Giulio Romano, and though heavily outlined, is much more vigorous and life-like.* Between these two there is another horse in a different style, and better than either of them.

Even where the action is fiercest the faces are rather tame. The attempt to give Constantine a calm, godlike expression, has not resulted favorably. Calmness is a mental condition unknown in the battle-field. Maxentius does not look nearly so serious as men do when they are in danger of drowning. A little of Leonardo's energy might have done good service here. The portraits of the two emperors may have been copied from coins, but Constantine resembles Marcus Aurelius, and we recollect that the statue of Aurelius was preserved during the fanatical period of Christianity, under the impression that it was a statue of Constantine.

Raphael's love of the purely beautiful is conspicuous everywhere. Some of the soldiers are equipped in Roman scale armor, but more of them wear tight-fitting suits of leather, which show their figures to

* This horse in form and attitude closely resembles one of those in Leonardo's *Battle of the Standard*.

better advantage. The helmets, shields, and weapons have all a Raphaelesque character. On the bank of the Tiber there is lying a shield composed of successive plates in whorls, like petals of a dahlia. In a half-seen boat near Maxentius there is a most interesting group, especially the young man looking downward across his right shoulder. The spirits in the sky were evidently painted by the same artist who spoiled the two angels supporting the robes of Pope Urban. The attempt to give them a kind of radiance has resulted in a glistening effect. However, they are airy and graceful.

Meanwhile the two figures of Justice and Religion sit on either side in undisturbed tranquillity.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Whether the last of Raphael's great works was painted wholly by himself, or was finished after his death by Giulio Romano, is of less importance than its metaphysical character. It is the lyric and the dramatic united in one, and it is the single instance in the history of art where this has been accomplished.

When we first approach the picture our attention is attracted by a large group of figures in many colored costumes which recall at once Raphael's youthful *Sposalizio*. Before we can decipher the meaning of this design we notice the mild planetary radiance in the upper portion, with Christ and Moses and Elias hovering in it, as if it were their natural element. There everything is peace and harmony, while beneath there is discord and conflict. The

picture has a two-fold character; and we return again to the scene below for an explanation of this.

In the centre of the lower group is an epileptic boy; perfect in form and feature, but the machinery within is deranged. There is no sadder spectacle than this; the life of a human being spoiled in its very beginning. It is worse than death or even blindness. His parents have come in the hope that he may be healed by Christ's miraculous power; but the Saviour is not to be found. His disciples express their sympathy for the case, and regret that they are themselves unable to render assistance. The disordered condition of the boy; the anxious solicitude of his parents; the eagerness of their friends; and the sympathetic regret of the disciples are all rendered with vital power. The dramatic effect is perfect.

Meanwhile the Saviour hovers in the sky, as if sorrow and trouble were dissolved forever in his radiance.

What is it that Raphael has accomplished here? There is no anachronism in the picture. The epileptic boy arrived while Christ was on the mount: such is the plain Bible story. It may have been a coincidence; but the two facts are in close relationship, and are deeply representative. They contain a problem and its solution. The problem is one which has vexed sages and moralists since thinking began. Why should evil exist for which there is no remedy? Good sometimes comes from evil, and sometimes evil from good; but there is unmitigated evil from which there is no escape on earth. What

good, for instance, has resulted from the assassination of Garfield, or of Alexander II.? The one has not advanced the cause of civil service reform in America, nor the other of constitutional government in Russia. What benefit will ever be derived from the Bulgarian massacres in 1877?

A solution is to be found in the *Transfiguration*. We may not be able to understand the wherefore of such evils, but there is that in us which can rise above them. Outwardly there is confusion and discord, but within, man can produce that sense of harmony, which leads us to associate a spiritual heaven with the clear sky above us. It would even seem that this internal unification was the true object of life. There is at least no stronger proof of man's divine origin and his immortal destiny than this vigorous self-assertion of his spiritual nature; and Raphael has symbolized it by the mild radiance which is suffused about the form of the Saviour.

As the noblest of singers once sang in Handel's *Messiah*: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," so that the whole audience felt a strong conviction of the fact, Raphael also painted Christ, not as a man, but as a spirit hovering in the air. It is the one entirely satisfactory image of the Saviour that Raphael created; and with the help of his popularity it has endured as a type to the present day. He would seem to have arrived at it as he attained his faculty of dramatic composition, by a long course of study and continued experiments. The face is not of a grand type, but humanly noble, tender, and elevated.

Neither are Moses and Elias inferior in their own degree. They belong with the group of apostles in the cartoon of the *Charge to Peter*. The drawing of their drapery shows that they float in the air by a volition that can accomplish whatever it desires. Only imagination trained in the service of truth could have done this. If it is not an inspired work, like the *Sistine Madonna*, it comes very close to being one. Raphael has given it all that genius, industry, and earnest contemplation could give ; and it is as carefully painted as *St. Margaret and the Dragon*.

The lower portion is more studied, seems to have required more effort, and the drawing is not so pure as in Raphael's cartoons. The faces are bright and interesting, and some of the attitudes, especially of the woman kneeling in the foreground, are very fine, but there would seem to be rather too much elegance for such a company. A little of the strong realism of John the Baptist in the Foligno painting, close by, would not have been out of place here. It was well to give the epileptic boy a fine physique, for thus he appeals more strongly to our sympathy ; but there is no reason why the grace of a St. Cecilia should have been wasted on him. The parti-colored effect of the draperies may have arisen from the necessity of bestowing all the *chiaroscuro* on the upper portion, where an effect of distance was required without the possibility of much perspective ; so that only this device remained for separating the figures from one another ; but it also corresponds with the idea of the perplexity occasioned by the disappearance of the Saviour.

"It has been provided for," said the German sage, "that trees shall not grow up to the sky." Raphael had done his work, and his time had come. If he accomplished so much in a short life, how much would he have produced in a long one? It seems as if sooner or later the fertility of his invention must have become exhausted. How appropriate that the *Transfiguration* should have been his last work on earth. It is thus we now think of him; transfigured in the love and homage of posterity. There was an artistic perfection to his life, and we would not wish it to have been otherwise. He was not equal to the representation of tragedy, and it is admitted that to the last his compositions have a somewhat youthful character; but he was a genius of the highest order. No other artist, or poet, has done equal justice to the sanctity of motherhood.

POSTSCRIPT.

The portrait of Johanna of Aragon in the Louvre has always been classed as a Raphael, and often admired for its own sake independently of that; but it does not bear decisive marks of Raphael's treatment. It is rather a brilliant portrait, but too literal for a work of genius. The expression of the face, especially of the eyes, is prosaic. Even if Johanna may have appeared like this, Raphael would not have painted her so. Few women would have been so dead to his personal magnetism. He would certainly have drawn out something from her akin to his own nature. I do not discover anywhere in her drawing that delicate double curve which is so characteristic of Raphael. Although the picture is smoothly painted, its coloring has not his smoothness. Also notice her hands. Raphael always painted a healthy-looking hand with perfectly developed fingers, but Johanna's hand has attenuated fingers, more after the fashion of Correggio. Neither is the position of the right arm, resting on the elbow with the hand raised toward the face and the fingers falling over, though unconstrained, such as Raphael would have been likely to adopt. Neither could this portrait have been painted apparently by Giulio Romano; and I am not sufficiently well informed with regard to the lesser lights of the Roman school, to give a further

opinion. Raphael's pupils certainly painted better while under his influence than they did after his death.

RAPHAEL'S "HOURS."

Engravings called by this name have circulated freely during the present century, and much curiosity has been excited to know about the paintings or drawings from which they were taken. American travellers explored Rome however without succeeding in finding any trace of the originals. They were said to be in the Vatican, and a gentleman of my acquaintance, who is not often baffled by difficulties, searched the Vatican most thoroughly without being able to see or hear anything of them. A report was circulated that the *Hours* were not by Raphael at all, but engraved from some ancient mural paintings in Pompeii. At length an American lady, Miss Mary Williams of Salem, traced out the history of the engravings and the place where, as she supposed, the original paintings were;—for she was not permitted access to the rooms. She published her information together with a series of drawings from the *Hours* in a handsome volume, which however, being expensive, found few purchasers, and, not having a popular name attached to it, attracted little attention; so that the general public was not much enlightened by it.

She found in the royal Stamperia at Rome an old engraving of the decorations on the ceiling of a room in the Vatican, immediately under the Raphael Stanze, and in the central square of this ceiling were

the well known figures of Raphael's *Hours*. She was informed that in the last year of Alexander Borgia's reign a waterspout burst over the Vatican, drenching the floor above, so that this ceiling (which had been decorated with Alexander's other rooms by Pinturicchio) fell down, and was not replaced until the reign of Leo X. The chamber was decorated afresh by Raphael's assistants; but whether the *Hours* were painted from designs made by him is not known with certainty. Miss Williams confesses that she has not seen the paintings herself, and Herman Grimm is the only person I have heard of as having obtained admission to the apartments of Borgia. He would seem to have walked under the *Hours* of Raphael without being aware that they were above his head. I have myself made numerous inquiries in Rome concerning them, but have never met with a person who had seen them, or could tell me exactly where they were.

This clears up the mystery in a satisfactory manner. The old engraving, of which Miss Williams gives a reduced imitation, shows unmistakably that these decorations are of the same character as the Raphael arabesques. An engraving is not likely to have been made from nothing, and the difficulty of obtaining admission to the Borgia apartments is sufficient to account for the lack of information in regard to any paintings, which they may contain. Neither do we know in what condition the frescos there are at present.

Certain of the *Hours* were engraved separately at various times during the seventeenth and eight-

teenth centuries, but the whole series was first given to the public during the reign of Napoleon by three Italian engravers of whom Fernando Mori is the only one known to fame. Reproductions of their work have been published by various French engravers.

The *Hours* are not all of equal merit. The second and fifth hours of the night, *Ora Seconda di Notte* and *Ora Quinta di Notte*, are more beautiful and characteristic than the others, and quite worthy of Raphael. There is reason why he should have selected them. The second hour, or eight o'clock, is the time when evening entertainments begin, and is represented by one of Raphael's most beautiful women flying through the air with a face expressive of cheerfulness. Beneath are the masks of comedy and tragedy and the ancient thyrsus, to correspond with this idea. The fifth hour, or eleven o'clock, is the time when sensible folks go to rest, and is represented by a more modest and charming woman pouring incense out of a jar. These figures seem to float in the air as fishes swim in the sea, and are among Raphael's finest designs. I cannot describe how much pleasure I have often felt in looking at them.

Next in order are the first and fourth hours of the day, which may also have been designed by Raphael, but the remainder are somewhat lacking in character, and, if Miss Williams's reproductions are to be trusted, also sometimes in good drawing.

APOLLO AND MARSYAS.

The small painting on this subject, formerly owned by Maurice Moore of London, is attributed in

Passavant's *Life of Raphael* to Francesco Francia. It did not remind me especially of Raphael, when I saw it, but there is a similar drawing of the subject in the Brera collection at Milan, which is attributed to Raphael. If he painted it at all, it must have been while he was studying at Perugia, or soon after his advent at Florence, and a work of that early period would be really no better than a good Francia. On its own merits it is a charming and most interesting little painting, though not distinctively a work of genius. Its possession had a curious effect on the fortunes of Mr. Moore. The Prince Consort wished to purchase it, but Mr. Moore declined to part with it, and always claimed that he was persecuted in consequence. However that may have been, the affair resulted in his going into voluntary exile.





CORREGGIO.

WORKS of art may not only be divided into the ideal and realistic, the classic and romantic; but there is another division, the objective and subjective, which is independent of these. So far as an artist merely imitates the object before him, his work is objective; so soon as he infuses in it his own spirit, or personality, it becomes to that degree subjective. It will thus be perceived that these terms are only relative; for absolute objectivity can only exist through entire negation of style and character. It might be represented by the formula of a ship without sails on a motionless sea,—an idea most repulsive to the imagination. The nearest approach to it is found in the Dutch naval pictures and paintings of animal life. We admire Snyder's group of lions in the Pinacothek at Munich, for it is painted to perfection, but we pass by it quickly, attracted to more sympathetic subjects. It would seem as if it were to prove that this species of art could only rise above a certain level that Rubens and Rembrandt, who were developed out of it, are, of all great painters perhaps, the most strongly characteristic.

There is still another sub-division. A group of

lions could only be painted in an objective manner, but Rubens' *Lion Hunt*, though treated objectively, arouses our sympathy from the danger which threatens one of the hunters; and Giorgione's *Concert*, in itself a trivial matter to us, becomes highly interesting from the spirit with which the artist has imbued it. In art as in philosophy there is an objective-subjective, and a subjective-objective—that is, the design may be objective and the treatment subjective, as in Giorgione's *Concert*; or the reverse of this, as in Rubens' *Lion Hunt*. It is difficult to explain the difference between the subjective and objective *manner* in painting; it is more easily understood by the different ways in which two persons may relate the same story. One may tell it in a perfectly dispassionate manner and yet excite the interest and sympathy in his hearers by the fidelity of his description; and the other may accomplish this by the tones of his voice and the use of such phrases as appeal directly to them.

These two methods are well known in literature, and the former is considered the better kind of art and has always been practised by writers of the highest order; but the other is the more popular method, because it requires less of a mental effort to comprehend its meaning. Milton, Goldsmith, Emerson, and Browning have used the objective manner: Tennyson, Thackeray, Longfellow, and Whittier, the subjective. Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron have sometimes used one method and sometimes the other. In music Bach and Handel are the most strongly objective; Schumann and Chopin are the



most subjective composers. From these instances we perceive the tendency of the present age.

The spirituality of Tuscan art could only be expressed subjectively, but the manner of Leonardo and Michel Angelo was always objective. They cast their great creations from them to live or die on their own merits. Raphael, however, inclined to the subjective manner of treatment, and this may be observed more particularly in the *School of Athens*, his *Parnassus*, the *Fire in the Borgo*, and the *Madonna della Sedia*. His peculiar grace is itself a subjective quality. But ten years after Raphael, a genius was born in the plains of Lombardy who carried subjectivity in art to such a length as few have attempted since, and no others have succeeded in.

We never visit the birthplaces of famous men ; we go to Stratford-on-Avon not because Shakspeare was born there but because he lies buried there ; and yet the influence which immediate surroundings may have on a susceptible nature, as in Raphael's case, has heretofore been noticed, and his great rival also attributed the energy in his own temperament to the mountain air in which he was reared.* Certain it is that no artist of the grand manner has ever appeared between Venetia and the Apennines. Least of all would such be expected from the little city of Correggio, which Antonio Allegri has made famous

*An American lady, who lived much in Italy, had one daughter born to her in Rome and another in Florence. Both were of a romantic disposition ; but the first was possessed of a dreamy melancholy, such as is often induced by the contemplation of a ruin, while her sister was quick-witted and lively. Can this have been wholly accidental?

for us,—situated, as it is, amid sluggish watercourses, with the mountains like a blue rim on the south-western horizon.

Neither could young Antonio's mind be stimulated much by political events; for the little duchy of Modena lay outside of the arena of Italian politics; and peace and tranquillity reigned there, as in the duchy of Weimar during the wars between Germany and France. Under such conditions an ardent nature like Antonio's had no other resource but to turn upon itself, to live in the affections and fine emotions, and as a change from that to gaze into the deep luminous ether of the Italian sky. He therefore drew his inspiration from these two sources, and being gifted with the very finest genius, he made them the twofold subject of his splendid art.

A shy, sensitive, and tender-hearted youth we may imagine him; one whose safety consisted in a retired mode of life, and whose inclinations also favored this. The portrait which he has left us of himself, and which was painted toward the close of his life, for he died at nearly the same age as Byron, is rather disappointing. The face is not a strong one, though the aquiline line of his nose gives it a certain character; and we see too little of his eyes, which must have been his finest feature. People who live in the affections, without too much pressure from the outside world so that they can be at peace with themselves, have an expression in their eyes which reminds me of Dr. Channing's saying, that heaven is in our own hearts. Correggio's face is refined, and the expression dreamy.

His art was the natural offspring of Leonardo's, but it passed through a complete modification in Correggio's hands. His faces are always smiling; but it is not the smile of Leonardo, so full of character and intelligence, but rather the sympathetic smile of a tender-hearted girl who is happy herself, and cannot understand why others should not be so. He has also adopted the narrow jowl and square chin of the Lombardy school, for which Leonardo himself should not be held responsible; but the dignified reserve of Leonardo, which was part of his strength and which he finally carried to the enigmatic degree, Correggio replaced by an open, child-like frankness which knows no evil and fears no danger. This is, indeed, the most characteristic quality in his designs, and attests the purity of his own nature. Raphael also lived much in the affections, and represented in the most perfect manner the relation between a mother and her child; but Raphael's mothers were always wise and self-contained, whereas Correggio's Madonnas are almost as ingenuous as his children.

He seized instinctively on Leonardo's theories of light and shade and aerial perspective, and developed them to a degree beyond anything their author anticipated. *Chiaroscuro* was Correggio's great contribution to art. He was the first painter to give his pictures an atmosphere. Titian and Andrea del Sarto had already effected something in that way, but not to the extent of Correggio. He brought down the summer skies of Italy onto his canvas, and caused the air to circulate about his figures and

whisper in their ears. His light and shade is not more remarkable for delicacy than boldness. His transparent shadows lie one over another and serve to reveal instead of hiding the objects on which they rest. His reflections rival his shadows; and both serve to bring out the subject of his picture with more truthfulness than the most correct outlines. It is a web woven of cloud and sunshine.

If with Raphael the ideal sometimes overbalanced the real, Correggio may be said to have been carried fairly off his feet by it. He lived in a world of his own creating, peopled with beings like himself; where all was love, innocence, and purity. His saints float upon clouds, in which cherubs play hide-and-seek. Such creations would not stand the test of practical life, and yet we contemplate them with profound respect.

His coloring corresponds to this. It is not the coloring of real life, but of an imaginary existence. His tints are not those of earth, but of the sky; and when Tintoretto painted *San Rocco in Heaven*, he adopted Correggio's coloring as the most suitable for his subject. Many of his paintings resemble sunsets; some with a warm central glow of light, and others gorgeous with bright prismatic hues. Yet they are never too highly colored for a refined taste, and though we may become tired of their fulgence as we do of long-continued sunshine, we enjoy seeing them again after a brief interval. Correggio's reflections of light are the most interesting part of his coloring to a connoisseur, and give all his pictures a technical value quite distinct from the

quality of their design. His *Io* in the Berlin museum shows that he could give color even to darkness and make it pleasant and attractive.

He was not one of the greatest masters of the pencil, but his drawing is good; I should say fully equal to Titian's. His lines are pure, simple, and graceful, and he understood how to give ideality to form. The arms of his *Diana* vie with those of Tintoretto's *Ariadne*, and yet in shape they are quite different. The arms of the *Diana* are the more finely modelled of the two. The nude figures of his saints likewise have a style peculiarly their own: rounded shoulders, with a round, compact body, and limbs not too muscular—an admirable style. There is a lack of variety among them, but that is atoned for by the attitudes, of which Correggio always had a store at his command. When his drawing does not appear to advantage the fault is always with the attitude and not from incorrect outlines. Some of his postures are ~~eccentric~~ enough. In his children, and especially in the youthful genii at Palma, he shows a fine imagination for form nearly equal to Raphael at his best, and quite surpassing the infant Saviours of Raphael's early period.

THE READING MAGDALEN.

It would require a great deal of pains and patience to make out the chronological order of Correggio's pictures. The *Madonna*, with two attendant saints, in the museum at Dresden, is adjudged to be one of the earliest, but even that does not give the

appearance of immaturity, like the Raphaels in Berlin or *La Belle Jardinière*. This artist would seem to have bloomed forth in a single day, like the night-flowering cereus. Its coloring has not the luminous quality which he afterwards acquired, so far as light and shade is concerned. Independent of that, it shows a decided advance over Raphael or even Titian at the same age. It could not be more feminine if a woman had painted it.

For the same reason I believe that his *Magdalen* in the same museum must have been the first of his more celebrated pictures. Though it is of diminutive size it ranks third in honor in a gallery which contains so many masterpieces by Italian, German, and Dutch painters. It is impossible to find fault with it. Whether we consider the natural grace of her attitude, the simplicity of her attire, the deep tone of the background against which her figure is relieved, the radiant glow of her arms and breast, or the delicate shading of her gentle face, it is not easy to imagine a better painting. There are few perfect things in this world, but Correggio's *Magdalen* is one of them.

The bright blue color of her mantle has been objected to, but without this it would not be characteristic of Correggio. It has been previously noticed that he lived in the sky rather than on the earth; and the fact is represented here in this manner. His pictures are always bright and cheerful. The frame of a picture must be adapted to the subject, and Mary's horizontal position required a low background, so that little or no sky is visible in it. Girolamo

Battoni, who painted a reading Magdalen in a similar attitude in the eighteenth century, was obliged to adopt a similar expedient.

Mattoni's *Magdalen* is also in the Dresden museum, and the comparison between the two shows Correggio's superiority in drawing as well as coloring, though he was not celebrated for the former in his own time. The arms of his *Magdalen* are more beautiful than the face of Mattoni's, whose charm is of a more modern and delicately moulded kind. Her position also, with the head turned to one side, is not without constraint, and she will soon become fatigued from reading in such an attitude. It is a work of merit, and quite equal to anything that has been produced since.

A doubt has been expressed as to the religious character of Correggio's *Magdalen*; and it has been questioned whether it represents more than a young woman in negligent costume reading in a sylvan retreat. Public opinion has decided otherwise; and I think the sense of penitence is sufficiently expressed by the shadow on her face and the ruggedness of the scenery; for she appears to be reclining on stony ground. It is such contrition as Correggio himself might have felt from his sensitive conscience, in a life comparatively pure and blameless.

He is credited with having been the first to introduce the modern method of painting hair in a kind of shorthand; by which much labor is saved and a soft and natural appearance attained without drawing too many fine lines. The hair of the *Reading Magdalen* is an excellent example of this treatment.

There is a noble head of St. John the Evangelist attributed to Correggio, and formerly owned by Mr. Jarves, the American Consul at Florence, which resembles the *Reading Magdalen* in its vigorous and healthful tone; as it does also in the lack of his later *chiaroscuro*. The face is turned upward with no sickly sentimental look, and the panel is so nearly covered by it as to give the impression of heroic size.

THE ECCE HOMO.

One of the best examples of Correggio's coloring, and as bright and fresh as if it were painted twenty years ago, is his *Ecce Homo* in the National gallery. The half-length figure of Christ nearly fills up the canvas, and yet the Madonna, one of the Marys, Pontius Pilate, and a Roman centurion are also introduced. Though we only see a small portion of these last, the arrangement is so skilful that the whole group seems to stand bodily before us. The imagination easily supplies what Correggio has left out, or had no space for. Its wonderful *chiaroscuro* easily distinguishes it from all other paintings in the room; yet the picture has faults of composition which go far to neutralize its chromatic splendor.

If Raphael was not able to face tragedy, what can we expect of the tender and fragile Correggio? It would seem as if painters feel much more than poets the sufferings of those whose images they reproduce. The aspect of endurance on the faces of the great tragic artists is convincing evidence of this. Correggio's Saviour has an expression of suffering, as if

from the toothache, but there is no moral power behind it,—no look of determination. As there is a lack of manliness in his face so there is in his hands, which are decidedly those of a woman. In fact, there is a very slight difference between his hands and those of his mother.

The expression of the Madonna and of her friend is much more serious, though the two would seem to have been painted from the same model. Pontius Pilate is the best head in the group; a resplendent piece of coloring, into which Correggio evidently put his whole heart. His face is Greek, and rather delicate for that, but still very handsome. The hardened centurion on the other side is a pleasant relief in so much physical tenderness.

Persons who have become acquainted with Correggio through Toschi's engravings are often disappointed at the first sight of his *Ecce Homo*. There is always more severity in a steel engraving than in a painting (as there is also in sculpture), and with Correggio this is sometimes an advantage. Toschi gives to the frescos at Parma a more religious and ethereal tone than really belongs to them. Correggio himself is always sensuous.

The *Marriage of St. Catherine*, in the Louvre, was a subject more in harmony with Correggio's temperament, and his genius certainly shines forth in it with splendid effect. Its drawing has not the dignity of Raphael, but it is easy and graceful, and the faces are quite as much idealized. At the same time they are delightfully human. St. Catherine is

charming rather than beautiful, but she is attractive, as some of Domenichino's heads are attractive. Especially do we feel that Correggio enjoyed every moment that he spent in painting it. One reason for this may have been because, as is said, it was painted as a wedding gift to his own sister Caterina.

The charm of Giorgione is almost entirely in his own personality. It made little difference on what subject he expended his talent. His *Musicians* is properly a *genre* picture, and yet he elevated it to the plane of historical work. With Raphael it did not make so much difference what was his subject, as the manner in which he treated it; while Correggio is always the same if his subject is only adapted to him.

PARMA.

No man can escape from the popular tendency of his time. Even if he exert himself to oppose it, the effort of resistance has an effect upon him, and warps his life. It will be noticed that the period of Correggio's activity very nearly coincides with what we have called the false renaissance,—when the admiration for Greek and Roman antiquity threatened to turn the course of modern civilization out of its proper channel. It was fortunate for Raphael and Titian that they were trained to their calling before this period began, and for Paul and Tintoretto that they came after it had ceased. The gentle Correggio had no idea of resisting its influence, but he allowed the classic revival to percolate through him, like water through a filter, leaving all its impurities

behind. He was invited to Parma almost at the same time that Raphael was painting the *Triumph of Galatea*, a work of similar character to the frescos of Correggio in the convent of San Paolo.

Diana as the patron saint of a nunnery was a novelty, but not inappropriate. She was the goddess of celibacy to the Greeks, and why not allegorically to Christians also? What subject could serve better to remind the inmates of their irrevocable vows? Neither are the frolicsome boys in the lunettes less in keeping with the sanctity of the place. A happy innocent child is the very type of purity. A lady, who has taken a life-long interest in Correggio, and who has almost been a sister of charity herself, writes as follows:

“Let us try to imagine what these glorious forms of life, and joy, and gladness must have been to the minds and hearts of those pious souls immured within the convent walls of Paolo; and let us breathe a benediction upon the sweet sympathetic genius who gladdened their unnatural lives.”

Neither can I agree with the German critic who considers Correggio immeasurably inferior to Raphael in intensity of expression. He does not equal Raphael in depth of feeling, but in vividness of expression there is no painting that surpasses Correggio’s *Diana*, and few of Raphael’s that equal it. Her face gives forth moonlight; and as a study of light it is only rivalled by his other masterpiece which Italians call the *Day*. The background is formed of a cloudy sky so as to give an appearance

like that of the moon breaking through the clouds. There is nowhere a more poetic or perfect painting.

In the midst of this splendor we discover a friendly, human intelligence. She seems on the point of recognizing the spectator, and yet does this without looking out of the picture. Her frankness is charming; her sympathy captivating; her beauty inexpressible. She is at once purely Greek and perfectly Christian; Hellenic in her *naïve* simplicity, and modern in her intellectual consciousness. Her exquisite form is modestly revealed by the pliant folds of her light drapery. Grander and more elevated types of womanhood have been conceived, but none more perfect than this. She represents not only the romance of moonlight but its friendliness. She is the very spirit of chastity.

This is the most objective in treatment of Correggio's paintings, except the *Magdalen*; and I think that is the reason why they excel the rest. They possess a firmness of character which is too frequently lacking in his work.

Correggio like Raphael gave a peculiar elegance to all inanimate objects. This is noticeable in the car which carries Diana and which is fully worthy of its occupant; and also in the lattice-work which surrounds the lunettes,—a trellis intertwined with roses and morning-glories, a refined and classic selection. Morning-glories especially seem appropriate to Correggio; the flowers born of morning radiance, glowing with the freshness of opening day, their delicate petals trembling with the slightest breath of air, and touched with an aërial grace.

The frolicsome boys in the lunettes are very charming. They are neither cupids, nor cherubs, nor genii, but ideal children of heaven ; an invention of Correggio's own, on which no other artist has infringed. They belong to a sensuous heaven it is true, but their purity is not of this world. Each of them has a distinct individuality. Now one is rushing through the network of vines, as if no time could be lost till the coveted aim was reached ; now one pauses to caress a dog whose clear, intelligent eyes reveal his share in the festivity. Another is carrying a stone on his head of such size that supernatural strength would seem to be required for the exertion. The dreamy Raphael could not have represented such blithesome activity. The convent of San Paolo is one of the sanctuaries of art.

We do not behold the frescos in the church of S. Giovanni at Parma with equal satisfaction. Correggio's well-known trick of foreshortening, a realistic device altogether discordant with his ideal temperament, injures the effect of his painting there, more, taken as a whole, than when we divide it into separate groups. It indicates perhaps that his idea of heaven was not an elevated one, but easily visible from the surface of the earth.

It is a mistake to suppose that Correggio was not religious. He had not the sublimated faith of Fra Angelico, but one of his own, which was none the less sincere. It resembled the English Episcopal belief of the present time, which instructs us that we can enjoy life on this earth without necessarily disobeying the precepts of Jesus. As in the *Diana* he has

united the intelligent naturalism of the Greek with the supernaturalism of the Christian. It is not the faith of Christ's disciples who went forth to conquer a world immersed in sensuality and superstition ; nor the faith of the Scotch Covenanters ; but such as we know it, it was sincere. It was not a strong faith which could resist external pressure, but rather the religion of domestic life, which feels the need of a divine providence for its happy continuation.

The frescos in S. Giovanni are so much dimmed by time that they ought to be taken in connection with Toschi's engravings ; and yet Correggio's *chiaroscuro* is so remarkable that we seem to be looking into the wall instead of on it, as we look into water, and discover his graceful figures floating there in an element of their own. The central composition of the Saviour in glory is not so interesting as the smaller groups below, of the four evangelists and the apostles discoursing on the clouds, because these suffer less from Correggio's peculiar foreshortening.

Chief among them is the picture of John, the patron saint of the church, seated under a low Roman arch with the eagle (or rather a vulture) with drooping wings, perched at his feet. He has not the heroic energy of Fra Angelico's *Evangelist* or the grand realism of Durer's, but his refined spirituality is beyond question. I do not know another face which unites so much individuality with a perfect ideal ; and if Correggio has anywhere escaped from a sensuous expression, it is here. St. John's face is intellectual and of the highest order. The

right foot is exaggerated, just as it would be in a photograph, and this is the only imperfection that mars the grace and purity of Correggio's drawing.

Among the apostles on the clouds, St. Paul and the Disciple with him make the finest group ; though St. Peter gesticulating with his keys is also a noble figure. St. Paul looks upward slightly, as if to appeal for confirmation to the heavenly host above, and his arm is raised in the gesture of an orator, while his companion is contrasted with him by darker hair and beard, and a head inclined meditatively. The two are representative of a preacher and his audience, and both the face and attitude of St. Paul are as eloquent as words could be.

It is not long since I observed a minister of the gospel walking with a friend on the seashore and evidently discoursing to him on some question of faith. As he held out his arm to emphasize his words, I was instantly reminded by their respective attitudes of the painting of *St. Paul and the Apostle*.

The wealth of Correggio's imagination is exemplified in the group of St. Thomas attended by five maidenly youths of rare beauty, who cling to him as he ascends on curling wreaths of vapor. The only costume of this saint appears to be a mantle and a pair of soft leather boots, one of which is too much in focus ; and his face is more sensuous than that of St. Paul, but its expression is elevated. His delicately arched eyebrows are the type of all his features, as well as of the treatment of his hair. The exquisitely varied forms and faces of the youths

who accompany him surpass even the boys in the lunettes of San Paolo. They have the purity of fresh marble statues, and yet their radiant limbs seem to have been moulded by summer breezes. If Correggio has anywhere approached true grandeur, it is in the church of St. John the Evangelist. His *St. Thomas* has something of the majesty of the *Zeus* of Otricoli.

The *Madonna della Scala*, in the museum at Parma, belongs to the noontide of Correggio's work. It requires some minutes for the eye to become accustomed to its present condition, and to discover the beauty that is concealed beneath its surface; but it holds a place between the *Madonna della Sedia* and the masterpiece at Dresden. The ineffable tenderness of maternal affection is depicted with equal affection and tenderness.

THE DECLINE.

The ultimate goal of subjectivity is love; which may be called the sentiment of self in an ideal condition. Love may be selfish and coarse or noble and elevated, according to the character of the individual. No painter, except Michel Angelo, has ventured so far in this direction as Correggio; though Goethe, Shakspeare, and other poets have been equally daring. It is less difficult to judge of Correggio's motives in this instance, because such a long series of works (as well as the evidence of Vasari) tend to prove the purity of his nature; yet it was dangerous ground to tread on, and may possibly have led to a decline in the quality of his art.

The best copy of *Io* is in the Albertina; for the one in Berlin was injured by the French nobleman, its previous owner, who cut the canvas in pieces. It resembles Leonardo's *St. John* in treatment, but is even more of a nocturne. Its effect on a serious mind is chastening; but only the pure in heart can appreciate such a picture. In fact it requires single-mindedness to understand any superior work of art. It is much in *Io*'s favor that she is greatly admired by her own sex. A great many photographs of her are sold to ladies; very few to men. She is beautiful and painted with incomparable delicacy.

Michel Angelo painted his *Leda* from an interest in human nature, but Correggio from a love of girlish beauty. This at least is the effect he has produced. He may have taken the scene from Homer's pretty episode in the *Odyssey*. The king's daughter and her maidens are bathing in a secluded part of the river, when they are frightened from the water by the approach of swans. *Leda* alone is not afraid of them, and waits to receive them. The demure expression of the maid-servant, who is helping to attire one of the girls, shows what Correggio might have accomplished as a dramatic painter.

As these two pictures hang close together in the Berlin gallery, we may easily notice a decided difference of treatment between them. In coloring and manner the *Leda* most nearly resembles the *Reading Magdalen*, and probably was painted at about the same time.

If Correggio like Alcibiades profaned the Eleusinian mysteries in the *Antiope* of the Louvre, yet,

technically considered, this is the most magnificent of his works. It is the perfection of gorgeous coloring, and yet does not exceed the limits of a refined taste. No one could represent the color of flesh better than Titian, but Correggio surpasses him in softness and the play of light. In the *Antiope* we have the two united. Her resplendent figure gleams from afar. She has also the advantage of Titian's Venuses in ideality of form. Her realistic attitude may prevent this from being readily noticed, but her throat and shoulders, which were evidently painted rather than drawn, are as finely modelled as in the *Sleeping Faun* at Munich. Even in the *Sleeping Venus* of Dresden, a conventional arrangement of the hair detracts largely from the romance of the subject; but the long flowing hair of the *Antiope* has a ripple in it of burnished gold, a glorious head of hair. Her hands closely resemble those of the *Reading Magdalén*, which would seem to be a link between this picture and the *Leda*, though much nearer to the latter. The background taken by itself would make a landscape of the highest order. The sunlight flashes between the trees and the rich clusters of leaves, as it will in a grove on a July afternoon.

The *Danaë* in the Borghese gallery shows a decided falling off in moral tone. The expression of her face is decidedly coarse; neither is it so well painted as the three preceding pictures. A partial compensation for this is found in the two little cupids sharpening their arrows, which some poor copyist is always at work upon. Correggio has exactly caught the expression of a young child, when he is intent on

some small affair which seems to him of vital importance.

Strong men are always objective. Long-continued subjectivity is weakening ; and the greater number of subjective poets and painters, like Byron, Heine, Schiller, Giorgione and Raphael, have met with an early death. The mind and nerves require external resistance for their sanitary condition quite as much as the muscles. Raphael's broad, practical activity might perhaps have saved him ; but Correggio had neither the physique nor the ability for that. There are several pictures of his which plainly indicate an unfavorable change in his mental condition, and they may be considered a prediction of his untimely end.

The most important of these is *La Notte* in the Dresden gallery, a celebrated painting, but one which I never could look at without a slight shiver. The Madonna is evidently the same person, probably his own wife, who appears in the *La Scala*, and no fault can be found with her attitude or expression. At the same time there is something of fragility, if not positive weakness, in her appearance. A bright radiance proceeds from her and the new-born child, from which the herdsman who has just come out of the darkness is obliged to shade his eyes. It lights up the faces of two female attendants, and is reflected on a group of angels hovering above. Beyond the holy Virgin we look out into a dark nocturnal landscape.

So far it is equal to Correggio's best ; but the

sturdy herdsman (who is otherwise a fine contrast to the tender group in the centre) has his head twisted to one side, so that only the points of his eyebrow, nose, and chin are visible,—an ignominious posture. The maid who is looking up to him with a rather feeble expression of rapture has her fingers contorted in a similar manner; and the limbs of the angels above are drawn in the same fashion, and their muscles are contracted as if they had an aerial cramp. Correggio may have intended to express in this way the ecstasy with which they behold the infant Jesus, but we have only to pass through the door at the left to perceive how Raphael has expressed this in his *St. Barbara* consistently with self-possession. This eccentricity in *La Notte* corresponds perhaps to the mental condition of the artist while it was being painted.

A more strict and classic example of the Madonna and her new-born child by Correggio is in the Uffizi at Florence, and is more domestic as well as more poetic, for being without attendant saints.

The picture called Correggio's *St. George*, at Dresden, indicates a further moral decline. The background, with its pleasant open archway and floral decoration, recalls the frescos of San Paolo, but the Madonna and her saints would seem to be in a most unhealthy condition of nervous excitability. The head of St. Peter Martyr is bent over in certainly an extravagant, if not an affected, position; St. George, otherwise a fine figure, is looking out with a self-conscious air; the youthful Baptist is pointing towards the infant Saviour with gleeful exultation; and the

whole group seems to be dangerously near a spasmodic ebullition. The effect is so disagreeable that no skill of the brush can compensate for it.

There can be no doubt that Correggio died of a fever; but the story that it resulted from his carrying home a heavy payment in copper is not generally believed. If he suffered from poverty it was his own fault,—if weakness in such a man is to be considered a fault.

None of these celestial artists however were paid one hundredth part of the value of their work. From Apelles to Leonardo was two thousand years; and the earth may go round the sun as many times before it will see their like again.





APPENDIX A.

MORELLI *RESARTUS.*

“Italian Masters in German Galleries.”

GOVANNI MORELLI first appeared under the Russian name of Ivan Sermoleff, and proved his Russian proclivity in a fair degree by the realistic manner in which he criticised notable paintings of the ideal period of Italian art. He still remains sufficiently Italian, however, to appreciate their beauty, although he may have been unaware whence that beauty was derived. He admires the Sistine Madonna calmly and considerately, which is good evidence that its superiority has made a just impression on him. He is also susceptible to the internal light of Giorgione, without, however, recognizing the spiritual element which it represents.

He is rather a brilliant writer, and the conversations which he reports as taking place in the picture-galleries (worked up no doubt from actual occurrences), indicate a dramatic talent little inferior to that of Count Tolstoi. The object of his work, however, is to decide the authenticity of old pictures, and in discussing this theme he displays an amount of erudition and a thorough study of his subject which is fairly surprising. Neither does he

place it before the readers in a pedantic manner, but in the form of a lively and interesting narrative. His book is entertaining and yet has a serious character.

No amount of erudition will give a man accurate judgment; that is a matter of logic, a mental method, and can only be attained by long experience and constant self-criticism. Morelli depends too much, in his judgment of pictures, on subordinate peculiarities. There is no single test for the authenticity of old paintings. The drawing, the coloring, the expression of the face, the *chiaroscuro*, the handling (which is the artist's *chirography*), the background, and what are called accessories, all have to be taken into consideration. Morelli pays slight attention to either expression or *chiaroscuro*, and places especial emphasis on the shape of the hands and of the ear.

Now the hands have always been a favorite criterion with connoisseurs, because they are just the point with which a great painter will take pains, and which the copyist will be likely to neglect. It is not their shape, however, so much as their style and handling, that has hitherto been considered. With the Pre-Raphaelites who painted everything except the face in a mechanical manner, the shape of the hands is indeed important, and to a certain extent also, among later artists; but good painters since Michel Angelo have, with few exceptions, drawn their hands to suit the style of their figures; for in a symmetrical person,—and no other should be introduced into imaginative art,—the hand will always bear a resemblance to the individual. Thus a thick-set man will have stout hands with short fingers, and a tall, graceful woman will have long slender fingers. Much the same may be said of the ears; but in a majority of pictures the ears are not visible at all, and if they are visi-

ble, they are often so much foreshortened that nothing can be determined by them.

It will not be difficult to prove by a few illustrious examples, that Morelli's judgment is by no means infallible.

There is a portrait in the Pitti Palace Gallery called the *Donna Velata* about which critics have long been in doubt. Morelli, judging in his usual manner, is satisfied that it was painted by Raphael, and thinks that he has found in it the original from which the *Sistine Madonna* was derived. This, however, could only happen by an extent of idealization which every realist would at once repudiate. The face of the *Sistine Madonna* is a long oval, with unusually large, tender eyes. The face of the *Donna Velata* is not an oval at all, but, as one might say, neither too long nor too broad, with regular but rather crisp features, and an expression as of a pleasant woman who has a good deal of snap in her. It would have been quite as possible to have used James Russell Lowell as a model for a portrait of Washington. He says of the *Sistine Madonna*, vol. ii., p. 211:

"The space seems to me much too narrow, and it is my conviction that if it were hung higher, for instance in one of the large saloons, this dreamy, heavenly vision would make a more perfect impression on the spectator. Here, unfortunately, one sees too much of the damage the painting has received, chiefly from restoration. These injuries are especially obvious in the infant Christ, and on the forehead of the Madonna. But marred and mottled as it is, it nevertheless produces an indescribable, a magic effect."

I have gazed at the *Sistine Madonna* day after day until I discovered that her eyes were painted in such a manner that in cloudy weather they are scarcely visible.

This it is which gives such depth of expression to her face. I never discovered that the picture had been retouched anywhere, but it may have been, for I was not looking for blemishes ; to say, however, that the *Sistine Madonna* has a marred and mottled appearance, is profoundly absurd, and would give anyone who had never seen it an erroneous impression. It is one of the best preserved pictures of the sixteenth century, and so delicately painted that it seems as if nowhere one stroke of the brush overlaid another. Grimm affirms that it is the only one of Raphael's greater works that is worthily located, and I think nine persons out of ten will agree that it were well if every such masterpiece could have a room, or at least a wall, by itself. Certainly to remove the *Sistine Madonna* to the outer hall, where it might be placed between a *Venus* and a *Leda*, would be no less than sacrilege. It would not only be an injury to the paintings about it, but they would also have an unfavorable effect upon the *Madonna*.

Morelli's most startling discovery is that the *Reading Magdalen* which has always been attributed to Correggio, must necessarily have been painted by Adrian Van der Werff. He gives his argument for this in the form of a colloquy with a German lady on page 132, vol. ii.

“I am sorry to say I am in sober earnest. Have the goodness to examine the picture more narrowly. Look at the dazzling ultramarine of the mantle. Why, that is the Van der Werff color all over ; see the affected form of the fingers, the long nails, with all that light thrown on the cut edges, a thing no Italian ever did ; then observe all those little stones in the foreground, how minutely they are executed, exactly as in the picture No. 1643, by Van der Werff ; so with the cold miniature-like glossy vessel of ointment by the side of the Magdalen ; will you

also compare the foliage here with the foliage in Van der Werff's pictures (Nos. 1640 and 1641), and lastly, the cracks in this painting with the cracks in the paintings of Van der Werff and his contemporaries."

I am pleased to learn that Raphael Mengs considered this the finest of Correggio's works, for I have long held the same opinion. The best proof of its authenticity lies in the feminine tenderness of the woman's expression. Correggio was the most subjective of all painters and that may be the reason why he succeeded in painting the best picture of a Magdalen, for penitence is the most profoundly subjective of all emotions. It is the recoil of human weakness upon itself. Van der Werff may not have been the most phlegmatic of the Flemings, but even Rubens would be considered phlegmatic compared with Correggio.

Next observe the softness and texture of her flesh,—the arms and breast,—Titian and Raphael could not have equalled it. Titian might render the color of flesh better, but not the texture. The hair also is characteristic of Correggio; a succession of soft waves with a slight ripple in them, broadly handled. Even the shape of the hands give in their evidence; for we have already noticed that Correggio was exceptional among the very great painters in not adapting the form of his hands to the character of his figures. The left hand of the Magdalen, which is the only one that can be seen plainly, has the same delicate, rather attenuated, fingers and long nails, as the hands of the Saviour in the *Ecce Homo* at London. The edges of the nails are conspicuous because the light strikes directly on them.

Another more decided mark of authenticity is the contour of her face. Correggio's faces have rather pointed chins and a narrow jowl. His Magdalen is not an ex-

treme case of this, and the peculiarity is partly concealed by the shadow of her arm, but her face is certainly not an oval. Neither do I find the blue of her mantle glaring. It is in keeping with Correggio's general tone of color, which belongs to heaven rather than to earth. The stones in the foreground are essential to give the effect of loneliness, on a canvas too small for trees. As for the cracks in the varnish, those may well be left to the curious.

Morelli attempts to prove too much when he describes the *Reading Magdalen* as a cold picture. The universal opinion of mankind, and especially of womankind, has decided differently. It is safe to assert, that no coldly printed picture could arouse the genuine enthusiasm that this *Magdalen* has.

It seems more likely that Morelli is correct in regard to the *Sleeping Venus* at Dresden, which has hitherto been ascribed to Titian. It is too good a picture to be a copy, and yet its coloring does not resemble that of Titian's Venuses in the Uffizi. Its close proximity to the *Venus* by Palma Vecchio tends to prove that he did not paint it, and though it is usually difficult to make out a negative, Morelli would seem to have proved one in the present instance. He explains the lack of Giorgione's internal light by supposing the figure of Venus to have been repainted.

There can never be an authority in art criticism, such as there are authorities in law, or medicine, or in any other science, for among the best judges there will always be a variety of opinions. We should read Morelli's work therefore with the same suspicion, and also the same attention with which a lawyer listens to the statement of his client.



APPENDIX B.

PROFESSOR KUGLER ON TINTORETTO.

From the Boston Transcript.

Kugler's *Handbook of Art*, Edited by Sir C. Eastlake.

IF Dr. Lübke's criticism on Tintoretto is unsympathetic, Kugler's is an atrocious misrepresentation.

He devotes but three pages of his history of painting to the works of the great Venetian, while he gives ten to Correggio, and more than that to Titian. Almost in the beginning he says :

“ Michel Angelo made use of nude figures in his *Last Judgment* to express his original and poetic thoughts with abstract largeness. Tintoretto introduces them as mere idle accompaniments, for the sake of their fine muscular drawing or foreshortening.”

This reminds us again of Voltaire's narrow judgment of Homer and Shakspeare ; though nothing could have offended Professor Kugler more than to be called a follower in the school of Voltaire rather than that of Winkelmann and Lessing. If he were alive I would write to him and inquire how he would explain the strange and remarkable attitudes among the group of saints in Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment*. What mental condition

do they symbolize, and what relation do they sustain to the central action of that famous picture? St. Catherine is represented very much like an Indian squaw who is pounding maize. The figures in the background of Michel Angelo's *Holy Family* in the Uffizi have often been complained of as irrelevant to the subject.

When the inquisitor asked Paul of Verona why he introduced guards in German armor in his *Feast at the House of Simeon*, he replied: "They are for ornament; and because in a large composition it is necessary to have as much of a variety as possible."

This is a well-known rule of painting, which Kugler evidently remembered when he was in the Sistine Chapel, but forgot it again when he entered the churches of Venice. It is a rule which applies to all large historical compositions, and is not contrary to nature; for there are usually spectators present at great events who have no direct share in them.

It may prudently be affirmed that no artist ever looked at life more from an internal point of view than Tintoretto. He worked always from the inside outward, where his subject permitted him to do so. Sometimes he even sacrificed to it his reputation for technical skill. This is so plain that the point could be proved before an intelligent jury in any Christian country.

It would be only a benighted connoisseur who would fail to recognize the spiritual expression on the face of Giorgione in the *Worship of the Golden Calf*. Giorgione himself never painted so fine an expression. Next compare the elevated treatment in Tintoretto's *Circumcision* (which Mr. Osler calls the *Presentation of Jesus*) with the same subject as handled by Paul of Verona. Is there even more pathos in Michel Angelo's *Pieta* than in the group of mourners in the *Crucifixion* of the Scuola

di San Rocco? Remember the expression of the horse's eyes in the second *Crucifixion*; the *Last Supper* in San Giorgio; and the tender sympathy expressed in the *Visit of Mary to Elizabeth*. The choir of angels in his *Paradise* would seem to be singing the hallelujah chorus from Handel's *Messiah*.

Such subjects as the *Plague of Serpents* and the *Fall of Manna* are not capable of a spiritual development, but they afford a rare opportunity for spirited attitudes, and it is, in this manner that Tintoretto made use of them.

My biography of Tintoretto was written mainly to prove the moral and intellectual quality of his work. Whoever will carry it to Venice I think will find it to be correct. This has already been done with a satisfactory result. Let us leave technicalities to the Dutch; before the noble qualities of Italian art we may well be silent in regard to them.

The hand of the editor, Eastlake, is visible in an account of Tintoretto's pictures in private collections in England, and these are treated in a more cordial and appreciative manner than Kugler's brief statement regarding vastly more important works in Venice. Of Tintoretto's *Paradise* he says that it "is filled with an innumerable and unpleasant crowd of figures"; and this is what four persons out of five who enter the Sistine Chapel think of Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment*; and they are not so much to blame for it, for the faces in Tintoretto's *Paradise* have such an expression of elevated manly and womanly happiness that it is a hard and unsympathetic nature which does not feel their influence.

The *Worship of the Golden Calf* is also denominated as an unpleasant work by Kugler; and when a man tells you that black is white, what is there that can be done

about it? Morelli says somewhere that the opinion of an intelligent woman in regard to a work of art is often better than a connoisseur's, because she is not prejudiced by preconceived ideas and theories.

Kugler was not so much of an art critic, as an academic editor. Where, as in the case of Raphael and Corregio, he could depend on the opinion of previous writers, his statements may be relied on, in a general way; but, for some mysterious reason, Venetian art and architecture (excepting pictures in the galleries) have never attracted the attention of eminent German writers.

The pictures by Tintoretto which Kugler approved are of the most prosaic and conventional kind, and this was to be expected. Fortunately the book is being superseded.

A writer in the New York *Nation* has attacked the character of Tintoretto, especially on account of his brutality. I have not seen the article in question, for I have not time to read the *Nation*, but a friend at court informed me of the fact, adding of his own accord that the writer seemed to be talking at random. There can be no doubt of that.

All that we know of Tintoretto personally comes to us from Ridolfi and Vasari, and they both praise his character in unqualified terms, which is more than they are able to do for Titian. Vasari says of him: "Jacopo Tintoretto is a great lover of all the arts, and more particularly delights in playing on various musical instruments; he is, besides, a very agreeable person, which is proved in all his modes of proceeding."

A man's character always forms the background of his work, whether he be artist or statesman. The resolute manliness of Tintoretto (as well as his piety and kindness) is conspicuous all over Venice; and this is what

effeminate and self-indulgent persons are liable to mistake for brutality. Paris Bordone might be considered brutal as an artist, or even Titian ; but Tintoretto painted no Venuses. It is a clumsy chimera conjured up by Kugler to differentiate him from Michel Angelo, to whom the epithet might be applied with more appearance of reason.





APPENDIX C.

CORRECTIONS TO THE LIFE OF TINTORETTO.

I DO not conceal from myself the possibility of Titian's coloring being an emanation of the man's own nature. In one sense, all original work must be that ; but we must distinguish between the grace of Raphael's drawing, which is supposed to have been a personal manner, and a question of coloring which could not have had any external correspondence in the man himself. What I have suggested as an explanation of Titian's golden tone, was merely intended as a theory of the manner in which it might be practically acquired, though I may have stated it more dogmatically than such an hypothesis would justify. M. Coquerel held an idea that Rembrandt's peculiar coloring was due to the study of objects illumined in a fog.

In regard to Titian's portraits, what Lanzi attempts to explain is that he made the features of his sitters more pronounced than they were in real life, without making them more symmetrical or otherwise changing their form. He could thus produce a perfect likeness and at the same time idealize his subject. Types of beauty or strength, like those of the Greeks or of Michel Angelo and Raphael, he never created, but he gave to his portraits something of his own largeness and superiority of nature, whether the original possessed it or not.

Morelli may be correct in supposing that the *Sleeping Venus* of Dresden was painted by Giorgione, for he has constructed a very good argument in support of his view. We still wait, however, to hear what may be said on the other side, and meanwhile the picture retains the name of Titian on its frame. I never made a careful examination of it, but its coloring did not suggest Giorgione to me, though I have always been able to distinguish one of his rare works at the first glance. I only noticed that it is not equal in its flesh tints to the two *Venuses* in the Tribuna.

The fashion of painting naked women commenced about the time of Giorgione's death and raged like other fashions for some fifteen or twenty years. Pope Clement VII. issued an interdict against it, and the Inquisition finally put an end to it. The Italian Renaissance ought properly to be divided into two periods : the first from 1475 to 1510, in which the classic element was harmoniously united with the spirit of mediæval Christianity ; and the second from 1510 to 1545, during which religious feeling may be hardly said to have existed at all.

In the moral vacuum thus created, Italian society went back fifteen centuries, to the taste and customs of the time of Augustus. The work of Titian, Correggio, and Sodoma was not shameful, any more than the *Venus dei Medici* is shameful ; nor so much, for the women they painted do not appear conscious of their nudity, which the Venus evidently does. That also, I believe, to have been the portrait statue of a woman slightly idealized, perhaps, but not a true Venus. Such paintings did not create the sensation in the sixteenth century that they do in our strongly self-conscious age. Many things then were taken as a matter of course, which now are supposed to exist only in history. Art itself is purifying, just

as love purifies. Whoever looks on Titian's *Bella* in the Pitti Palace, and does not recognize her superiority as a woman, lacks proper information in human nature ; yet we find her five or six years older painted as a Venus in the Tribuna ; probably painted for the benefit of her husband, and perhaps, also, for her lady friends. M. Taine noticed her aristocratic bearing but not her identity with the *Bella* ; for that would have spoiled his theory in regard to Titian's Venuses.

Tintoretto painted nude figures, male and female, but in his works the nudity is always subordinate to the subject, and never appears for its own sake. His *Susanna and the Elders* may even be called a holy picture, so pure-minded is the expression on their faces. It is much the same with his *Adam and Eve*, his *Three Graces*, and others of like description.

My comparison between the *Entombments* by Raphael and Tintoretto was a failure. I was misled in regard to the former, first by my own recollection, and then by the statement of a distinguished scholar in whom I placed confidence. Raphael's *Entombment* is not only the landmark of a transition period, but, as already stated, it was properly his first attempt in dramatic composition. Tintoretto's *Entombment* is both more harmoniously designed and skilfully painted ; but it is now in ruins, while Raphael's work is uncommonly well preserved. Raphael surpassed Tintoretto in natural genius, but Tintoretto surpassed Raphael in the knowledge of his art.

Raphael made two designs of the *Fall of Man* ; one preserved to us by Marcantonio, and the other on the ceiling of the Stanza Heliodoro ; and the former is, I think, the better of the two. Marcantonio's outlines are even more classic than Raphael's.

The author of *Venetian Paintings* criticises the face of

Tintoretto's *Ariadne*, as having a weak expression. This shows what a good observer of nature Tintoretto was. Ariadne's face is nearly in profile, and in such a position no face can show much expression, unless it be distorted by laughter or pain. Compare it in this respect with Raphael's *Solomon*. When I have attempted to criticise the great masters on such points, I usually have found that they knew more than I did. Ariadne's face has an expression, rather a realistic one, but true to life, and not unpleasant.

A young lady of Boston, just returned from Europe, considers the *Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne* the greatest of all pictures; and this is much in its favor. What other painting is there that combines so many varied forms of beauty. It has the atmosphere of Correggio, a landscape equal to Claude Lorraine, the purest Hellenic modelling of form, and the figures glow with the internal light of Giorgione. The hands and feet of Ariadne are exceptionally fine. I do not know of another such pair of feet. Every line, every tint, is in perfect harmony. Neither are the other three Tintorettos in the Anticollegio but slightly inferior to it in design; and the wonder is that so many writers on art have passed by this charmed spot with only a casual mention of it. When you add to these four the *Rape of Europa*, by Paul of Verona, and his *Venice Enthroned* on the ceiling (a woman of the noblest beauty), and the view of the Lido and the Adriatic from the windows, one cannot help inquiring, is there another place in Italy so poetic?

One of my critics in a journal which has always had a reputation for fine book notices was much offended at my use of the term "Paul of Verona" instead of Paul Veronese.

The trouble with "Paul Veronese" is that it is a

hybrid expression, half English and half Italian ; as is proved by the fact that you will frequently hear it spoken "Paul Veronese." There is no precedent or authority for using an adjective in this manner in English prose. The tendency of good writers for the last twenty-five years has been to weed out such mongrels from our language. The name should be either *Paolo Veronese* or Paul of Verona. We do not say John Bolognese, but John of Bologna, and *Andrea Pisano*. Custom is a potent force, but if customs were never revised and amended, civilization would make small progress. Finally, in order to satisfy myself, I wrote to the senior English professor at Harvard University for his opinion on this point, and his reply was : " 'Paul Veronese' is not to be endured. I like your 'Paul of Verona.'" This ought to decide it.

"Michael" Angelo is another hybrid of the same kind. We do not say Augustus Compte, or Henry Heine.

Prof. Max Müller was criticised by a number of English reviewers for spelling Leibniz without a "t." He was accused of affectation, pedantry, and bad spelling ; to which he replied that Leibniz himself never wrote his name with a "t." The true pedant in such cases is he who sets himself against an obvious improvement.

There is nothing new or original in my estimate of Tintoretto. Ruskin evidently considered him the greatest of all painters ; and Taine, the most interesting of the Venetians. Tyrwhitt allows that he accomplished a successful union of Titian's coloring with Michel Angelo's drawing ; which is denied to him by the German professors ; and it may be said in passing that no great German writer like Winkelmann or Grimm has yet paid much attention to Venetian art. I think Ruskin must

have convinced public opinion in England to a reasonable degree, for Mrs. Oliphant, though hardly a Ruskinite, in her book on the *Makers of Venice*, devotes a whole chapter to Tintoretto and another to his predecessors, including Titian.

William Hunt, whose opinion as an eminent painter ought to be of more value than that of many connoisseurs, placed Tintoretto next to Michel Angelo. These relative positions are of course only of value as indicating the quality of his work. The father of "Francesca," Mr. Alexander, who preceded Hunt as a portrait painter in Boston, once said to me: "Ruskin is mainly right in regard to Tintoretto, and if I had ever taken to writing on art, I should have said those things before he did." This was in Florence during the last years of his life. We are indebted to the author of *Venetian Paintings* for observing that the pictures in the Anticollegio unite the coloring of Titian with the *chiaroscuro* of Correggio. I have not been able to discover anything against Tintoretto's character as a man. Ridolfi and Vasari are the only witnesses, and they both praise him in an unqualified manner.





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